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Sharif
NAEM

SELECTION

OF

POEMS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,

BY M. HAGE, NEWARK.

1808.

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TO

ROBERT LOWE, ESQ.

OXTON.

SIR,

HAVING dedicated the First fruits of *my* Labours* to you, which (trifling as they were) derived great Advantages from the addition of your Name; I am now prompted by grateful recollections to make you an Offering more worthy your Patronage, as several of the Poems in this Selection have been stamped with the Approbation of Men of Taste and Judgment. I can claim no other Merit than to have sedulously rejected such Poems as

* Observations on Angling.

would have tinged the Cheek of Modesty with a Blush, or have been detrimental to the Cause of Virtue and Morality.

To make this Offering of greater Consequence, you will permit me to observe, that the Poems contained in these Volumes were all transcribed from a variety of Periodical Publications, and other Sources, as a rational Amusement, and Relaxation from more important Duties; that these Duties were productive of long and unavoidable Interruptions, and when the few Advantages I have had in the Collection are considered, having had neither Access to large Libraries, or Acquaintance with great Men, I trust the Undertaking will in some degree rescue my Character from that of an Idler, which few escape who are fond of Field Amusements.

The scattered Poems, marked with my Initials, claim your Indulgence; as most of them are Imitations of the Measure of other Poems which have invariably charmed me.

The flowery Path of Poetry but ill accords with the thorny Mazes of the Law; in the one I have wandered with rapture from Infancy, and I have endeavoured to grace the other with a simple but lasting Ornament—Integrity of Heart.

Believe me,

Sir,

Your obliged humble Servant,

CHARLES SNART.

Newark, January 1, 1807.

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SELECTION OF POEMS.

JUDGMENT OF FLOWERS.

FAR from the busy haunts of men,
Far from the glaring eye of day;
Still fancy paints, with nature's pen,
Such tints as never can decay.

Hast thou not seen, at ev'ning hour,
When Phœbus sunk beneath the main,
Reclin'd in some sequester'd bow'r
The village maid, or shepherd swain?

Hast thou not mark'd them call with care
Some favor'd flow'ret from the rest,
To deck the breast, or bind the hair,
Of those they priz'd and lov'd the best?

And still expressive of the mind
The emblematic gift was found;
Whether to mournful thought inclin'd,
Or with triumphal gladness crown'd.

Near Avon's banks, a cultur'd spot,
With many a tuft of flowers adorn'd,
Was once an aged shepherd's cot,
Who scenes of greater splendour scorn'd.

Three beauteous daughters bless'd his bed,
Who made the little plat their care;
And every sweet by Flora spread,
Attentive still they planted there.

Once, when still ev'ning veil'd the sky,
The sire walk'd forth, and sought the bow'r,
And bade the lovely maids draw nigh,
And each select some favour'd flow'r.

The first with radiant splendour charm'd,
A variegated tulip chose;
The next with love of beauty warm'd,
Preferr'd the sweetly blushing rose.

The third, who mark'd with depth of thought,
How those bright flow'rs must droop away,
An ev'ning primrose only brought,
Which opens with the closing day.

The sage awhile in silence view'd
The various choice of flow'rs displayed;
And then (with wisdom's gift endu'd)
Address'd each beauteous list'ning maid.

"Who chose the tulip's splendid dyes,
Shall own, too late when that decays;
That vainly proud, not greatly wise,
She only caught a short-liv'd blaze.

"The rose, though beauteous leaves and sweet
Its glorious vernal pride adorn;
Let her who chose, beware to meet
The biting sharpness of its thorn.

"But she, who, to fair daylight's train,
The ev'ning flower more just preferr'd;
Chose real worth, nor chose in vain,
The one great object of regard.

"Ambitious thou! the tulip race
In all life's varied course beware;
Caught with sweet pleasure's rosy grace,
Do thou its sharper thorns beware.

"Thou prudent still to virtue's lore,
Attend and mark her counsel's sage!
She, like thy flow'r has sweets in store,
To soothe the ev'ning of thine age."

He ceas'd—attend the moral strain
The muse enlighten'd pours;
Nor let her pencil trace in vain,
The judgment of the flow'rs.

Wynne.

VERSES

WRITTEN BY DR. BERNARD WILSON,

In answer to a scurilous Paper.

WHOE'ER thou art that thus hath tried
To blast my reputation,
And under colour of disguise,
To spread this defamation.

Appear thou in thy proper shape,
In print assert thy name;
And let the genuine voice of truth,
Determine who's to blame.

To stab in secret with a tale
The brave will always shun,
But cowards like the moon grow pale,
And dare not face the sun.

Thy malice then must be in vain,
And fruitless thy design;
Because to injure is thy aim,
And to forgive is mine.

But if thou wilt in darkness lurk,
And thy weak rage fulfil;
Take thy revenge on thy poor self,
And write bad satire still.

VERSES.

Gentle mother chide no longer,
Touch not rough a tender flower,
In its bloom untimely fading,
Crush'd by sorrow's heavy show'r.

Have you on the same occasion,
Never with your duty strove;
Could you never hear persuasion
Dropping from the lip of love?

Had you seen the lovely stranger,
And had been so sweetly bid;
You had lost all thought of danger,
And lov'd him more than Mira did.

English Chronicle.

FIELDS OF FONTENAY.

FAREWELL fields of Fontenay,
Where I first beheld the day!
Soon to close my aged eye,
Soon to join my ancestry;
When I seek their lowly cell,
Fields of Fontenay, farewell.
When the muse that wak'd my lyre,
Sees the breath she tun'd expire;
When the groves that wont to wave
O'er my slumbers, shade my grave;
Where I once enjoy'd the day,
Farewell fields of Fontenay!

Anonymous.

DAMON AND SILVIA.

SAYS Damon to his sprightly girl
To me this prayer be given,
To live with thee, angelic fair
I ask no more of heaven.

An higher boon thy Silvia craves,
Cries she with roguish eye,
With Damon not content to live,
I wish with him to die.

English Chronicle.

DAMON AND CHLOE.

DAMON.

CHLOE, I vow sincerely
All to be vow'd by man,
I'll love you dearly, dearly,
As long—as love I can.

CHLOE.

You men when most you're kind,
Still for a change will plead;
And to love's feast we find,
A tedious fast succeed.

But this I vow sincerely,
That should it so befall;
You cease to love me dearly,
Why then, another shall.

English Chronicle.

HOPE.

THE sweet deceiver hope destroys,
By airy visions, real joys;
Each future scene by her array'd
In brightness, makes the present fade;
All the long day we wish for night,
Then sigh for the return of light.

Through gloomy winter's reign we mourn
Till pleasure-pinion'd spring's return;
But here, with joyless feet, we tread
The verdant lawn, or painted mead,
Till summer comes—yet ev'n from this
Enjoyment's fled; the promis'd bliss
Is now postpon'd, till autumn shews
Her golden fields and loaded boughs:
Hither we press—but vain the chace!
The phantom flies with equal pace:
Now winter charms—again it comes,
And her still tasteless reign resumes;
The trav'ller thus, thick mists inclose,
But seem to fly where'er he goes.

Universal Magazine.

THE YEAR.

January.

Lo! my fair the morning lazy,
Peeps abroad from yonder hill;
Phœbus rises red and hazy,
Frost has stopp'd the village mill.

February.

All around looks sad and dreary;
Fast the flaky snow descends:
Yet the red-breasts chirrup cheery,
While the mitten'd lass attends.

March.

Rise the winds, and rocks the cottage,
Thaws the roof and wets the path;
Dorcas cooks the sav'ry pottage,
Smokes the cake upon the hearth.

April.

Sunshine intermits with ardour,
Shades fly swiftly o'er the fields;
Show'rs revive the drooping verdure,
Sweets the sunny uplands yields.

May.

Pearly beams the eye of morning,
Child! forbear the deed unbless'd!
Hawthorn ev'ry hedge adorning,
Pluck the flow'r but spare the nest.

June.

School-boys in the brooks disporting,
Spend the sultry hour of play;
While the nymphs and swains are courting,
Seated on the new made hay.

July.

Maids with each a guardian lover,
While the vivid lightning flies;
Hast'ning to the nearest cover,
Clap their hands before their eyes.

August.

See the reapers, gleaners, dining,
Seated on the verdant grass;
O'er the gate the squire reclining,
Wanton eyes each ruddy lass.

September.

Hark! a sound like distant thunder—
Murd'rer may thy malice fail!
Torn from all they love asunder,
Widow'd birds around us wail.

October.

Now Pomona pours her treasure,
Leaves autumnal strew the ground,
Plenty crowns the market measure,
While the mill runs briskly round.

November.

Now the giddy rites of Comus,
Crown the hunter's dear delight;
Ah! the year is flitting from us,
Bleak the day, and drear the night.

December.

Bring more turf, and set the glasses,
Join, my friends, our Christmas cheer;
Come a catch!—and kiss the lasses—
Christmas comes but once a year.

SONNET TO MRS. G.

Ah! why will memory, with officious care,
The long-lost visions of my days renew;
Why paint the vernal landscape green and fair,
When life's gay dawn was opening to my view.

Ah! wherefore bring those moments of delight,
When with my Anna, on the southern shore;
I thought the future as the present bright:
Ye, dear delusions!—ye return no more!

Alas! how different does the truth appear,
From the warm picture youth's rash hand pourtrays!
How fades the scene as we approach it near,
And pain and sorrow strike; how many ways.

Yet of that tender heart, ah! still retain
A share for me—and I will not complain.

General Evening Post.

IMPROMPTU.

On a tax being laid upon spirits in order to make up a small deficiency in the million per annum, appropriated to the payment of the national debt.

"Amor patriæ," to Pitt is a passion innate,
(The virtues of Chatham he surely inherits)—
If a million per annum he saves to the state;
No wonder, good people, he raises your spirits!

EPITAPH ON DR. JOHNSON.

HERE lies poor Johnson. Reader have a care,
Tread lightly lest you rouse a sleeping bear;
Religious—moral, generous and humane
He was—but self-sufficient—rude and vain:
Ill bred and overbearing in dispute,
A scholar and a christian—yet a brute.
Would you know all his wisdom and his folly,
His actions—sayings—mirth and melancholy;
Boswell and Thrale, retailers of his wit,
Will tell you how he wrote and talk'd and cough'd
and spit.

Anonymous.

EPIGRAM.

THER, Johnson, both dead and alive we may note,
In the fam'd biographical line;
When living the life of a Savage you wrote,
Now many a Savage writes thine.

SONG.

SAY, lonely maid, with down-cast eye—
O Delia say, with cheek so pale,
What gives thy heart the lengthen'd sigh,
That tells the world a mournful tale?

That tears, that thus each other chase,
Bespeak a bosom swell'd with woe;
Thy sighs, a storm that wrecks thy peace,
Which souls like thine should never know.

O tell me, doth some favour'd youth,
With virtue tir'd, thy beauty slight;
And leave those thrones of love and truth,
That lip, and bosom of delight?

Perhaps to nymphs of other shades,
He feigns the soft impassion'd tear;
With songs their easy faith invades,
That treach'rous won thy witless ear.

Let not those maids thy envy move,
For whom his heart may seem to pine—
That heart can ne'er be bless'd by love,
Whose guilt could force a pang from thine.

Peter Pindar.

MARIA'S EVENING SERVICE

TO THE VIRGIN.

At morn and eve to thee I pray,
And as I pass the mountain's side,
I drop the tear, the tender sigh!
For who can all their sorrows hide?

O shower your choicest blessings down
Upon a hapless, cheerless maid,
Who wanders here, and quite forlorn,
'Tis thou must guide the paths I've stray'd.

General Evening Post.

SONNET TO MRS. SMITH,

On reading her Sonnets.

Not the sweet bird, who thro' the nights of May,
Pours the sad story of her hapless love;
To the touch'd heart such tender things can say,
Or with such plaintive eloquence can move!

Base were those groveling minds, those breasts of stone,
Who taught thee grief, nor time nor hope can heal:
Hours may they know unpitied and alone;
When their own woes shall make the wretches feel.

Oh! cou'd or fame, or friendship, aught impart
To cure the wounds thy injur'd peace has known;
For other's sorrows still thy tender heart
Should softly melt, but never for thine own.

Till pitying all—and ev'n thy foes forgiv'n,
Thy candid spirit seeks its native heav'n.

General Evening Post.

SONNET.

WHILST in those eyes of mildest light,
A sadness sweet and strange I see ;
I sometimes think, when I am sad,
They look with kindness upon me.

Say, my sweet Susan dost thou love
(For much of grief thou sure hast known)
To mark on care's dejected brow,
The trace of sorrows like thy own?

Or does thy heart, when a hard world
No pity to its wounds would lend,
Like a poor stranger anxious turn,
To meet the kind looks of a friend?

Perhaps thou think'st a stricken heart,
To many a kindred care inclin'd,
With all thy griefs would sympathize,
To all thy weakness would be kind?

Yes, my sweet love—by hopes most dear,
I swear (and heaven my witness be!)
This heart, that wants a friend itself,
Should bleed to purchase peace for thee.

When thought sat sadly on thy brow,
The secret cause I would not seek;
But trembling kiss the falling tear,
And press thy hand, but never speak.

And if thy friends should prove unkind,
And if hard foes thy soul oppress'd;
On my poor heart thou should'st recline,
And rest thy head upon my breast.

Nor be the pleasing hope in vain,
That scenes like these of joy pourtrays;
And forms for thee, in prospect clear,
The fairest views of happier days.

Again the bright returning sun,
The op'ning landscape shall illume;
And the lorn flower, that seems to droop,
Shall all its wonted sweets resume.

Thy heart, when all its cares are past,
Shall every long-lost joy regain;
But mine, alas! that pitied thine,
I fear will never rest again.

Anonymous.

MARY.

When first those beauties met my sight,
  Which shine so bright in you,
And seem'd to promise me delight,
  I thought that promise true, Mary!

Kind were your looks, if e'er I gaz'd,
  Or caught a transient view;
Warm'd by your smiles, those hopes were rais'd
  On which my passion grew, Mary!

While thus my thoughts deluded rov'd,
  No other joys I knew;
Whate'er I priz'd, whate'er I lov'd,
  Was center'd all in you, Mary!

But now you treat with cold disdain
  The man who lov'd but you,
And lavish on some other swain,
  Smiles which to me are due, Mary!

Then, dear deceiver! this shall be
  My last, my long adieu!
For since you fly from love and me,
  I'll scorn to follow you, Mary!

Though for no other I can prove,
What once I felt for you;
'Tis hard to lose the joys of love,
And not its anguish too, Mary!

Though all those hopes my heart forsake,
Which from your smiles it drew;
Yet shall that heart in silence break,
And, breaking, pant for you, Mary!

General Evening Post.

INSCRIBED

On the Wall of a Summer-house.

Ye wild waving woods, that now closing your shade,
Now wantonly parting, disport with the beam;
Thou river, whose current refreshes the mead,
And you, ye rude ruins, that shadow his stream.

Ye flocks, that hang white on the side of yon hill;
Ye herds who, beneath, crop the grass of the vale,
Ye that chirp in the hedge, or skim light on the rill,
Or fluttering, give your gay wing to the gale.

Sweet inspirers of thought! and thou sweetest, thou dove,
Whose silver plumes shine thro' the boughs of the tree,
Escap'd from the cage and away from thy love,
All silent and sad, a companion to me!

Ah why, as I gaze on the landscape around,
Why suddenly starts the fond tear to my eye?
Tho' smiling each object, and cheerful each sound,
Why steals from my bosom the sorrowing sigh?

Enchant the fair scenes, 'till enraptur'd I find
That sweetest oblivion the muses bestow,
Till the sun-shine that gilds you shall brighten my mind,
And my fancy forget that my heart has a woe!

So free may you flourish, fair scenes as ye rise,
So still be your charms by simplicity grac'd,
In native luxuriance still please and surprize,
Nor by folly be fashion'd, nor tortur'd by taste.

So when the glad seasons their blessings shall yield,
And Ceres enrich you, and Flora adorn,
May the labourer's laugh echo loud in the field,
And the breeze whisper soft thro' the mellowing corn.

And so, when the ev'ning's mild glories decline,
And fade from the sky the last blushes of light,
Unsullied and cloudless may Cynthia shine,
Ere yet you are hid by the envious night.

And whilst her fair form glitters bright in the flood,
And sheds on its bosom a tremulous ray,
Tips the top of the hill, gilds the gloom of the wood,
And softens each beauty that glar'd in the day.

" If in such a night," following philomel's voice,
As she sings such a song to the listening air,
Sequester'd from crowds, or by chance or by choice,
To this bower should two gentle spirits repair:

Whilst tenderness breathes in the nightingale's strain,
To tenderness tun'd, as delighted they stray,
This verse may they see, if this verse should remain,
Nor heedlessly turn from a wanderer's lay.

Perhaps they will deem him neglected, forlorn,
As they mark how unequal his numbers all flow,
Of fortune the sport, or of beauty the scorn,
Conjecture his sorrows, and pity his woe.

Ah, no, let them envy his happier fate,
Let them envy the youth that to Stella is dear;
Nor wish he was wealthy, nor wish he was great,
Whose poverty proves that her love was sincere!

General Evening Post.

VERSES

Written under a Busto of Comus.

WHILE rosy wreaths the goblet deck,
Thus Comus spoke, or seem'd to speak;
" This place, for social hours design'd,
" May care and business never find.

" Come every muse without restraint,
" Let genius prompt, and fancy paint;
" Let wit and mirth, with friendly strife,
" Chase the dull gloom that saddens life.
" True wit, that firm to virtue's cause,
" Respects religion and the laws;
" True mirth, that cheerfulness supplies
" To modest ears and decent eyes;
" Let these indulge the liveliest sallies,
" Both scorn the canker'd help of malice;
" True to their country and their friend,
" Both scorn to flatter or offend."

General Evening Post.

TO MRS. * * * * *,

With a Ring.

" THEE, Mary, with this ring I wed,"
So sixteen years ago, I said,—
Behold another ring!—" For what?"
" To wed thee o'er again—why not?"
With that first ring I married youth,
Grace, beauty, innocence, and truth;
Taste long admired; sense long revered;
And all my Molly then appear'd.
If she by merit since disclos'd,
Prove twice the woman I suppos'd,
I plead that doubled merit now,
To justify a double vow.

Here then, to day, (with faith as sure
With ardour as intense and pure,
As when amidst the rites divine,
I took thy troth and plighted mine.)
To thee, sweet girl, my second ring
A token and a pledge I bring;
With this I wed, till death us part,
Thy riper virtues to my heart;
Those virtues, which before untry'd,
The wife has added to the bride;
Those virtues, whose progressive claim
Endearing wedlock's very name;
My soul enjoys, my song approves
For conscience sake, as well as love's.
For why?—they shew me hour by hour
Honour's high thought, affection's power,
Discretion's deed, sound judgment's sentence;—
And teach me all things—but repentance!

INGREDIENTS OF CONTENTMENT.

Seek ye to know what keeps the mind
In every scene of life resign'd?
These are the things—a little wealth,
A little business, just for health;
A small neat house two stories high;
One spare bed where a friend may lie;
A friend, to whom one may impart
The inmost secrets of the heart;

At morning, store of cream and tea,
(Either imperial, or bohea);
At noon, one dish well drest, but plain,
With fresh small-beer, and linen clean;
At leisure hours a book, or song,
To cheer the grave, or please the young;
At night a sober glass—then bed,
There ease the troubles of the head,
And banish cares, to spleen give vent—
These make the balm we call content.

THE FIRST OF NOVEMBER;

OR, THE WINTER'S WALK.

Behold, my fair, where'er we rove,
What dreary prospects round us rise!
The naked hill, the leafless grove,
The hoary ground, the frowning skies!

Nor only thro' the wasted plain,
Stern winter, is thy force confess'd;
Still wider spreads thy horrid reign,
I feel thy power usurp my breast.

Enliv'ning hope and fond desire,
Resign the heart to spleen and care;
Scarce frighted love maintains its fire,
And rapture saddens to despair.

In groundless hope, and causeless fear,
Unhappy man! behold thy doom
Still changing with the changeful year,
The slave of sunshine and of gloom.

Tir'd with vain joys and false alarms,
With mental and corporeal strife,
O snatch me, Stella, to thy arms,
And screen me from the ills of life.

Dr. Johnson.

INVOCATION TO THE ROSE.

Child of the summer,—charming rose!
No longer in confinement lie,
Arise to light, thy form disclose,
Rival the splendour of the sky!

The rains are gone, the storms are o'er,
Winter retires to make thee way;
Come then, thou sweetly blushing flow'r,
Oh! lovely stranger, come away!

The sun is dress'd in beamy smiles,
To give thy beauties to the day,
Young zephyrs wait with gentle gales,
To fan thy bosom as they play!

DUNCAN'S WARNING.

As o'er the heath, amid his steel-clad thanes,
The royal Duncan rode in martial pride;
Where full to view, high-topp'd with glittering vanes,
Macbeth's strong towers o'erhung the mountain's side.

In dusky mantle wrapp'd, a grizzly form
Rush'd with a giant's stride across his way,
And thus, while howl'd around the rising storm,
In hollow thund'ring accents pour'd dismay.

Stop, O king! thy destin'd course,
Furl thy standard, turn thy horse,
Death besets this onward track,
Come no further—quickly back.

Hear'st thou not the raven's croak?
See'st thou not the blasted oak?
Feel'st thou not the loaded sky?
Read thy danger, king, and fly.

Lo, yon castle banners glare
Bloody thro' the troubled air;
Lo, what spectres on the roof
Frowning bid thee stand aloof!

Murder, like an eagle waits
Perch'd above the gloomy gates,
Just in act to pounce his prey;
Come not near—away! away!

Let not plighted faith beguile
Honour's semblance, beauty's smile;
Fierce ambition's venom'd dart
Rankles in the fest'ring heart.

Treason arm'd against thy life,
Points his dagger, whets his knife;
Drugs his stupifying bowl,
Steels his unrelenting soul.

Now 'tis time, 'ere guilty night
Closes round thee, speed thy flight;
If the threshold once be crost,
Duncan, thou'rt for ever lost.

On he goes!—resistless fate
Hastes to fill his mortal date;
Cease your warnings, vain, tho' true,
Murder'd king, adieu!—adieu!

Dr. Aikin.

TO E. S***D.

WHEN shall I, my fair one, say,
Hear thee sing, and hear thee play?
When shall beauties such as thine
Grace this humble spot of mine?
'Tis for thee that blooms the rose,
'Tis for thee the garden glows;
My pinks, and my carnations too,
For thee assume the gayest hue;
'Tis for thee that flows the stream,
Thou, my love's perpetual theme;
But when thou art from my sight,
Music fails to give delight.
All in vain the gardens grow,
All in vain the roses blow;
Pink nor carnation have their charms,
When thou art absent from my arms;
Nor, while the stream in murmurs flows,
Shall I enjoy an hour's repose;
Till thou in pity to my care,
Shall bid me banish my despair,
And, with a voice of love, shall say—
For Stephen will I sing and play
The winter's night and summer's day.

Monthly Miscellany.

THE RECANTATION.

" And still shall beauty's fairy charm,
" Breathe o'er my soul it's wanton fires;
" Still passion wake the fond alarm
" Of trembling hopes, of wild desires.—

" O fly! thou dear delusive dream,
" O hence! ye scenes, to fancy dear;
" No more I'll muse the love-lorn theme,
" No more I'll drop the pensive tear.

" Free as the light-wing'd airs of May
" That wanton kiss each rosy sweet,
" I'll laugh the moments wild away,
" And court loose pleasure's glitt'ring seat.

" The laugh, the song, and Bacchus' smile,
" Shall give to joy the fleeting hour;
" No more shall love, with secret guile,
" Win a soft soul to beauty's power."

Thus spoke the heart from passion free,
And wak'd my soul to fancied joy;
Hail once again lost liberty,
I dread no more th' idalian boy!—

Ah me!—poor, weak, unguarded heart,
I feel return the sick'ning pain;
Yet, yet again the magic dart
Strikes with new force each throbbing vein.

And now again all sad, and slow
I wander thro' the moonlight grove,
And strive to charm away my woe,
While echoes wild my lute of love.

"Go gentle lute, with softest air
"Breathe pity o'er my Delia's breast;
"Thy sound shall melt the passion'd fair,
"Her smile of love shall crown me blest.

"Go gentle lute, for Venus kind
"Bids her wing'd boy thy music swell;
"Then happier tun'd, breathe all my woes,
"And all thy master's sorrows tell.

"And sure the maid, whose tender eye
"Beams as the dewy star of eve,
"Shall yield to love's soft harmony,
"And all my fondest vows believe.

"Come golden hours, to fancy dear,
"Come hours by love, and Delia blest;
"Then let me lose each idle fear,
"When folded to her snowy breast.

" O, when or care, or sickness pale,
" Forbid sweet sleep to bless the night,
" What joy to hear her tender tale
" Charm each long hour till morning light.

" And when the ghastly form of death
" Shall swim before these mournful eyes;
" And round my heart my latest breath,
" Heaves, painful heaves, long lab'ring sighs;

" O then her voice of love divine!
" Shall soothe to peace my trembling breast,
" And patient I the world resign,
" In life with love, and Delia blest."

Academic Trifles.

INVOCATION TO HEALTH.

WHAT sprightly nymph trips o'er the lawn,
Than blooming Hebe's self more bright;
O! fairer than the purple dawn,
Chasing the joyless gloom of night!

I know thee well; thy buskin'd feet,
Thy flowing locks and azure vest:
Banish'd the revels of the great,
My frugal cot thou oft hast blest.

By mortals styl'd heart-cheering health,
In heaven Hygeia is thy name.
O! welcome! more than power or wealth,
Than beauty's self, or life or fame.

As o'er the fairest landscape's face,
The solar beams fresh lustre shed;
Thy charms to pleasure add new grace,
And grief erects her languid head.

But when thou'rt absent nought can please,
The bloom of spring, or autumn's store;
The wood-lark's notes but vainly teaze,
And e'en the muse delights no more.

Thy smiles, on verdant couch reclin'd,
The wealthy Satrap courts in vain;
And frets to see thee prove more kind,
And bless the sturdy rustic swain.

Thou wisely shun'st the pale resorts
Of midnight ball, or masquerade;
More pleas'd to join the rural sports
Of village nymphs beneath the shade.

Tho' haply in the sulphurous draught,
That flows from Bladud's fuming rills,
Thy powers convey'd, or sometimes bought,
From the sage Leach's nauseous pills.

Yet, rather o'er the mountain's brow,
Thro' forest wild or balmy grove,
'Midst summer's heat or winter's snow,
With Dian thou delight'st to rove.

Come then, blest nymph! my cottage cheer,
Hale exercise thy steps shall guide;
And decent mirth shall meet thee there;
And temperance at the board preside.

Euphrosyne, Vol. 2.

AN OLD BALLAD.

I CANNOT eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good;
But sure I think, that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.
Though I go bare, take ye no care,
I nothing am a colde;
I stuffe my skin, so full within,
Of jolly good ale and olde.
Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go colde;
But, belly, God send thee good ale inoughe,
Whether it be new or olde.

I love no rost, but a nut browne toste,
And a crab laid in the fire;
A little bread, shall do me stead,
Moche bread I noght desire.
No frost, no snow, no windes, I trowe,
Can hurt me if I wolde,
I am so wrapt, and throwly lapt
Of jolly good ale and olde!

Back and side, &c.

And Tib my wife, that as her life
Loveth well good ale to seeke,
Full oft drinks shee, till ye may see
The teares run down her cheeke.
Then doth she trowle to me the bowle,
Even as a malt worme sholde;
And "faith sweet heart, I took my part"
Of this jolly good ale and olde!

Back and side, &c.

Now let them drinke, till they nod and winke,
Even as good fellows sholde do;
They shall not misse to have the blisse
Good ale doth bring men to.
And all good sowles that have scoured bowles,
Or have them lustely trolde,
God save the lives of them and their wives,
Whether they be younge or olde!

Back and side, &c.

Warton informs us that the first "Chanson a boire," or drinking ballad, of any merit in our language, was the above, which appeared in the year 1551. He remarks, that it has a vein of ease and humour which we should not expect to have been inspired by the simple beverage of those times. Warton's Hist. of English Poetry, Vol. 3.

SONNET TO MR. JACKSON.

ENCHANTING harmonist! the art is thine,
Unmatch'd to pour the soul-dissolving air,
That seems poor weeping virtue's hymn divine,
Soothing the wounded bosom of despair!

O say, what minstrel of the sky hath given
To swell the dirge, so musically lorn?
Declare, hath dove-ey'd pity left her heav'n,
And lent thy happy hand her lyre to mourn?

So sad thy songs of hopeless hearts complain,
Love from his cyprian isle prepares to fly;
He hastes to listen to thy tender strain,
And learn from thee to breathe a softer sigh.

Peter Pindar.

TRANSLATION OF FENELON'S ODE TO SOLITUDE.

BEYOND this plain's extensive bounds,
O'er yon fertile furrow'd grounds,
Those mountains blue, and vallies fair,
Retiring, half dissolv'd in air,
In such wild forms fantastic rise,
As nature paints in ev'ning skies;

Yon chrystal lake inverted shews
Each shrub that on its border grows;
Th' horizon's azure concave there we trace,
And all the various beauties of the place.

The fruits of autumn with them bring
All the fragrance of the spring;
The vine her fruitage spreads around
In gay festoons, with clusters crown'd.
Charm'd with these isles, thro' whose fair meads
Each winding branch Dordona leads
The ling'ring stream, now stagnant creeps,
Now down its rapid current sweeps
In many a maze, the rushy margin laves,
And bathes the verdant carpet with its waves.

Dancing on the enameli'd green
To the sounding tambourine,
The mellow hautboy, voice, and flute,
The shepherd trips with sprightly foot.
Ye winged songsters of the air,
Your warblings sooth each anxious care;
Your tuneful notes can lull to rest
Each pang that wrings the lover's breast.
No sighs are heard within this blissful grove,
But the soft cooings of the plaintive dove.

When on a tender flow'ry bed
Of fragrant turf I lay my head,

Wrapt in a pleasing reverie,
The gods themselves might envy me,
In a sweet delusion lost:
Let them the luscious nectar boast,
Whilst in th' ebriety of sleep
I gladly thus my senses steep.
In courts our ears such soothing flatteries meet,
As empty as my dreams—but not so sweet.

C. R.

A PERSIAN SONG.

Sweet maid, if thou would'st charm my sight,
And bid these arms thy neck infold;
That rosy cheek, that lily hand,
Would give thy poet more delight
Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,
Than all the gems of Samarcand.

Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow,
And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
Whate'er the frowning zealots say;
Tell them their Eden cannot show
A stream so clear as Rocnabad,
A bow'r so sweet as Mosellay.

Oh! when these fair, perfidious maids,
Whose eyes our secret haunts infest,
Their dear destrustive charms display,
Each glance my tender breast invades,
And robs my wonted soul of rest,
As Tartars seize their destin'd prey.

In vain with love our bosoms glow;
Can all our tears, can all our sighs
New lustre to those charms impart?
Can cheeks, where living roses blow,
Where nature spreads her richest dyes,
Require the borrow'd gloss of art?

Speak not of fate—ah! change the theme,
And talk of colours, talk of wine,
Talk of the flow'rs that round us bloom;
'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream;
To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

Beauty has such resistless pow'r,
That e'en the chaste Egyptian dame
Sigh'd for the blooming Hebrew boy;
For her how fatal was the hour,
When to the banks of Nilus came
A youth so lovely and so coy!

But ah! sweet maid, my counsel hear;
(Youth should attend when those advise
Whom long experience renders sage)
While music charms the ravish'd ear,
While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
Be gay; and scorn the frowns of age.

What cruel answer have I heard!
And, yet, by heaven, I love thee still;
Can ought be cruel from thy lip?
Yet say, how fell that bitter word
From lips which streams of sweetness fill,
Which nought but drops of honey sip?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient pearls at random strung;
Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say,
But oh! far sweeter if they please
The nymph for whom the notes are sung!

Jones.

SONNET TO HOPE.

Oh! ever skill'd to wear the form we love!
To bid the shapes of fear and grief depart;
Come gentle Hope! with one gay smile remove
The lasting sadness of an aching heart.

Thy voice, benign enchantress! let me hear;
Say that for me some pleasures yet shall bloom!
That fancy's radiance, friendship's precious tear,
Shall soften, or shall chase misfortune's gloom.

But come not glowing in the dazzling ray,
Which once with dear illusions charm'd my eye!
Oh! strew no more, sweet flatterer! on my way,
The flowers I fondly thought too bright to die.

Visions less fair will sooth my pensive breast,
That asks not happiness, but longs for rest.

Helen Maria Williams.

THE VAIN ATTEMPT.

O were Philander's charms confin'd
To features, winning grace!
Absence might drive him from my mind,
Or fairer forms efface.

But when the powers of wit combine,
With pleasing force to warm;
Where wisdom, genius, honour, shine,
Oh! how resist the charm!

While reason, and reflection's aid,
Can only fan the fire;
And strengthen all impressions made,
Not quell the fond desire.

With books I try'd to sooth my pain,
And all my suff'rings ease:
Alas! no authors entertain;
No wit but his can please.

If of philosophy they treat,
My passion they renew;
The sage, of all the most complete,
Is present to my view.

His image to efface I sought,
And tear it from my breast;
But oh! how vain! whilst ev'ry thought
Recalls the fatal guest.

The conflict's o'er, be calm my heart,
And cease thy fate to mourn:
By merit gain'd, endure the smart,
Tho' hopeless of return.

Original Poems from the French.

ODE TO SLEEP.

SLEEP, thy balmy aid apply!
Calm to rest my wakeful woes!
Sorrow's cheek, O gently dry!
Sorrow's eye in slumber close!

Fancy, then, shall hold her reign;
Hope shall sooth the pensive mind;
Stella, then, shall smile again;
Stella shall again be kind.

Lost to all we most adore,
What has life that's worth our care?
Sleep, to my fond arms restore
Stella faithful, kind, and fair!

But, tho' once so fair and kind,
Should those dreams of love be past!
Ah then! what solace may I find?
Still let me sleep—and sleep my last.

Cartwright.

EPITAPH

ON

WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQ.

WHOE'ER thou art, with rev'rence tread
The sacred mansions of the dead—
Not that the monumental bust,
Or sumptuous tomb here guards the dust
Of rich or great; (let wealth, rank, birth,
Sleep undistinguis'd in the earth!)
This simple urn records a name,
That shines with more exalted fame.

Reader! if genius, taste refin'd,
A native elegance of mind;
If virtue, science, manly sense;
If wit, that never gave offence,
The clearest head, the tenderest heart,
In thy esteem e'er claim'd a part,
Ah! smite thy breast, and drop a tear,
For, know, thy Shenstone's dust lies here.

Garrick.

EPITAPH

ON

MR. JOSEPH MITCHELL,

A famous Sportsman.

On the grave-stone is delineated a hare run down; from a label at her mouth proceeds this motto,—

"I HAVE FINISH'D MY COURSE."

READER,

If ever sport to thee was dear,
Drop on Joe Mitchell's grave a tear;
Who when alive with nimble eye,
Did myriads of hares descry.
He was professor of the art,
Those animals to find and start.
All arts and sciences beside,
This hare-brain'd hero did deride:
An utter foe to wedlock's noose,
In which close state appear'd no meuse.
Joe scorn'd this earth, he was above it,
But only for form's sake did love it;
But Joe at length was spy'd by death,
And cours'd and run quite out of breath.
No shifting, winding turn, could save
Joe from the all-devouring grave.
As greyhound with superior force
Seizes poor puss and ends her course;
So stopt the fates this sportsman true,
Who now for ever bids adieu
To quick soho! and loud halloo!

EPITAPH

ON

LORD AUBREY BEAUCLERK.

WHILE Britain boasts her empire o'er the deep,
This marble shall compel the brave to weep;
As men, as Britons, and as soldiers, mourn
O'er dauntless, loyal, virtuous Beauclerk's urn;
Sweet were his manners, as his soul was great;
And ripe his worth, tho' immature his fate:
Each tender grace that love and joy inspires,
Living, he mingled with his martial fires;
Dying, he bade Britannia's thunder roar,
And Spain still felt him, when he breath'd no more.

Young.

EPITAPH.

A GENEROUS foe, a faithful friend—
A victor bold here met his end.
He conquer'd both in war and peace;
By death subdu'd, his glories cease.
Ask'st thou, who finish'd here his course
With so much honour?—'Twas a horse.

Anonymous.

To the Memory of

NICHOLAS ROWE, ESQ.

Who died in 1715, *aged* 45;

And of CHARLOTTA, his only Daughter

WIFE OF HENRY EARLE, ESQ.

Who, imitating her Father's spirit,
And amiable in her own innocence and beauty,

Died in the 22nd year of her age,

1739.

THY relics, Rowe! to this sad shrine we trust,
And near thy Shakespeare place thy honour'd bust
Oh! next him, skill'd to draw the tender tear;
For never heart felt passion more sincere:
To nobler sentiment to fire the brave,
For never Briton more disdain'd a slave;
Peace to thy gentle shade and endless rest;
Blest in thy genius, in thy love too blest!
And blest that timely from our scene remov'd,
Thy soul enjoys the liberty it lov'd.
To these so mourn'd in death, so lov'd in life!
The childless parent and the widow'd wife,
With tears inscribe this monumental stone,
That holds their ashes, and expects her own.

Pope.

EPITAPH

ON

MRS. W R * N.

ALL cold, beneath this narrow heap
Wr-n's angel charms in silent sleep;
And here the ties of virtue end,
The tender mother, wife, and friend.

For her each gentle bosom grieves;
'Tis not the turf alone that heaves!
Pity and love her loss deplore;
Their fav'rite child can feel no more.

And see, the woodbine loves to stray,
Around the sod that clasps her clay;
The primrose with the vi'let vies,
To deck the grave where beauty lies.

Here Melancholy, lonely maid,
Shall oft the live-long night be laid;
And when the morning beam appears,
Revive the verdure—with her tears.

Poetical Effusions.

DAVID'S LAMENTATION.

Over Saul and Jonathan.

On yonder hills that kiss the sky,
The flow'r of Israel droops her head;
Her sweets are lost, her beauties die,
And all her vernal charms are fled.
On yonder hills that kiss the sky,
Pathetic lute, with sorrow swell,
In battle slain the heroes lie:
O Jacob, how thy mighty fell!

Forbear, O fame, with haughty strains,
In Gath to tell the gloomy tale;
Forbear, on Ascalonia's plains,
To bid the fatal theme prevail;
Lest Palestina's maids rejoice,
And strike the gay triumphal shell;
Lest heathen maids with choral voice
Sing loudly how the mighty fell.

No more, ye hills, may genial dews
Your soil with liberal bounty crown;
No more may heaven its boons diffuse,
And shower the ripe oblation down:

For there the joys of Israel fled,
Your crimson rills proclaim too well;
For there the chiefs and heroes bled,
Th' anointed king, the mighty fell.

With valour heav'd the princes breast;
An arm of fate the monarch rear'd;
They smil'd, and Israel's sons were blest
They frown'd, and all Philistia fear'd.
As eagles fleet, as lions keen,
They glow'd the martial soul to quell;
The bow was bent, the sword was seen,
The warrior bled, the mighty fell.

When peace her downy wing display'd,
And plenty crown'd the joyful year,
In all their mien the graces play'd,
And all their words were kind and dear
Their virtues blest a laughing land;
With joy, ye sons of Israel, tell:
O tell with tears, how hand in hand
The royal pair, the mighty fell.

O now, ye maids of Israel sing
The sweet, the sad, the tender lay;
Bewail your lord, bewail your king,
And weep your pearly eyes away:

Who bade you scarlet robes to wear,
  Who gave your charms the winning spell,
Who clad in gold—my lute forbear!
  On yonder heights the mighty fell.

And, oh! my second self, my friend,
  For thee mine eyes with sorrow flow:
To mournful lays, dear shade, attend,
  And hear me touch the lute of woe.
Sweet was thy soul, thy love supreme
  Did every female love excel:
In vain I wake the pleasing theme;
  On yonder heights the mighty fell.

On yonder hills, that kiss the sky,
  The flower of Israel droops her head;
Her sweets are lost, her beauties die,
  And all her vernal charms are fled.
On yonder hills, that kiss the sky,
  Pathetic lute, with sorrow swell,
In battle slain the heroes lie;
  O Jacob, how thy mighty fell.

Translation from Farrer's Hebrew Poems.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

THEY, who content on earth to stay,
To earth their views confine;
With rapture, Miller, will survey
This Paradise of thine!

I, too, my willing voice would raise,
And equal rapture shew;
But that the scenes which others praise,
For me are much too low.

I grant the hills are crown'd with trees,
I grant the fields are fair;
But, after all, one nothing sees
But what *is really there.*

True taste ideal prospects feigns,
Whilst on poetic wings;
'Bove earth, and all that earth contains,
Unbounded fancy springs.

To dwell on earth, gross element,
Let groveling spirits bear;
But I, on nobler plans intent,
Build castles in the air.

No neighbour there can disagree,
  Or thwart what I design;
For there, not only all I see,
  But all I wish is mine.

No surly landlord's leave I want,
  To make or pull down fences;
I build, I furnish, drain, and plant,
  Regardless of expenses.

One thing, 'tis true, excites my fear,
  Nor let it seem surprising;
Whilst ministers, from year to year,
  New taxes are devising.

Lest earth being tax'd, as soon it may,
  Beyond what earth can bear;
Our financier a tax should lay
  On castles in the air.

Well with the end the means would suit,
  Would he, in these our days,
Ideal plans to execute,
  Ideal taxes raise.

Poetical Amusements.

THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

FAINTLY bray'd the battle's roar,
Distant down the hollow wind;
Panting terror fled before,
Wounds and death were left behind.

The war-fiend curs'd the sunken day,
That check'd his fierce pursuit too soon;
While scarcely lighting to the prey,
Low hung and lour'd the bloody moon.

The field, so late the hero's pride,
Was now with various carnage spread;
And floated with a crimson tide,
That drench'd the dying and the dead.

O'er the sad scene of dreariest view,
Abandon'd all to horrors wild,
With frantic step Maria flew,
Maria, sorrow's early child.

By duty led, for every vein
Was warm'd by Hymen's purest flame;
With Edgar o'er the wint'ry main,
She, lovely, faithful, wanderer, came.

For well she thought a friend so dear,
In darkest hours might joy impart;
Her warrior, faint with toil, might cheer,
Or sooth her bleeding warrior's smart.

Tho' look'd for long, in chill affright,
(The torrent bursting from her eye)
She heard the signal for the fight,
While her soul trembled in a sigh.

She heard, and clasp'd him to her breast,
Yet scarce could urge th' inglorious stay;
His manly heart the charm confess'd,
Then broke the charm, and rush'd away.

Too soon, in few, but deadly words,
Some flying straggler breath'd to tell,
That, in the foremost strife of swords,
The young, the gallant Edgar fell.

She press'd to hear—she caught the tale—
At every sound her blood congeal'd;
With terror bold—with terror pale,
She sprung to search the fatal field.

O'er the sad scene in dire amaze
She went, with courage not her own;
O'er many a corpse she cast her gaze,
And turn'd her ear to many a moan.

Drear anguish urged her to press
  Full many a hand, as wild she mourn'd;
Of comfort glad, the drear caress,
  The damp, chill, dying hand return'd.

Her ghastly hope was well nigh fled,
  When late pale Edgar's form she found,
Half buried with the hostile dead,
  And bor'd with many a grisly wound.

She knew—she sunk—the night bird scream'd,
  The moon withdrew her troubled light,
And left the fair—tho' fall'n she seem'd—
  To worse than death—and deepest night.

Penrose.

THE BIRCH.

'THO' the oak be the pride and the prince of the grove,
An emblem of pow'r, and the fav'rite of Jove,
Tho' Phœbus with laurel his temples has bound,
And with chaplets of poplar Alcides is crown'd;
Tho' Pallas the olive has grac'd with her choice,
And old Mother Cybele in pines may rejoice;
Tho' Bacchus delights in the ivy and vine,
And Venus her garlands with myrtle entwine;
Yet the muses declare, after diligent search,
No tree can be found to compare with the birch.

The birch they declare is the true tree of knowledge,
Rever'd at each school, and remember'd at college;
Tho' Virgil's fam'd tree might produce as its fruit,
A crop of vain dreams, and strange whims from each root;
Yet the birch on each bough, on the top of each switch,
Bears the essence of grammar, the eight parts of speech.
'Mongst the leaves are conceal'd more than mem'ry can mention,
All cases, all genders, all forms of declension;
Nine branches, when cropt by the hands of the nine,
And duly arranged in a parallel line;
Ty'd up in nine folds of a mystical string,
Then soak'd for nine days in cold Helicon's spring;
A sceptre compose for a pedagogues hand,
Like the fasces of Rome, a true badge of command.
This sceptre when thus form'd, like Moses's rod,
From flint can draw tears, and give life to a clod;
Shou'd darkness Egyptian, or ignorance spread,
Their clouds o'er the mind, or envelope the head;
This rod, thrice apply'd, puts the darkness to flight,
Disperses the clouds, and restores us to light:
Like the virga divina, 'twill find out the vein,
Where lurks the rich metal, the gold of the brain.
Shou'd genius a captive by sloth be confin'd,
Or the witchcraft of pleasure, prevail o'er the mind;
This magical wand but apply with a stroke,
The spell is dissolv'd, the enchantment is broke.
Like Hermes's rod, these few switches inspire,
Rhetorical thunder, and poetry's fire;

If Morpheus our temples in lethe shou'd steep,
These switches untie all the fetters of sleep.
Here dwells strong conviction, of logic the glory,
When 'tis used with precision, a posteriore;
If nature be slow, 'tis the birch must assist her,
For science works upwards, when giv'n as a clyster.
I've known a short lecture most strongly prevail,
When duly apply'd to the head thro' the tail:
Like the electrical shock in an instant 'tis spread,
And flies with a jerk from the tail to the head;
Promotes circulation, and thrills thro' each vein,
The faculties quickens, and purges the brain:
By sympathy thus, and consent of the parts,
We're taught fundamentally—classics and arts.
The birch a priore apply'd to the palm,
Will settle disputes, or a passion becalm;
Whatever disorders prevail in the blood,
The birch can correct them, like guaiacum-wood;
It sweetens the juices, corrects our ill humours,
Bad habits removes, and disperses foul tumours.
When apply'd to the hand, it can cure with a switch,
Like the salve of old Molyneux us'd in the itch.
As the fam'd rod of Circe to brutes could change men,
So the twigs of the birch can unbrute them again.
Like the rod of the sybil, that branch of true gold,
These twigs can the gate of elysium unfold;
That elysium of learning, where pleasure's abound,
Those sweets which still flourish on classical ground.

Prometheus's rod, which mythologist's say,
Fetch'd fire from the sun, and gave life to his clay,
Was a birch well apply'd, his new men to inspire
With a taste for the arts, and their genius to fire.
This bundle of rods may suggest this reflection,
That the arts with each other maintain a connexion:
Another good moral this bundle of switches
Points out to our notice, and silently teaches;
For as twigs well united can scarcely be broken,
Of peace, and good neighbourhood, these are a token;
Then if such are its virtues, we'll bow to the tree,
And the BIRCH, like the Mulb'ry, immortal shall be.

By a Schoolboy.

VERSES

BY R. B. SHERIDAN, ESQ.

Mr. Sheridan meeting Miss Linley, now Mrs. Sheridan, at the entrance of a grotto, in the vicinity of Bath, took the liberty of offering her some advice; with which apprehending she was displeased, he left the following lines in the grotto next day:

UNCOUTH is this moss-cover'd grotto of stone,
And damp is the shade of this dew dripping tree;
Yet I this rude grotto with rapture will own,
And, willow, thy damps are refreshing to me.

For this is the grotto where Delia reclin'd,
As late I in secret her confidence sought;
And this is the tree kept her safe from the wind,
As blushing she heard the grave lesson I taught.

Then tell me, thou grotto of moss-cover'd stone,
And tell me, thou willow, with leaves dripping dew,
Did Delia seem vex'd when Horatio was gone?
And did she confess her resentment to you?

Methinks now each bough, as you're waving it, tries
To whisper a cause for the sorrow I feel;
To hint as she frown'd when I dar'd to advise,
And sigh when she saw that I did it with zeal.

True, true, silly leaves, so she did, I allow;
She frown'd, but no rage in her looks could I see;
She frown'd, but reflection had clouded her brow;
She sigh'd, but, perhaps, 'twas in pity to me.

Then wave thy leaves brisker, thou willow of woe;
I tell thee no rage in her looks could I see;
I cannot, I will not believe it was so;
She was not, she could not be angry with me.

For well did she know that my heart meant no wrong,
It sunk at the thought of but giving her pain;
But trusted its task to a faultering tongue,
Which err'd from the feelings it could not explain.

Yet, oh! if indeed I've offended the maid,
And Delia my humble monition refuse;
Sweet willow, the next time she visits thy shade,
Fan gently her bosom, and plead my excuse.

And thou, stony grot, in thy arch may'st preserve
Two lingering drops of the night-fallen dew;
And just let them fall at her feet, and they'll serve
As tears of my sorrow entrusted to you.

Or lest they unheeded should fall at her feet,
Let them fall on her bosom of snow, and I swear,
The next time I visit thy moss-cover'd seat,
I'll pay each drop with a genuine tear.

So may'st thou, green willow, for ages thus toss
Thy branches so lank o'er the slow winding stream;
And thou, stony grotto, retain all thy moss,
While yet there's a poet to make thee his theme.

Nay more—may my Delia still give you her charms
Each ev'ning, and sometimes the whole ev'ning long;
Then, grotto, be proud to support her white arms;
Then, willow, wave all thy green tops to her song.

Festival of Wit.

EPITAPH.

Ah pass not here, if thou didst ever know,
The tender touches of impassion'd woe;
Pass not, if truth, and fortitude, and love,
Can stay thy footsteps, or thy spirit move;
Pass not, if ev'ry elegance of soul
Can charm thy senses, or thy steps controul;
Pass not, if more than Roman virtue here,
With more than female softness, claim the tear;
Nor pass, if heav'n-born sympathy have art
To urge the thrilling pulses of the heart;
But if, nor suff'ring worth thy soul can move,
Nor the sweet impulse of a generous love,
If fortitude, with glowing beauty join'd,
Knows not the power to captivate the mind,
If health, if joy, devoted to the tomb,
If life laid down to ward a lover's doom,
If patience, perseverance, ardour, truth,
Blended with ev'ry charm of female youth,
If these, and ev'ry virtue, ev'ry grace,
Want power to melt the soul upon thy face,
Then quickly pass—this hallow'd spot forbear,
The feeling heart alone should tarry here.

From the Novel of Emma Corbet.

EPITAPH,

BY THE LATE BISHOP LOWTH ON HIS DAUGHTER.

CARA, vale, ingenio præstans, pietate, pudore,
Et plusquam natæ, nomine cara, vale!
Cara Maria vale!—at veniet felicius ævum,
Quando iterum tecum, sim modo dignus, ero.
"Cari redi"—læta tum dicam voce "paternos
Eja age in amplexus, cara Maria, redi."

TRANSLATION.

DEARER than daughter, parallel'd by few
In genius, goodness, modesty—adieu;
Adieu, Maria—till that day more blest,
When, if deserving, I with thee shall rest.
"Come, then," thy sire will cry in joyful strain,
"O come to my paternal arms again!"

J. Duncombe, M. A.

SONG.

Distress me with those tears no more,
One kiss, my love, and then adieu;
The last boat destin'd for the shore,
Waits, dearest girl, alone for you:
Soon, soon before the light winds borne,
Shall I be sever'd from your sight;
You left the lonely hours to mourn,
And weep thro' many a stormy night.

When far along the restless deep,
In trim array the ship shall steer;
Your form remembrance still shall keep,
Your worth affection still revere;
And with the distance from your eyes,
My love for you shall be increas'd;
As to the pole the needle flies,
And farthest off still varies least.

While round the bowl the cheerful crew,
Shall sing of triumphs on the main;
My thoughts shall fondly turn to you,
Of you alone shall be my strain.
And when we've bound the leaguing foe,
Revengeful for our country's wrong;
Returning home, my heart shall shew,
No fiction grac'd my artless song.

Anon.

THE INVITATION,

BY A GENTLEMAN IN MARYLAND.

When chilling boreas blows no more,
And snows are melted down;
When gentle zephyr's soft'ning pow'r
Spring's mild advances own;

Or if when scorching Sirius reigns,
And taints the putrid air;
Mindful of health, from sandy plains
To mountains you'll repair.

A mountain bard your steps invites
To shun the baleful rays;
In cooler shades to pass your nights,
In cooler sleep your days;

Where no moschetoes e'er intrude,
No fly disturbs your rest;
Where love alone will dare be rude,
And discompose your breast;

Who haply may soft dreams impart,
And for your lover plead;
With mutual passion touch your heart,
And he be blest indeed.

Come then, fair maid, and bring along
Your gentle grace, and ease,
The sprightly dance, the jocund song,
And all your arts to please.

And if your fair companion deign
The invitation to approve,
A mountain goddess she shall reign,
And wit shall weave the crown of love.

Around her trees will crow'd their shade,
And birds will chaunt a sprightlier lay;
And ev'ry flower, and ev'ry blade,
Will welcome the auspicious day.

Fatal ambition! hapless fate!
Who wedded but to noble strife,
Exchanges happiness for state,
And sinks into a wretch for life.

The present hour is all we taste,
Catch the fleet pleasures as they move;
We cannot be too much in haste,
'Tis all we have—to live and love.

Monthly Miscellany.

VERSES,

COPIED FROM THE WINDOW OF AN OBSCURE LODGING-HOUSE IN LONDON.

STRANGER, whate'er thou art, whose restless mind,
Like me, within these walls, is cribb'd, confin'd,*
Learn how each want, that heaves our mutual sigh,
A woman's soft solicitudes supply!
From her white breast retreat all rude alarms,
Or fly the circle of her magic charms;
While souls exchang'd alternate grace acquire,
And passions catch from passions glorious fire.
What tho' to deck this roof no arts combine,
Such forms as rival ev'ry fair but mine;
No nodding plumes our humble couch above,
Proclaim each triumph of unbounded love;
No silver lamp, with sculptur'd Cupids gay,
O'er yielding beauty pours its midnight ray;
Yet Fanny's charms could time's slow flight beguile,
Sooth ev'ry care, and make this dungeon smile;
In her, what kings, what saints have wish'd is given,
Her heart is empire, and her love is heaven!

Monthly Miscellany.

* Macbeth.

THE TEAR.

How prone the bosom is to sigh!
How prone to weep the human eye!
As thro' this painful life we steer,
This valley of the sigh and tear.

When saints lift up their souls in pray'r,
Redeemed from sin, remorse and care,
Possess'd with hope and holy fear,
'Tis then the Christian's pious tear.

When ev'ry parting pang is o'er,
And friends, long absent, meet once more,
Fraught with delight, and love sincere,
'Tis then sweet friendship's joyful tear.

When, by the heart, with sorrow griev'd,
A thousand blessings are receiv'd,
With ev'ry comfort that can cheer,
'Tis then bright virtue's graceful tear.

When two fond lover's doom'd to part,
Feel deadly pangs invade their heart;
Torn from the object each holds dear,
'Tis then, alas! the parting tear.

Where wretches on the earth reclin'd,
Their doom of condemnation sign'd;
(The end of earthly being near)
'Tis then soft pity's gentle tear.

Where one friend sees another bleed,
Or suffer anguish, pain, or need,
Then, then, involv'd in smart severe,
We drop the sympathetic tear.

If, on some lovely creature's face,
Rich in proportion, colour, grace,
A pearly drop should once appear,
'Tis then the lovely beauteous tear.

When mothers (O! the grateful sight)
Their children view with fond delight;
Surrounded by a charge so dear,
'Tis then the sweet maternal tear.

When lovers see the beautious maid,
To whom their fond attention's paid,
With conscious blushing sobs draw near,
'Tis then the humble pleading tear.

When two dear friends, of kindred mind,
By ev'ry gen'rous tie conjoin'd,
Behold their dreadful parting near,
'Tis then, O! then, the bitter tear.

But when the wretch, with sins oppress'd,
Strikes in an agony his breast;
When torn with guilt, distress, and fear,
'Tis then the best, the saving tear.

Monthly Miscellany.

ODE,

BY JOHN RANNIE.

I cannot but remember such things were,
And were most precious to me.

SHAKESPEARE.

SCENES of my youth! ye once were dear,
Tho' sadly I your charms survey;
I once was wont to linger here,
From early dawn to closing day.
Scenes of my youth! pale sorrow flings
A shade o'er all your beauties now;
And robs the moments of their wings,
That scatter pleasure as they flow.
While, still, to heighten ev'ry care,
Reflection tells me, such things were.

'Twas here a tender mother strove
To keep my happiness in view;
I smil'd beneath a parent's love,
That soft compassion ever knew.

In whom the virtues all combin'd;
On whom I could with faith rely;
To whom my heart and soul were join'd,
By mild affection's primal tie!
Who smiles in heav'n, exempt from care,
Whilst I remember, such things were.

'Twas here, where calm and tranquil rest
O'erpays the peasant for his toil,
That, first in blessing, I was bless'd
With glowing friendship's open smile.
My friend far distant doom'd to roam,
Now braves the fury of the seas;
He fled his peaceful happy home,
His little fortune to encrease.
While bleeds afresh the wound of care,
When I remember, such things were.

'Twas here, ev'n in this silent grove,
I fondly gaz'd on Laura's charms,
Who, blushing, own'd a mutual love,
And melted in my youthful arms.
'Tho' hard the soul-conflicting strife,
Yet fate, the cruel tyrant, bore
Far from my sight the charm of life—
The lovely maid whom I adore.
'Twould ease my soul of all its care,
Cou'd I forget that such things were.

Here first I saw the morn appear
  Of guiltless pleasure's shining day;
I met the dazzling brightness here,
  Here mark'd the soft declining ray—
Beheld the skies, whose streaming light
  Gave splendour to the parting sun;
Now lost in sorrow's sable night,
  And all their mingled glories gone!
'Till death, in pity, end my care,
I must remember such things were.

Literary Magazine.

VERSES.

Sir John Henry More, Bart. who died in the year 1780, *about the age of* 25: *His true poetical powers cannot be better proved than by the following lines, which he wrote to a Lady a few months before his death, being then in an evident decay:*

If in that breast, so good, so pure,
  Compassion ever lov'd to dwell,
Pity the sorrows I endure,
  The cause I must not—dare not tell.

The grief that on my quiet preys,
  That rends my heart, that checks my tongue,
I fear will last me all my days,
  But feel—it will not last me long.

Della Crusca.

A WINTER PIECE.

It was a winter's evening, and fast came down the snow,
And keenly o'er the wide heath the bitter blast did blow,
When a damsel all forlorn, quite bewildered in her way,
Press'd her baby to her bosom, and sadly thus did say:—

"Oh! cruel was my father, that shut his door on me!
"And cruel was my mother that such a sight could see;
"And cruel is the wint'ry wind that chills my heart with cold,
"But crueller than all, the lad that left my love for gold!

"Hush, hush, my lovely baby, and warm thee in my breast,—
"Ah! little thinks thy father how sadly we're distrest!
"For cruel as he is, did he know but how we fare,
"He'd shield us in his arms from this bitter piercing air.

"Cold, cold, my dearest jewel! thy little life is gone!
"Oh, let my tears revive thee! so warm that trickle down;
"My tears that gush so warm, oh! they freeze before they fall,
Ah! wretched, wretched mother! thou'rt now bereft of all."

Then down she sunk, despairing, upon the drifted snow,
And, wrung with killing anguish, lamented loud her woe:
She kiss'd her baby's pale lips, and laid it by her side,
Then cast her eyes to heaven, and bow'd her head and died.

Literary Magazine.

TRANSLATION

OF THE FOREGOING ELEGY.

VESPER erat; campis et nix hyemosa ruebat,
Stridebatque, aquilo, per loca mœsta situ;
Hæc, incerta viæ, peragrabat sola puella,
Infantemque præmens, cæpit acerba queri.

" Heu! pater ille ferus, natæ qui tecte negavit,
" Et fera, quæ vidit talia, mater erat,
" Et fera vis venti est, quæ sic mea pectora tundit,
" At, mihi qui nummos prætulit, ille magis.

" Parvule mi, taceas, gremio renovesque calorem;
" Ah! nescit genitor, nos mala quanta premunt;
" Si nostros sciret, durus licet, ille dolores
" Vix hyemum miseros lædere vellet acrem.

" Blandulæ væ! friges, friges; calor ossa reliquit;
" Suscitet ex oculis fervida gutta meis!
" Fervida, gutta fluit, sed congelat aura fluentem;
" Ah! nunc infelix, orbaque mater ego."

Jam nive congesta misere prolabitur exspes
Infandumque gemit, quod dolor intus agit;
Tum lateri natum apponens, atque oscula figens
Suspicit, et flectit, morte gravata caput.

Prolusiones Poeticæ.

TO HOPE.

FRIEND of the wretch whose bosom bleeds,
A prey to anguish and despair,
When tort'ring thought to thought succeeds,
When life is scarcely worth our care,
Oh! hither come, and smile on me,
The helpless child of misery.

To me how sweet life's early dawn,
And, oh! how sweet youth's rosy hours;
I gaily sported on the lawn,
And rov'd amid my native bow'rs;
But manhood chang'd the scene of glee,
And brought me woe and misery.

E'er, then, to wan despair a prey,
E'er sorrow's bitter cup runs o'er,
E'er hateful wastes the parting day,
"E'er life itself can charm no more,"
In pity come, and smile on me,
The helpless child of misery.

But if I court thine aid in vain,
If slow reluctance guides thine eye,
Death then alone can ease my pain,
And hush to peace the rising sigh:
He sets the pining captive free,
And gives the balm for misery.

Literary Magazine.

THE TENDER WISH.

FROM her, alas! whose smile was love,
I wander to some lonely cell;
My sighs too weak the maid to move,
I bid the flatt'rer hope farewell!

Be all her little arts forgot,
That fill'd my bosom with alarms;
Ah! let her crime—a little spot—
Be lost amid her blaze of charms.

As on I wander slow, my sighs
At ev'ry step, for Cynthia mourn;
My anxious heart within me dies,
And sinking whispers "O return."

Deluded heart! thy folly know,
Nor fondly nurse the fatal flame;
By absence thou shalt lose thy woe,
And only flutter at her name.

Peter Pindar.

ELEGY.

The sailor sighs as sinks his native shore,
As all its less'ning turrets bluely fade;
He climbs the mast to feast his eye once more,
And busy fancy fondly lends her aid.

Ah! now, each dear domestic scene he knew,
Recall'd and cherish'd in a foreign clime;
Charms with the magic of a moon-light view,
Its colours mellow'd, not impair'd by time.

True as the needle, homeward points his heart,
Thro' all the horrors of the stormy main;
This, the last wish with which its warmth cou'd part,
To meet the smile of her he loves again.

When morn first faintly draws her silver line,
Or eve's grey cloud descends to drink the wave;
When sea and sky in midnight darkness join,
Still, still he views the parting look she gave.

Her gentle spirit, lightly hov'ring o'er,
Attends his little bark from pole to pole;
And, when the beating billows round him roar,
Whispers sweet hope to sooth his troubled soul.

Carv'd is her name in many a spicy grove,
In many a plantain forest, waving wide,
Where dusky youths in painted plumage rove,
And giant palms o'er-arch the yellow tide.

But lo, at last he comes with crowded sail!
Lo, o'er the cliff what eager figures bend!
And hark! what mingled murmurs swell the gale!
In each he hears the welcome of a friend.

'Tis she, 'tis she herself! she waves her hand!
Soon is the anchor cast, the canvas furl'd,
Soon thro' the milk-white foam he springs to land,
And clasps the maid he singled from the world!

Monthly Review.

SONNET.

FAR on the sands, the low retiring tide,
In distant murmurs hardly seems to flow,
And o'er the world of waters, blue and wide,
The sighing summer wind forgets to blow.

As sinks the day-star in the rosy west,
The silent wave, with rich reflection glows,
Alas! can tranquil nature give me rest,
Or scenes of beauty sooth me to repose.

Can the soft lustre of the sleeping main,
Yon radiant heaven, or all creation's charms,
Erase the written troubles of the brain,
Which memory tortures, and which guilt alarms;
Or bid a bosom transient quiet prove,
That bleeds with vain remorse, and unextinguish'd love.

Charlotte Smith.

SOLICITUDE.

The heart that throbs with latent woe,
Reluctant eyes the morning ray;
Nor when nocturnal vespers glow,
Regrets the loss of parting day.

Come, drowsy night, and shed the balm
That soft suspends each anxious care;
Oblivious come, and quickly calm
The pensive tumults of despair.

If 'midst thy wond'rous magic power,
Excursive fancy still should roam,
Restore the dear domestic hour,
When mutual love invites me home.

Tho' twenty years their months have told,
Since I possess'd her virgin charms,
I yet wou'd lose the world t' enfold
The faithful fair within my arms.

Bright as the star of ev'ning glows,
Her lucid orbs appear;
Upon her cheeks the blushing rose,
Blooms fresh throughout the year.

Mild as the breath of vernal gales,
Her voice—each whispering sigh;
More soft than oriental tales
The strains her lips supply.

Renwick.

ELEGY,

WRITTEN ON THE PLAIN OF FONTENOY.

CHILL blows the blast, and twilight's dewy hand
Draws in the west her dusky veil away;
A deeper shadow steals along the land,
And nature muses at the death of day!

Near this bleak waste no friendly mansion rears
Its walls, where mirth, and social joys abound,
But each sad object melts the soul to tears,
While horror treads the scatter'd bones around.

As thus alone and comfortless I roam,
Wet with the drizzling show'r; I sigh sincere,
I cast a fond look tow'rds my native home,
And think what valiant Britons perish'd here.

Yes, the time was, nor very far the date,
When carnage here her crimson toil began;
When nations' standards wav'd in threat'ning state,
And man the murd'rer met the murd'rer man.

For war is murder, tho' the voice of kings
Has styl'd it justice, styl'd it glory too,
Yet from worst motives, fierce ambition springs,
And there fix'd prejudice is all we view.

But sure, 'tis heav'n's immutable decree,
For thousands ev'ry age in fight to fall;
Some natural cause prevails, we cannot see,
And that is fate, which we ambition call.

O let th' aspiring warrior think with grief,
That as produc'd by chymic art refin'd;—
So glitt'ring conquest from the laurel leaf
Extracts a general poison for mankind.

Here let him wander at the midnight hour,
These morbid rains, these gelid gales to meet;
And mourn like me, the ravages of pow'r!
And feel like me, that vict'ry is defeat!

Nor deem, ye vain! that e'er I mean to swell
My feeble verse with many a sounding name;
Of such, the mercenary bard may tell,
And call such dreary desolation fame.

The genuine muse removes the thin disguise,
That cheats the world, whene'er she deigns to sing;
And full as meritorious to her eyes
Seems the poor soldier, as the mighty king!

Alike I shun in labour'd strain to show,
How Britain more than triumph'd, tho' she fled,
Where Louis stood, where march'd the column slow,
I turn from these and dwell upon the dead.

Yet much my beating breast respects the brave;
Too well I love them, not to mourn their fate;
Why shou'd they seek for greatness in the grave?
Their hearts are noble,—and in life they're great.

Nor think 'tis but in war the brave excel,—
To valour ev'ry virtue is allied!
Here faithful friendship 'mid the battle fell,
And love, true love, in bitter anguish died.

Alas! the solemn slaughter I retrace,
That checks life's current circling thro' my veins,
Bath'd in moist sorrow many a beauteous face,
And gave a grief, perhaps, that still remains.

I can no more—an agony too keen
Absorbs my senses, and my mind subdues;
Hard were that heart that here could beat serene,
Or the just tribute of a pang refuse.

But lo! thro' yonder op'ning clouds afar
Shoots the bright planet's sanguinary ray,
That bears thy name, fictitious lord of war!
And with red lustre guides my lonely way.

Then Fontenoy, farewell! yet much I fear,
(Wherever chance compels my course) to find
Discord and blood—the thrilling sounds I hear,
"The noise of battle hurtles in the wind."

From barb'rous Turkey to Britannia's shore,
Opposing interests into rage increase;
Destruction rears her sceptre, tumults roar,
Ah! where shall hapless man repose in peace.

Della Crusca.

NIGHT.

The western sun is sunk beneath the main,
Hush'd are the birds on ev'ry leafy spray;
The moon full orb'd begins her silent reign,
And man now rests from all the cares of day.

The distant clock proclaims the midnight hour,
The river's murmur fills the sighing gale;
The screaming owl from the dismantled tow'r,
Gives to the night her long resounding wail.

The tortur'd breast now paints athwart the gloom,
Terrific forms that swim before the mind;
The spectre hov'ring o'er the recent tomb,
And stops, and trembles at each breath of wind.

Be mine the solemn scene, from folly free,
The peaceful hour, which providence has giv'n,
To raise my wand'ring thoughts O God! to thee!
To calm my mind, and wing my soul to heav'n.

C. S.

THE ROSE-BUD.

TO LAVINIA, AT FIFTEEN.

WITHIN this cool embow'ring shade,
This sweet retreat for lovers made;
Amidst the glitt'ring pearls of morn,
That ev'ry leaf and spray adorn;
How sweetly blooms this op'ning rose!
How fresh its purple lustre glows!
Soft odours round its beauties play;
How fragrant in the cool of day!

Oh! blest with youth and form'd for love,
Lavinia regent of the grove!
Of sense refin'd and simple taste,
With rural innocency grac'd;
That unaffected state of mind,
Which few from books, or breeding find;

Alike from awkard silence free,
And loud insipid gaiety;
Whose conduct all must so approve,
That all must envy, or must love:
O! sweeter than the dawning rose,
Whose cheeks a livelier blush disclose!
When soon, drawn forth to open day,
You shine amidst the young and gay,
Where flatt'ry throws her gilded dart,
Vice skulks beneath each modish art,
May no mistaken excellence
To folly sooth your vig'rous sense:
No courtly airs, with honour's face,
Refine to guilt each virgin grace:
No taste from Italy or France,
Corrupt your native elegance!
May you, secure from the extremes
Of scandal's blasts, or flatt'ry's beams,
Reserve, for gen'rous Strephon's arms,
Your beauty's bloom, and virgin charms!

Euphrosyne.

AN ESTIMATE OF LIFE.

In bloom of youth, with spirits gay,
Thro' life's brisk trade I made my way;
School's 'prenticeship with labour pass'd,
Methought I could not live too fast;

Wholesale laid in my stock of joys,
All bought by weight avoir-du-pois:
And still my happiness I found
Full sixteen ounces to the pound.

But age comes on with gouty pains;
Life's trade grows dull, and small my gains;
Now fate retails my scanty pleasure,
By d-mn'd apothecary's measure:
By drams and scruples now I live,
No longer taste what life can give:
My bliss weighs light, sad cares prevail;
And constant mis'ry turns the scale.

Euphrosyne.

THE FAIR MORALIST.

As late beneath yon spreading shade
Of willows, quivering o'er the brook,
I sat with Lucia, lovely maid!
With pensive air and downcast look.

She view'd the flower which, in her walk,
She gather'd from th' enamell'd mead,
That now oppress'd its bending stalk,
And, withering, droop'd its languid head.

"Ah me!" she cry'd, "how soon is past
Our happy, thoughtless, youthful hour!
Our purest pleasures will not last,
But fade like this autumnal flow'r.

"Where now are all the blooming joys,
That gilded those auspicious days?
Where all the flattering, splendid toys,
Which then so high our hopes con'd raise?

"All, all are flown; and gloomy care
Now spreads o'er life her dusky wings;
Each day is clouded with despair,
Each hour fresh cause of sorrow brings!"

True, my fair preacher, I exclaim'd,
Our youthful hopes were rais'd too high:
At more exalted bliss we aim'd,
Than e'er was found beneath the sky.

Yet whilst my Lucia constant proves,
Thus condescends to sooth my care;
Whilst she her swain thus fondly loves,
We'll bid defiance to despair.

I said, and to my lips I press'd
Her willing hand; my head, reclin'd,
I lean'd upon her soothing breast,
And gave my sorrows to the wind.

Euphrosyne.

ANSWER TO THE TRIPLE PLEA,

A common satirical Print

ON THE LAWYERS, PHYSICIANS, AND DIVINES.

COULD all men live on herbs and roots,
And naked, range the woods like brutes;
Were all men savages or sages,
They'd save their clothes and servant's wages.
Then tailors, cobblers, brewers, bakers,
And barbers, builders, undertakers,
Parsons, doctors, lawyers, kings,
And all our trades, were useless things.
But, since the contrary is true,
And most men live like me and you;
Of all mankind since the condition,
Quite contradicts our supposition;
Thy argument, like gun o'er loaded,
Recoils, and proves what thou'st exploded.
And you who now, in smart expressions,
Thus ridicule the three professions,
Must fee the doctor, pay the parson;
Nay, help, perhaps, the lawyer's farce on;
Or lose your right, be sick and die
Unpitied, and unburied lie;
Free from the dreaded inquisition,
Of lawyer, parson, and physician.

Euphrosyne.

MAY.

Born in yon blaze of orient sky,
Sweet May! thy radiant form unfold;
Unclose thy blue voluptuous eye,
And wave thy shadowy locks of gold.

For thee the fragrant zephyrs blow,
For thee descends the sunny show'r;
The rills in softer murmurs flow,
And brighter blossoms gem the bow'r.

Light graces dress'd in flow'ry wreaths,
And tiptoe joys their hands combine;
And love his sweet contagion breathes,
And laughing dances round thy shrine.

Warm with new life, the glitt'ring throngs,
On quiv'ring fin and rustling wing,
Delighted join their votive songs,
And hail thee, goddess of the spring.

Loves of the Plants.

SONNET TO EVENING.

EVENING, as slow thy placid shades descend,
Veiling with gentlest hush the landscape still,
The lonely battlement, and farthest hill,
And wood; I think of those that have no friend!
Who now, perhaps, by melancholy led,
From the broad blaze of day, where pleasure flaunts,
Retiring, wander 'mid thy lonely haunts
Unseen; and mark the tints that o'er thy bed
Hang lovely, oft to musing fancy's eye
Presenting fairy vales, where the tir'd mind
Might rest, beyond the murmurs of mankind,
Nor hear the hourly moans of misery.
Ah, beauteous views! that hope's fair gleams the while
Shou'd smile like you and perish as they smile.

Monthly Review.

THE CHAPLET.

WHILE bees sip nectar from the rose,
And zephyrs court my swain's repose,
Beneath the woodbine shade;
I'll twine a chaplet for his brows,
Of ev'ry lovely flow'r that grows,
By nature fragrant made.

The myrtle s never fading green,
With laurel wove each branch between,
My lasting truth shall prove:
While jess'mine's virgin whiteness shows,
How pure the source from whence it flows,
And paints my spotlsss love.

Sleep on, lov'd youth, while I prepare
This wreath, to bind thy flowing hair
In nature's lovely band:
So may our hearts united be,
If so much bliss is meant for me,
When I receive thy hand.

Eliza Reeves.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

Oh! I am caught in Cupid's snare,
Such charms might any heart surprise;
The playful step, the artless air,
The lustre of her thrilling eyes.

The curling locks of chesnut brown,
That wave upon a neck of snow;
The brow unruffled with a frown,
The cheek, where living roses blow.

The silken fringe that veils the eye,
The dimpled chin, love's dear abode;
The swelling lips of coral dye,
Those lips, whence notes soul-rending flow'd.

Still I beheld, as in a bower,
The charming maid sequester'd stood;
Her head was crown'd with many a flow'r,
The produce of her native wood.

She thought no fond intruder near,
And tenderly of love she sung;
Sweet philomel, those strains to hear,
Far from her nest in rapture hung.

"Collin," she said, "has chang'd his love,
And yet upon my Collin's brow,
The wreath of flow'rs I careful wove,
Glows in unfaded beauty now.

"Young Emma's hand he oft has press'd,
Extoll'd her form, and wond'ring gaz'd;
Nor was I ere till then distress'd,
To hear the beauteous Emma prais'd.

"Yet Collin was my earliest choice,
And I to death will true remain."—
She spoke—I blest her tuneful voice,
I curs'd the young inconstant swain.

She left the bower to seek a lamb,
That near in frisking gambols play'd;
Her Collin took it from the dam,
And gave it to his plighted maid.

Then she beheld a stranger near,
Her cheek assum'd a deeper red;
In her soft eye I mark'd a tear,
As sudden from my sight she fled.

Thus glanc'd away th' dear unknown,
Nor durst I stop the timid fair;
Love, I'm the vassal of thy throne,
By turns I hope, by turns despair.

Literary Magazine.

IMITATION OF HORACE,

LIB I. ODE 19.

The cruel queen of fierce desires,
While youth and wine assistants prove,
Renews my long neglected fires,
And melts again my mind to love.

On blooming Glycera I gaze,
By too resistless force opprest!
With fond delight my eye surveys
The spotless whiteness of her breast.

In vain I strive to break my chain;
In vain I heave with anxious sighs:
Her pleasing coyness feeds my pain,
And keeps the conquest of her eyes.

Impetuous tides of joy and pain,
By turns my lab'ring bosom tear;
The queen of love, with all her train
Of hopes and fears, inhabits there.

No more the wand'ring Scythian's might,
From softer themes my lyre shall move;
No more the Parthian's wily flight:
My lyre shall sing of nought but love.

Haste, grassy altars let us rear;
Haste, wreaths of fragrant myrtle twine;
With Arab sweets perfume the air,
And crown the whole with gen'rous wine.

While we the sacred rites prepare,
The cruel queen of fierce desires
Will wound, propitious to my prayer,
Th' obdurate maid with equal fires.

Rev. J. Wesley.

VERSES.

How happy is he, born or taught,
That serveth not another's will!
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill:

Whose passions not his master's are;
Whose soul is still prepar'd for death;
Unty'd unto the world with care
Of public fame or private breath:

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Nor vice: who never understood
How deepest wounds are giv'n by praise,
Nor rules of state, but rules of good.

Who hath his life from rumours freed;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatt'rers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressor's great:

Who God doth late and early pray,
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, tho' not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

Sir Henry Wotton.

EPISTLE,

FROM MR. COTTON TO MR. J. WALTON.

WHILST in this cold and blust'ring clime,
Where bleak winds howl and tempests roar,
We pass away the roughest time,
Has been of many years before:

Whilst from the most tempestuous nooks,
The chillest blasts our peace invade,
And by great rains our smallest brooks
Are almost navigable made:

Whilst all the ills are so improv'd
Of this dead quarter of the year,
That ev'n you, so much belov'd,
We would not now wish with us here.

In this estate, I say, it is
Some comfort to us to suppose,
That in a better clime than this
You, our dear friend, have more repose.

And some delight to me the while,
Tho' nature now does weep in rain,
To think that I have seen her smile,
And haply may I do again.

If the all-ruling power please,
We live to see another May,
We'll recompence an age of these
Foul days, in one fine fishing day.

We then shall have a day or two,
Perhaps a week, wherein to try
What the best master's hand can do,
With the most deadly killing flie:

A day, with not too bright a beam,
A warm, but not a scorching sun,
A southern gale to curl the stream,
And, master, half our work is done.

There, whilst behind some bush we wait,
The scaly people to betray,
We'll prove it just, with treach'rous bait,
To make the quick-ey'd trout our prey.

And think ourselves in such an hour,
Happier than those, tho' not so high,
Who, like leviathans, devour
Of meaner men the smaller fry.

This, my best friend, at my poor home,
Shall be our pastime and our theme;
But then shou'd you not deign to come,
You make all this a flatt'ring dream.

Complete Angler.

SONG.

LIKE hermit poor, in pensive place obscure,
I mean to spend my days of endless doubt;
To wait such woes as time cannot recure,
Where none but love shall ever find me out:
And at my gates despair shall linger still,
To let in death, when love and fortune will.

A gown of grey my body shall attire,
My staff, of broken hope, whereon I'll stay,
Of late repentance link'd with long desire,
The couch is fram'd whereon my limbs I'll lay:
And at my gates, &c.

My food shall be of care and sorrow made,
My drink nought else but tears fall'n from mine eyes,
And for my light in this obscure shade,
The flames may serve which from my heart arise.
And at my gates, &c.

Ibid.

SONG.

My mind to me a kingdom is,
  Such perfect joy therein I find,
As far excels all earthly bliss
  That God or nature hath assign'd.
Tho' much I want that most wou'd have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Content I live, this is my stay,
  I seek no more than may suffice;
I press to bear no haughty sway;
  Look what I lack my mind supplies.
Lo! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,
  And hasty climbers soonest fall;
I see that such as sit aloft,
  Mishap doth threaten most of all:
These get with toil, and keep with fear;
Such cares my mind could never bear.

No princely pomp, or wealthy store,
  No force to win a victory,
No wily wit to salve a sore,
  No shape to win a lover's eye:

To none of these I yield as thrall;
For why? my mind despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave,
I little have, yet seek no more:
They are but poor, though much they have;
And I am rich with little store:
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I lend; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss;
I grudge not at another's gain:
No worldly wave my mind can toss;
I brook what is another's bane:
I fear no foe, nor fawn on friend;
I loath not life, nor dread mine end.

My wealth is health, and perfect ease;
My conscience clear, my chief defence:
I never seek by bribes to please,
Nor by desert to give offence:
Thus do I live, thus will I die:
Would all did so as well as I!

I joy not in no earthly bliss;
I weigh not Crœsus's wealth a straw:
For care, I care not what it is;
I fear not fortune's fatal law:
My mind is such as may not move
For beauty bright or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will;
  I wander not to seek for more;
I like the plain, I climb no hill;
  In greatest storms I sit on shore,
And laugh at them that toil in vain
To get what must be lost again.

I kiss not where I wish to kill;
  I feign not love where most I hate;
I break no sleep to win my will;
  I wait not at the mighty's gate;
I scorn no poor, I fear no rich;
I feel no want, nor have too much.

The court, ne cart, I like ne loath,
  Extremes are counted worst of all;
The golden mean betwixt them both
  Doth surest fit, and fears no fall.
This is my choice: for why? I find
No wealth is like a quiet mind.

Calliope, a Collection of Songs.

CONTENT.

Heav'n, what an age is this! what race
  Of giants is sprung up that dare
Thus fly in the Almighty's face,
  And with his providence make war!

1819 A

I can go no where but I meet
With malecontents and mutineers,
As if in life was nothing sweet,
And we must blessings reap in tears.

O senseless man! that murmurs still
For happiness, and does not know,
Even though he might enjoy his will,
What he would have to make him so.

Is it true happiness to be
By undiscerning fortune plac'd,
In the most eminent degree,
Where few arrive, and none stand fast?

Titles and wealth are fortune's toils,
Wherewith the vain themselves ensnare;
The great are proud of borrow'd spoils;
The miser's plenty breeds his care.

The one supinely yawns to rest,
The other eternally doth toil;
Each of them equally a beast,
A pamper'd horse or lab'ring moil.

The titled knave is oft disgrac'd
By public hate, or private scorn;
And he whose hand the creature rais'd,
Has yet a foot to kick him down.

The drudge, who would all get, all save,
Like a brute beast both feeds and lies;
Prone to the earth he digs his grave,
And in the very labour dies.

Excess of ill got, ill kept pelf,
Does only death and danger breed;
While one rich worldling starves himself,
With what would thousand others feed.

By which we see that wealth and power,
Altho' they make men rich and great,
The sweets of life do often sour,
And gull ambition with a cheat.

Nor is he happier than these,
Who in a moderate estate,
Where he might safely live at ease,
Has lusts that are inordinate.

For he by those desires misled,
Quits his own vine's securing shade,
T' expose his naked empty head,
To all the storms man's peace invade.

Nor is he happy who is trim,
Trick'd up in favours of the fair;
Mirrors, with ev'ry breath made dim,
Birds caught in ev'ry wanton snare.

Woman, man's greatest woe or bliss,
  Does ofter far than serve enslave,
And with the magic of a kiss,
  Destroys whom she was made to save.

O fruitful grief! the world's disease,
  And vainer man to make it so,
Who gives his miseries increase,
  By cultivating his own woe.

There are no ills but what we make,
  By giving shapes and names to things,
Which is the dangerous mistake
  That causes all our sufferings.

We call that sickness which is health,
  That persecution which is grace,
That poverty which is true wealth,
  And that dishonour which is praise.

Providence watches over all,
  And that with an impartial eye;
And if to misery we fall,
  'Tis through our own infirmity.

'Tis want of foresight makes the bold
  Ambitious youth to danger climb;
And want of virtue when the old
  At persecution do repine.

Alas! our time is here so short,
That in what state soe'er 'tis spent,
Of joy or woe does not impart,
Provided it be innocent.

But we may make it pleasant too,
If we will take our measures right,
And not what heav'n has done undo,
By an unruly appetite.

'Tis true content, and that alone,
Can make us happy here below;
And when this little life is done,
Will lift us up to heav'n too.

A very little satisfies
An honest and a grateful heart;
And who would more than will suffice,
Does covet more than is his part.

That man is happy in his share,
Who is warm clad, and cleanly fed;
Whose necessaries bound his care,
And honest labour makes his bed.

Who free from debt, and clear from crimes,
Honours those laws that others fear;
Who ill of princes in worst times,
Will neither speak himself nor hear.

Who from the busy world retires,
To be more useful to it still;
And to no greater good aspires,
But only the eschewing ill.

Who with his angle and his hooks
Can think the longest day well spent;
And praises God when back he looks,
And finds that all was innocent.

This man is happier far than he,
Whom public business oft betrays
Thro' labyrinths of policy
To crooked and forbidden ways.

The world is full of beaten roads,
But yet so slippery withal,
That where one walks secure, 'tis odds
A hundred and a hundred fall.

Untrodden paths are then the best,
When the frequented are unsure;
And he comes soonest to his rest,
Whose journey has been most secure.

It is content alone that makes
Our pilgrimage a pleasure here;
And who buys sorrow cheapest, takes
An ill commodity too dear.

But he has fortune's worst withstood,
And happiness can never miss;
Can covet nought but where he stood,
And thinks him happy where he is.

Complete Angler.

TO MARY.

MARY! dear maid! for whom I sigh,
For whom my breast will ever burn,
Look on thy lover with an eye,
To bid him hope a soft return.

That tender look, that flowing hair,
That cheek that shames the vernal rose,
First caught me in love's silken snare,
And robb'd my heart of its repose.

When calm indifference was mine,
The swift hour fled serenely by;
But now, alas! that form divine
Has banish'd all tranquillity.

Oh come then, Mary! gentlest maid!
On me one angel smile bestow;
The precious gift shall be repaid
With all that love and truth can show.

My lips shall hourly speak thy praise,
My thoughts shall e'er be turn'd to thee;
Thy face shall still inspire my lays,
Thy soul shall be ador'd by me.

The World.

FROM M. VOLTAIRE.

ME to love's joys would you invite?
Then show me love's forgotten way,
Then join to the cold gloom of night
The sprightly morning's gladd'ning ray.

From the gay raptures of that scene,
Where festive love prolongs the day,
From Bacchus and the cyprian queen,
Alas! time beckons me away.

Since old, then let him make me sage,
And teach me well myself to know;
Who joins the wings of love to age,
Adds wretchedness to age's woe.

Let me quit youth's voluptuous plan,
And reason's dictates once believe;
Two moments make the age of man,—
One then to wisdom let me give.

Yet art thou then for ever fled,
Thou dear delusion's real joy!
And flatt'ring hope by fancy fed,
Free from the truths that peace destroy.

That twice we die too well I know,
To cease to love, and cease to please;
This, this is death in all its woe—
To cease to live is peace and ease.

'Twas thus in sad reflection lost,
I linger'd still on pleasure's ground;
Still loath to quit the flow'ry coast,
Tho' there, for me, no flow'r was found.

When lo! with decent lovely mien,
Soft friendship caught my wand'ring sight;
She seem'd to vie with beauty's queen,
And shone more placid, tho' less bright.

Enamour'd with her modest grace,
The beams of comfort o'er me shone;
I follow'd her with willing pace,
But sigh'd to follow her alone.

The World.

SONG,

WRITTEN ON THE BANKS OF A RIVER.

GENTLE stream, on thy banks let me pensively rove,
Thy shade and thy murmurs are welcome to me;
Thy sound on the still ear of ev'ning I love,
And mem'ry's deep sorrows are deepen'd by thee.

But why, gentle stream, flows this murmur of grief?
Why responsive to mine seems thy deep swelling tone?
Thou mourn'st not like me for a pang past relief,
Thou mourn'st not, like me, for the days that are gone.

Still useful thy waves as they flow unconfin'd,
See the season's rich produce deriv'd from their course;
While the stream of my time leaves no produce behind,
But the sigh of regret, and the pang of remorse.

Then mine, silly stream, shou'd these deep murmurs be,
While thy glassy wave shou'd exulting flow on;
At time unimprov'd thou repin'st not like me,
Nor vainly regrettest the days that are gone.

Oh! were thy clear stream of the power possess'd,
By poets bestow'd on the Lethe of old,
My lips shou'd, rejoicing, regain my lost rest,
And the warm touch of mem'ry ever lie cold.

Then I to the future shou'd hasten unmov'd,
As past useless hours wou'd no longer be known,
Forgotten each folly my thoughtless youth lov'd,
No more I shou'd weep o'er the days that are gone.

But vain is the thought—as the shadow the form,
So surely must mem'ry past actions attend;
Ah, me! her fell influence wakes terror's fierce storm,
But see, to allay it, repentance descend!

To cheer me, her daughter, Amendment, she leads,
Together they breathe the encouraging tone;
But the breast of repentance still tenderly bleeds,
And heaves a deep sigh for the days that are gone.

And as faithful reflection at midnight's still hour,
To the grave of a friend loves to hasten unseen,
Whilst the thought, that no tears can lost blessings restore,
Makes the pang of remembrance more painfully keen.

So I, tho' Amendment with soul-soothing aid,
May have banish'd the pangs which long I have known,
Will haste, gentle stream, to thy banks and thy shade,
A requiem to breathe to the days that are gone.

The World.

SECLUSION,

ADAPTED TO THE TENDER ADAGIO OF THE MEMORABLE D. RIZZIO.

O FAR from fortune's tinsel state,
And all the joys on wealth that wait,
Ye guardian pow'rs! my lot assign!
But give me, in some humbler shade,
To clasp some fond consenting maid,
And call domestic pleasures mine.

'Twas thus, to heav'n's paternal care,
I breath'd my unambitious pray'r,
And prostrate, sought a doom benign,
I sought—and lo! th' assenting skies,
Bade thee, my Julia, instant rise
And make domestic pleasures mine.

And now your insect wings, ye gay!
Ye flutterers thro' life's little day,
Expand—and boast your gaudy shine:
'Tis all in vain—I ask no more—
In her I view an ample store
Of dear dometic pleasures mine.

The World.

LINES WRITTEN AT SEA,

ON LOOKING AT THE COMPASS,

Addressed to a Lady.

In all the wand'rings of my soul,
The gods have known me true,
For like the needle to the pole,
I always turn to you.

If chill misfortune should assail,
And cloud the joys in view,
Still, spite of ev'ry boist'rous gale,
I always turn to you.

And tho' gay pleasure's rosy train
Unfold each magic hue,
O'er ev'ry scene those beauties reign,
I always turn to you.

In vain another wou'd inspire,
Or make my heart untrue;
I feel, alas! but one desire,
And always turn to you.

The melting accents, when I hear
Of love that's pictur'd true,
A fond remembrance charms my ear,
And always turns to you.

Through all the changes of my life,
Since faith and love agree,
In mutual comfort, mutual strife—
Oh! may'st thou turn to me.

The World.

A RECIPE

TO MAKE A MODERN CRITIC.

Two drams of stale sense, and a scruple of wit,
A lump of old learning, of taste a small bit;
A line or two of Aristotle's rules,
And a satchel of nonsense glean'd up from the schools;
Of Lethe's thick stream a full gallon well shook,
Of sarcasms two hundred from any old book;
Ten or twelve lines of good classical prate,
With the name of old Horace to add to their weight;
A few latin maxims, two mottos from Greece,
A sprig from Quintilian, of logic a piece;
The law of a surgeon, and physics strong purge,
And all that mechanical powers can urge;
Twelve french repartees, and three lines from Boileau,
Politeness and modern refinement to show;
Of candour a grain, and of scandal a ton,
Of knowledge two ounces, of merit not one;
Cantharides plenty to blister the page,
But admit not a scruple of tincture of sage;
A handful of rue, and of onions a load,
The brain of a calf, and the breast of a toad;

The eye of a mole, and the nail of a cat,
The tooth of a mouse, and the wing of a bat;
The purse of old poverty, hunger's lank jaw,
The gander's long wind pipe, the monkey's crimp paw:
Take this dose, my good author, you quickly will do,
For critical, monthly, or any review.

Monthly Review.

TRANSLATION OF A FRENCH POEM

OF M. BERNARD.

DELIA's smile is wealth to me,
Wealth and rank and ancestry;
She the noblest lineage proves,
Sister of a thousand loves!

Eyes that languish, heart that glows,
All the science Delia knows!
Charms like these could learning give?
Love with wit can never live.

The kiss, the sigh, the tender look,
Our language—all from nature's book!
Our studies only to impart
Mutual pleasure to the heart.

Her voice the soul's soft music plays,
In one sweet word a thousand says!
Her face, a flower of vernal morn,
That opens and a smile is born!

The regions of her beauteous breast,
Seem of two gentle souls possest.
Advancing now with fond desire,
They now with modesty retire.

Monthly Review.

TO STELLA.

No more, my Stella, to the sighing shades
Of blasted hope and luckless love complain;
But join the sports of Dian's careless maids,
And laughing liberty's triumphant train.

And see, with these is holy friendship found,
With snowy bosom open to the sight;
Her gentle hand shall close the recent wound,
And fill the vacant hand with calm delight.

Nor prudence slow, that ever comes too late,
Nor stern-brow'd duty, check her gen'rous flame;
On all her footsteps peace and honour wait,
And slander's ready tongue reveres her name.

Say, Stella, what is love, whose tyrant pow'r
Robs virtue of content, and youth of joy?
What nymph or goddess, in a fatal hour,
Gave to the world this mischief-making boy?

By lying bards in forms so various shewn,
Deck'd with false charms, or arm'd with terrors vain,
Who shall his real properties make known,
Declare his nature, and his birth explain?

Some say, of idleness and pleasure bred,
The smiling babe on beds of roses lay,
There with sweet honey-dews of fancy fed,
His blooming beauties open'd to the day.

His wanton head with fading chaplets bound,
Dancing, he leads his silly vot'ries on
To precipices deep o'er faithless ground,
Then laughing flies, nor hears their fruitless moan.

Some say from Etna's burning entrails torn,
More fierce than tigers on the Libyan plain,
Begot in tempests, and in thunders born,
Love wildly rages like the foaming main.

With darts and flames some arm his feeble hands,
His infant brow with regal honours crown;
Whilst vanquish'd reason, bound in silken bands,
Meanly submissive, falls before his throne.

Each fabling poet sure alike mistakes
The gentle pow'r that reigns o'er tender hearts!
Soft love no tempest hurls, no thunder shakes,
Nor lifts the flaming torch, nor poison'd darts.

Heav'n-born, the brightest seraph of the sky,
For Eden's bower he left his blissful seat,
When Adam's blameless suit was heard on high,
And beauteous Eve first cheer'd his lone retreat.

At love's approach all earth rejoic'd, each hill,
Each grove that learnt it from the whisp'ring gale;
Joyous the birds their liveliest chorus fill,
And richer fragrance breathes in ev'ry vale.

Well pleas'd in Paradise awhile he roves,
With innocence and friendship hand in hand;
Till sin found entrance in the with'ring groves,
And frighted innocence forsook the land.

But love still faithful to the guilty pair,
With them was driv'n amidst a world of woes,
Where oft he mourns his lost companions dear,
And trembling flies before his rigid foes.

Honour, in burnish'd steel completely clad,
And hoary wisdom, oft against him arm:
Suspicion pale, and disappointment sad,
Vain hopes and frantic fears his heart alarm.

Fly then, dear Stella, fly th' unequal strife,
Since fate forbids that peace should dwell with love!
Friendship's calm joys shall glad thy future life,
And virtue lead to endless bliss above.

Chapone's Miscellanies.

TO A LADY

WHO HAD LEFT PETERSBURG FOR ENGLAND.

LESBIA, return—I cannot say,
To flowery fields, and seasons gay:
The muse, desponding, cannot sing
Of the sweet garniture of spring;
Of sunny hills, and verdant vales,
And groves, and streams, and gentle gales;
These, in more hospitable climes,
May run mellifluent in my rhymes:
For winter, hoary and severe,
Rules an imperious despot here.
In chains the headlong flood he binds,
He rides impetuous on the winds;
Before him awful forests bend,
And tempest in his train contend.
But what, tho' wintry winds prevail,
And Boreas sends his rattling hail,
Siberian snows, and many a blast,
Howling along the dreary waste,
From Samoida to the shores,
Where black with storms the Euxine roars;
Thy blameless wit, and polish'd sense
Can ease and gaiety dispense.
Come, then, enchanting maid! and bring
The kindly influence of the spring;
Come, with thy animating air,
And nature's weary waste repair.

Chapone's Miscellanies.

SONNET.

The partial muse has, from my earliest hours,
Smil'd on the rugged path I'm doom'd to tread,
And still with sportive hand has snatch'd wild flowers,
To weave fantastic garlands for my head.

But far, far happier is the lot of those
Who never learn'd her dear delusive art,
Which, while it decks the head with many a rose,
Reserves the thorn—to fester in the heart.

For still she bids soft pity's melting eye
Stream o'er the ills she knows not to remove,
Points every pang, and deepens every sigh
Of mourning friendship, or unhappy love.

Ah! then, how dear the muse's favours cost,
If those paint sorrow best who feel it most.

Charlotte Smith's Sonnets.

SONNET TO R. P. CAREW, ESQ.

To climb at early dawn the mountain side,
Ere devious herds have brush'd the dews away,
Be mine: at noon amid yon elms to stray,
Whose artless tufts the cooling current hide.

Mine from the purple heath's horizon wide,
To trace the splendours of declining day,
Until the moon my homeward path to guide,
Distain the forest hedge with silver grey.

And if such scenes the rising soul expand,
The flutter'd heart if simple bliss becalm,
Where nature closelier knits the social tie,
No light addition should my Carew's hand,
With equal friendship's animating balm,
To letter'd ease the place of fame supply.

Warwick's Sonnets.

A PRAYER.

Amid the ceaseless din of human strife,
The groans of entering and departing life;
Amid the songs of joy, the wails of woe,
That living nature utters here below;
Amid the harmony of all the spheres
In concert unenjoy'd by mortal ears;
Amid heaven's trumpets loud by angels blown,
And lyres of Seraphim around thy throne,
O great Supreme! and while their voices join,
Proclaiming praise and glory only thine,
Presuming more, perhaps, than angels dare,
A trembling worm of earth intrudes his prayer.

Thou great, eternal, awful, gracious, cause
Of nature's being, motion, form, and laws!
That gav'st me tastes of pleasure and of pain;
That gav'st me passions which alternate reign,
And reason, passions riot to restrain:
By whom I first inspir'd this mortal breath;
In whom I trust for being after death:
Should I enjoy thy first great blessing, health;
And should thy providence bestow me wealth,
And crown me parent of a numerous race,
Whose virtues should my name and fortune grace:
To love, to duty, should my fair adhere;
Should ev'ry friend approve himself sincere;
Should'st thou my life reserve to ripest age,
And give me all the wisdom of the sage:
O! let no cursed avarice, my store
With-hold from friend distress'd, or from the poor!
In love, or friendship, or paternal care,
In each enjoyment with the world I share,
Through life, O! give this feeling heart to be
For ever warm with gratitude to thee!

But should thy wisdom the reverse ordain,
And send me pale disease, and life consuming pain;
Should pinching poverty still keep me down,
To pine beneath my fellow mortals frown;
Did I paternal feelings never know,
Or should my fruitful loins bring future woe;
Should an unfaithful wife dishonour bring;
Should slight of fancied friends my bosom wring;

Should my weak mind endure the scoff of fame,
And dulness be my substituted name;
Should nature early find herself outworn,
And that her earth to earth must soon return;
Without a friend to comfort or to mourn—
Amidst this gloomy, complicated throng
Of sharp afflictions, while I press along
Through each or real pain or seeming ill,
O give me resignation to thy will!

J. F. Bryant, of Bristol, Tobacco-pipe maker.

TO A LADY.

An Idyllion.

To thee, sweet smiling maid, I bring
The beauteous progeny of spring:
In every breathing bloom I find
Some pleasing emblem of thy mind.
The blushes of that op'ning rose,
Thy tender modesty disclose.
These snow white lillies of the vale,
Diffusing fragrance to the gale,
No ostentatious tints assume,
Vain of their exquisite perfume;
Careless, and sweet, and mild, we see
In these a lovely type of thee.
In yonder gay enamell'd field
Serene that azure blossom smil'd;

Not changing with the changeful sky,
Its faithful tints inconstant fly,
For unimpair'd by winds and rain
I saw the unaltered hue remain.
So, were thy mild affections prov'd,
Thy heart by fortune's frown unmov'd,
Pleas'd to administer relief,
In troublous times would solace grief.
These flowers with genuine beauty glow:
The tints from nature's pencil flow:
What artist could improve their bloom?
Or meliorate their sweet perfume?
Fruitless the vain attempt, like these
Thy native truth, thy artless ease,
Fair, unaffected maid, can never fail to please.

Monthly Review.

TO TIME.

CAPRICIOUS foe to human joy,
Still varying with the fleeting day;
With thee the purest raptures cloy,
The fairest prospects fade away.
Nor worth, nor pow'r, thy wings can bind,
All earthly pleasures fly with thee;
Inconstant as the wav'ring wind,
That plays upon the summer's sea.

I court thee not, ungentle guest,
For I have e'er been doom'd to find
Life's gayest hours but idly drest,
With sweets that pall the sick'ning mind:
When smiling hope, with placid mien,
Around my couch did fondly play;
Too oft the aery form I've seen,
On downy pinions glide away.

But when perplex'd with pain or care,
My couch with thorns was scatter'd round;
And when the pale priestess of despair,
My mind in fatal spells had bound:
When the dull hours no joy could bring,
No bliss my weary fancy prove;
I mark'd thy leaden pond'rous wing,
With tardy pace unkindly move.

If such thy gifts, O Time! for thee
My sated heart shall ne'er repine;
I vow content to fate's decree,
And with thy thorn thy roses twine;
Yet, e'er thy fickle reign shall end,
The balmy sweets of friendship's hour,
I'll with my cup of sorrow blend,
And smile regardless of thy pow'r.

Mrs. Robinson's Poems.

THE CHILD OF SORROW.

Cold blew the wind—no gleam of light,
When Ellen left her home,
And brav'd the horrors of the night,
O'er dreary wilds to roam.
The lovely maid had late been gay,
When hope and fortune smil'd,
But now alas! to grief a prey
Was Ellen, sorrow's child.

She long was William's promis'd bride,
But ah! how sad her doom,
The gentle youth in manly pride,
Was summon'd to the tomb!
No more those joys shall Ellen prove,
Which many an hour beguil'd,
From morn to eve she mourns her love,
Sweet Ellen, sorrow's child.

With fault'ring steps away she flies
O'er William's grave to weep,
For Ellen there with tears and sighs
Her watch would often keep;
The pitying angel saw her woe
And came with aspect mild,
Thy tears shall now no longer flow,
Sweet Ellen, sorrow's child.

Thy plaintive notes are heard above,
Where thou shalt soon find rest;
Again thou shalt behold thy love
And be for ever blest.
"Ah! can such bliss be mine," she cried,
With voice and looks so wild,
Then sunk upon the earth and died,
Sweet Ellen, sorrow's child.

From a MS.

EPIGRAM.

THE MISER'S FEAST.

His chimney smokes! It is some omen dire,
His neighbours are alarm'd, and cry out Fire!

THE ZEPHYR.

As o'er a garden's gay parterre
(Where grew the rose and lilly fair,
And flower's of ev'ry hue);
The wanton Zephyr wing'd his way,
At ev'ry bloom he stopp'd to pay
The vows he swore were true.

By turns he ev'ry one caress'd,
The last he kiss'd—he lov'd the best,
And as he breath'd his wiles,
And flutter'd round a jonquil's head,
"Dear lovely flower" he sighing said,
"I live but in your smiles."

"Begone" the conscious bloom reply'd,
"To all my sisters you have sigh'd,
Your falsehood thence I see;
And thence your vows I too contemn,
For as for me you quitted them,
For others you will me."

New Lady's Magazine.

SONG.

In Yarrow-vale, by Yarrow-stream,
Where love, and youth, and beauty stray;
Oft thro' the twilight's waving gleam
Sweet Mary trac'd the dewy way:
She lov'd, the meads, the tow'ring trees,
The fanning of the western gale,
Yet sigh'd for something still to please,
In Yarrow-stream, in Yarrow-vale.

In Yarrow-vale, by Yarrow-stream,
Sweet pleasure reigns—she pensive said—
"Here shades indulge the shepherds dream,
And zephyrs sooth the slumb'ring maid:
While I in languor musing rove,
List'ning the lonely woodlark's wail,
But none of these my mind can move
By Yarrow-stream, in Yarrow-vale.

In Yarrow-vale, by Yarrow-stream,
Nature his friend—his guardian love;
Colin beneath the moon's soft beam,
Had followed Mary thro' the grove:
He look'd—she blush'd—he spoke—she sigh'd,—
No words were made to tell the tale;
"O charming meads and groves," she cry'd,
By Yarrow-stream, in Yarrow-vale."

Anonymous.

THE RAPTURED LOVER.

When first upon your tender cheek
I saw the morn of beauty break,
With mild and cheering beam,
I bow'd before your infant shrine,
The earliest sighs you had were mine,
And you my darling theme.

I saw you in that opening morn,
For beauty's boundless empire born,
And first confess'd your sway;
And ere your thoughts, devoid of art,
Could learn the value of a heart,
I gave my heart away.

I watch'd the dawn of every grace,
And gaz'd upon that angel face,
While yet 'twas safe to gaze,
I fondly bless'd each rising charm,
Nor thought such innocence could harm
The peace of future days.

But now, despotic, o'er the plains
The awful noon of beauty reigns,
And kneeling crowds adore;
These charms arise too fiercely bright,
Danger and death attend the sight,
And I must hope no more.

Thus to the rising god of day
Their early vows the Persians pay,
And bless the spreading fire,
Whose glowing chariot mounting soon,
Pours on their heads the burning noon,
They sicken and expire.

Mrs. Barbauld.

ON A TEAR.

Oh! that the chymist's magic art
  Could crystallize this sacred treasure!
Long should it glitter near my heart,
  A secret source of pensive pleasure.

The little brilliant, ere it fell,
  Its lustre caught from Chloe's eye;
Then, trembling, left its coral cell—
  The spring of sensibility!

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light,
  In thee the rays of virtue shine
More calmly clear, more mildly bright,
  Than any gem that gilds the mine.

Benign restorer of the soul!
  Who ever fly'st to bring relief,
When first she feels the rude controul
  Of love or pity, joy or grief.

The sages and the poets theme,
  In every clime, in every age,
Thou charm'st in fancy's idle dream,
  In reason's philosophic page.

That very law which moulds a tear,*
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course.

The World.

HORATIAN PHILOSOPHY.

From scenes of tumult noise and strife,
And all the ills of public life;
From waiting at the great man's gate,
Amid the slaves that swell his state;
From coxcomb poets and their verses;
From streets with chariots throng'd, and hearses:
From rattling spendthrifts, and their guests,
And dull buffoons with scurvy jests;
From fashion's whims, and folly's freaks;
From shouts by day, and nightly shrieks;
O let me make a quick retreat,
And seek in haste my country seat;
In silent shades forgotten lie,
And learn to live, before I die!
There, on the verdant turf reclin'd,
By wisdom's rule compose my mind;
My passions still, correct my heart,
And meliorate my better part:

* The law of gravitation.

Quit idle hope and fond desire,
And cease to gaze where fools admire:
With scorn the crowd prophane behold
Enslav'd by sordid thirst of gold,
Nor scorn to bend at such a shrine,
While priest of Phœbus and the nine.
Nor would I shun the student's toil,
But feed my lamp with Grecian oil;
Sometimes thro' stoic walks sublime,
Up the rough steep of virtue climb;
From philosophic heights look down,
Nor heed if fortune smile or frown;
In wisdom's mantle closely furl'd,
Defy the tempest of the world;
And scorning all that's not our own,
Place every good in mind alone.
Then, sliding to an easier plan,
Put off the God, to be the man;
Resolve the offer'd sweets to prove
Of social bowls, gay sports, and love;
Give forward life its childish toy,
Nor blush to feel, or to enjoy.
Yet ever, as by humour led,
Each path of life in turn I tread,
Still to my first great maxim true,
On moderation fix my view;
Let her with tempering sway preside
O'er pleasure's cup and learning's pride;
And by her sage decrees o'er-rule
The dogmas of each sturdy school.

Opinion thus may various play,
While reason shines with steady ray,
And casts o'er all the shifting scene
Her sober hue, and light serene.

Dr. Aikin.

ODE TO HEALTH.

Be thou my guest, fair daughter of the skies,
Whose blooming face can greater joys bestow,
Than all the flaming treasures that arise
From the refulgent bosom of Peru.

An humble suppliant at thy shrine I'm laid,
For who thy smiles celestial can withstand?
Bring with thy rosy lips the balmy aid;
My drooping heart asks thy enliv'ning hand.

Content I'd dwell on yon bleak mountain's side,
Or hid within the deepest shade below,
So thou but watch the circling purple tide,
Breathe thy perfume and bid my bosom glow.

Depriv'd of thee the splendour of a throne,
With all the charms of royalty are fled;
All sunk beneath the monarch's languid frown,
In vain the di'dem sparkles on his head.

No harmony in sounds, no sweets in spring,
No varying pleasures as the seasons roll,
No banquet to the mind the muses bring,
'Till thou arise, the sunshine of the soul.

Come then, gay goddess, leave thy bright abode,
Since thou can'st give of all our joys the best;
I'll ask no treasures of this earthly globe,
Let me but on thy downy pinions rest.

Westminster Magazine.

ODE TO A LADY.

O CLEAR that cruel doubting brow!
—I'll call on mighty Jove
To witness this eternal vow;
'Tis you alone I love!

"O leave the god to soft repose,
(The smiling maid replies)
"For Jove but laughs at lover's oaths
And lover's perjuries."

By honour'd beauty's gentle power;
By friendship's holy flame:
"Ah! what is beauty but a flow'r,
And friendship but a name!"

By those dear tempting lips, I cry'd;
—With arch ambiguous look,
Convinc'd, my Chloe glanc'd aside,
And bade me kiss the book.

Bryant Edwards.

THE CAPTIVE KING.

DEAD is the dream of life that calm'd my care,
And dim'd the beam of hope that charm'd despair!
Yet let my soul be firm—pass one short hour,
And Louis scorns the arm of ruffian power.

SONG.

Adieu thou partner of my woes,
Where spectred silence reigns around;
And nought awakes the dread repose,
But moans that deep with horror sound.

No more these walls my grief shall hear,
And to a captive king reply;
Where morning rose upon his tear,
And night descended on the sigh.

Forbear, my love, these drops to shed,
And joy to think my woes shall cease,
Lo! when the vale of death I tread,
I wander from the storm to peace.

Ye too, my idol babes, farewell!
Like me whose tender forms may bleed,
The gloomy crimes of murder swell,
While nature shudders at the deed.

Yet know, we only fall to rise,
And start to glory from the dust,
To claim alliance with the skies,
The sacred refuge from th' unjust!

My spirit lo! for your's shall wait,
Together we shall seek that shore
Where sorrow dies, and ruthless fate
Can give the parting pang no more.

CHORUS.

Go injur'd king, with seraphs shine,
Behold a brighter crown is thine!
And see appear, with gladden'd eyes,
A host to hail thee 'midst the skies!

Dr. Wolcot.

ON A BOUQUET OF COWSLIPS.

Now from your cups who sips the honey'd dew?
No more, gay children of the glowing spring,
'Tis yours to paint the fascinating view,
No more your posies to young Flora bring.

The vernal fairies, in their wanton rounds,
No more shall court your innocent perfume;
Perhaps, like you, ere morning music sounds,
Your pensive poet may explore his tomb.

Dear emblems of life's transitory scene,
To you sad elegy devotes her lay;
No longer blooms your saffron-tinctur'd mien,
The breathing portrait of the vivid May.

Torn from your verdant beds, to pleasure's eye
You shrink, you languish, and must ever fade:
So he who marks your fate, shall droop and die,
Leave nature's landscape, and become a shade.

Gentleman's Magazine.

THE LADIES TO THE GENTLEMEN.

SHOULD we surrender, soon, our hearts,
The easy conquest you disdain;
Yet rail at all our little arts,
And say, that maids should never feign.

How wretched, then, is virgin youth!
Which neither path can safely try;
For scorn attends our speaking truth,
And virtue yet forbids to lie.

THE GENTLEMEN TO THE LADIES.

A BRAVE resistance gives renown,
Whilst easy conquest all disdain;
The longer you defend the town,
The greater honour still you gain.

From questions, by ensnaring youth
Propos'd, your wit must set you free;
You need not tell us all the truth:
You're on your oaths no more than we.

Evening Mail.

FROM THE EVENING MAIL.

SWIFT flew the hours in thoughtless glee,
And Sylvia blush'd to own
She half forgot her Strephon's plea,
That said "love me alone."

Dear swain forgive! a sister pleads!
Thy Sylvia still is true;
And when she stray'd thro' pleasure's meads,
Her thoughts half dwelt on you.

The dance, the revel, evening walk,
Still heard the frequent sigh;
She shut her ears to am'rous talk
When beaux have flutter'd nigh.

And if in gay diversion's round
Neglect did e'er appear,
'Tis past!—assuage her heart-felt wound,
Kiss off her falling tear.

Calista.

THE ROSE.

A SONNET.

ZEPHYR enamour'd of the opening Rose,
With many a wooing sigh her beauty greets,
While, softly mov'd, her blushing head she bows,
And coldly coy, resigns her treasur'd sweets.

Lo! now half rais'd, again her face she shows
The sportive spoiler's am'rous breast to meet;
And now the senseless wand'rer ruder grows,
And lays her faded charms beneath our feet.

Ah! soft remembrancers of certain fate,
Thus are thy beauties wafted o'er the wild!
And do my giddy mates, in life elate,
By pleasure's gay enamell'd paths beguil'd,
Thus lonely leave me o'er thy with'ring bloom
To drop the tear, and contemplate the tomb?

Mrs. Stephens.

SONNET.

The chilling gale that nipp'd the rose,
Now murm'ring sinks to soft repose;
The shad'wy vapours sail away,
Upon the silv'ry floods of day.
Health breathes on ev'ry face I see,
But ah! she breathes no more for me.

The woodbine wafts its odours meek,
To kiss the rose's glowing cheek;
Pale twilight sheds her vagrant showers,
To wake Aurora's infant flowers:
May smiles on ev'ry face I see,
But ah! she smiles no more for me.

Perchance, when youth's delicious bloom
Shall fade unheeded in the tomb,
Fate may direct a wand'ring eye
To where my mould'ring reliques lie;
And touch'd by sacred sympathy,
That eye shall drop a tear for me.

Mrs. Robinson.

ROSLINE CASTLE.

At dead of night, the hour, when courts
In gay fantastic pleasures move,
And haply Mira joins their sports,
And hears some newer, richer, love;
To Rosline's ruins I repair,
A solitary wretch forlorn;
To mourn uninterrupted there,
My hapless love, her hapless scorn.

No sound of joy disturbs my strain,
No hind is whistling on the hill;
No hunter winding o'er the plain;
No maiden singing at the rill.
Esk, murm'ring thro' the dusky pines,
Reflects the moon's mist-mantled beam;
And fancy chills, where'er it shines,
To see pale ghosts obscurely gleam.

Not so the night, that in thy halls
Once, Rosline, danc'd in joy along;
Where owls now scream along thy walls,
Resounded mirth-inspiring song:
Where bats now rest their smutty wings,
The joyous feast was wont to flow;
And beauty danc'd in graceful rings,
And princes sat, where nettles grow.

What now avails, how great, how gay,
How fair, how fine, their matchless dames!
There sleeps their undistinguish'd clay,
And e'en the stones have lost their names.
And yon gay crowds must soon expire!
Unknown, unprais'd, their fair-one's name:
Not so the charms that verse inspire,
Encreasing years encrease her fame.

Oh Mira! what is state or wealth?
The great can never love like me;
Wealth adds not days, nor quickens health;
Then wiser thou, come, happy be;
Come, and be mine in this sweet spot,
Where Esk rolls clear his little wave,
We'll live—and Esk shall, in a cot,
See joys that Rosline never gave.

London Review.

VERSES

SAID TO BE WRITTEN BY THOMSON.

O THOU, whose tender, serious eyes
Expressive speak the mind I love;
The gentle azure of the skies,
The pensive shadows of the grove.

O mix their beauteous beams with mine,
And let us interchange our hearts;
Let all their sweetness on me shine,
Pour'd through my soul be all their darts.

Ah! 'tis too much! I cannot bear
At once so soft, so keen a ray:
In pity, then, my lovely fair,
O turn those killing eyes away!

But what avails it to conceal
One charm, where nought but charms we see?
Their lustre then again reveal,
And let me, Mira, die of thee.

Evening Mail.

SONG OF A SPIRIT.

In the sightless air I dwell,
On the sloping sun-beams play;
Delve the cavern's inmost cell,
Where never yet did daylight stray

Dive beneath the green sea waves,
And gambol in the briny deeps;
Skim ev'ry shore that Neptune laves,
From Lapland's plains to India's steeps.

Oft I mount with rapid force
  Above the wide earth's shadowy zone;
Follow the day-star's flaming course
  Through realms of space to thought unknown:

And listen to celestial sounds
  That swell the air unheard of men,
As I watch my nightly rounds
  O'er woody steep, and silent glen.

Under the shade of waving trees,
  On the green bank of fountain clear,
At pensive eve I sit at ease,
  While dying music murmurs near.

And oft on point of airy clift,
  That hangs upon the western main,
I watch the gay tints passing swift,
  And twilight veil the liquid plain.

Then, when the breeze has sunk away,
  And ocean scarce is heard to lave,
For me the sea nymphs softly play
  Their dulcet shells beneath the wave.

Their dulcet shells! I hear them now,
  Slow swells the strain upon mine ear;
Now faintly falls—now warbles low,
  Till rapture melts into a tear.

The ray that silvers o'er the dew,
And trembles through the leafy shade,
And tints the scene with softer hue,
Calls me to rove the lonely glade;

Or hie me to some ruin'd tower,
Faintly shewn by moonlight beam,
Where the lone wand'rer owns my power
In shadows dire that substance seem.

In thrilling sounds that murmur woe,
And pausing silence makes more dread;
In music breathing from below
Sad solemn strains, that wake the dead.

Unseen I move—unknown am fear'd!
Fancy's wildest dreams I weave;
And oft by bards my voice is heard
To die along the gales of eve.

Mrs. Radcliffe.

STANZAS TO LOVE.

TELL me, love, when I rove o'er some far distant plain,
Shall I cherish the passion that dwells in my breast?
Or will absence subdue the keen rigours of pain,
And the swift wing of time bring the balsam of rest?

Shall the image of him I was born to adore
Inshrin'd in my bosom, my idol still prove?
Or seduced by caprice, shall find feeling no more
With the incense of truth, gem the altar of love?

When I view the deep tint of the dew-dropping rose,
Where the bee sits enamour'd its nectar to sip;
Ah! say, will not memory then fondly disclose
The softer vermillion that glow'd on his lip?

Will the sun, when he rolls in his chariot of fire,
So dazzle my mind with the glare of his rays,
That my senses, one moment, shall cease to admire
The more perfect refulgence that beam'd in his lays?

When the shadows of twilight steal over the plain,
And the nightingale pours its lorn plaint in the grove,
Ah! will not the fondness that thrills thro' the strain,
Then recall to my mind his dear accents of love?

When I gaze on the stars that bespangle the sky,
Ah! will not their mildness some pity inspire;
Like the soul-touching softness that beam'd in his eye,
When the tear of regret chill'd the flame of desire?

Then spare thou dear urchin, thou soother of pain,
Oh! spare the sweet picture engrav'd on my heart
As a record of love, let it ever remain,
My bosom thy tablet—thy pencil a dart!

L *General Evening Post.*

VERSES

WRITTEN BY A GENTLEMAN TO HIS WIFE ON THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THEIR MARRIAGE.

It oft has been agreed, you know,
There's nothing new on earth below;
That sterling sense, and beauty too,
Precisely as they charm in you,
Have charm'd in multitudes before,
And will in many thousands more.
This doctrine suits me passing well;
And why, delights me much to tell
It suits me well; because in you
I want, I look for nothing new:
Ten years ago I prais'd your charms,
And woo'd you to my faithful arms;
Ten years ago your truth I prov'd,
Ten years ago your virtues lov'd.
As time revolves in circling round,
In close and closer union bound,
You to my heart the same appear,
As good, as lovely, and as dear;
And, long on this returning day,
May thus my muse exulting say:
So may the fates be kind to me,
As I am kind and true to thee;
As I shall tenderly remove
Each trace of sorrow from my love.

So, when together we descend
The vale of life's remoter end,
The vain complaint that we grow old,
Shall be forgot as soon as told:
Memory shall speak of pleasure past
With tender triumph to the last;
And hope renew a better scene,
Where death no more shall intervene,

General Evening Post.

SONG.

In the world's crooked path where I've been,
There to share of life's gloom my poor part,
The bright sun-shine that soften'd the scene
Was—a smile from the girl of my heart!

Not a swain when the lark quits her nest,
But to labour with glee will depart,
If at eve he expects to be blest
With—a smile from the girl of his heart!

Come then crosses and cares as they may,
Let my mind still this maxim impart,
That the comfort of man's fleeting day
Is—a smile from the girl of his heart!

The Woodman, an Opera.

THE SEAMAN'S HOME.

O YOU, whose lives on land are pass'd,
And keep from dang'rous seas aloof;
Who careless listen to the blast,
Or beating rains upon the roof;
You little heed how seamen fare—
Condemn'd the angry storm to bear.

Sometimes, while breakers vex the tide,
He takes his station on the deck;
And now lash'd o'er the vessel's side,
He clears away the cumb'ring wreck;
Yet while the billows o'er him foam,
The ocean is his only home.

Still fresher blows the midnight gale!
"All hands, reef topsails" are the cries:
And, while the clouds the heavens veil,
Aloft to reef the sail—he flies!
In storms so rending, doom'd to roam,
The ocean is the seaman's home!

Midnight Wanderers, an Opera.

ADVERTISEMENT.

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THE ANGLER TO THE SLUGGARD.

SLEEP, sleep, thou sluggard, fear to rise,
Not made for thee are morning skies;
Thy midnight cup and aching head,
Still bids thee hug thy downy bed:
Enjoy thy bliss, if bliss to thee,
But leave the morning beam to me.

'Tis then for care I breathe a cure,
You also breathe, but not so pure;
I breathe the sweets of every hill,
You breathe the breath that helps to kill:
Enjoy the bliss, if bliss to thee,
But leave the morning beams for me.

'Tis then I hear the sky-lark rise,
You also hear your London cries;
Be such thy lot, the while I rove,
To hear the music of the grove:
Enjoy the bliss, if bliss to thee,
But leave the morning beams for me.

'Tis then I catch the dappled trout,
You also catch, but catch—the gout;
Whilst free from pain my limbs I use,
Beside the stream, or with the muse:
Enjoy the bliss, if bliss to thee,
But leave the morning beams for me.

'Tis then I view th' enamell'd fence,
And find a charm for every sense;
You also view where flow'rs bespread,
But on the fence-shot fields—thy bed:
Enjoy the bliss, if bliss to thee,
But leave the morning beams for me.

'Tis then with spirits light and free,
I contemplate the busy bee,
By her pursuits improv'd, I cry,
" Here, sluggard soul, learn industry :"
Enjoy thy bliss, if bliss to thee,
But leave the morning beams for me.

O then, will you the hours destroy ?
Kind nature fills my soul with joy,
Presents her choicest bloom to see,
And points the wond'rous deity:
Still boast the bliss, if bliss to thee,
But leave the morning beams to me.

Whilst bloom and verdure dress the thorn,
Let me, the angler, breathe the morn;
And should you scorn my humble lay,
Go, sluggard, sleep thy life away:
Enjoy such bliss, if bliss to thee,
But leave the morning beams for me.

Sporting Magazine.

THE ADIEU.

WRITTEN BY DR. DODD A FEW DAYS PREVIOUS TO HIS DEATH.

PEARLY fount and pebbled rill,
On whose margin gay and green,
Oft the playful prints so trim
Of my youthful feet were seen;
Why in murmurs thus bemoan
One so lost, and so undone?
Oh! what sorrows you renew;
Dearest natal place,* adieu!

Hills of health, and vales of flow'rs,
Oakham's glade, and Burleigh's wild;
Oft you've seen me 'midst your bow'rs,
While instruction led, and smil'd.
Oft, alas! but see no more—
Wreck'd on life's extremest shore!
Oh! what sorrows you renew!
School of science, ah, adieu!

* Bourne in Lincolnshire, so called from its spring.

Pensive on the banks of Cam,
And augmenting it with tears,
For her son, majestic Clare,
Weeds again of mourning wears:*
Antique buildings, arched bow'rs,
Witness to my studious hours,
What sad sorrows ye renew!
School of science, ah, adieu!

Truth-dispensing, healing, woe,
Cheering with the voice of peace,
Still with soft and grateful eye,
Gentle Ham her pastor sees;
Puts universal sable on,
And humbly sues before the throne:
Lov'd friends! what pleasures ye renew!
No, here I cannot say adieu! †

Welcome, hopes of heav'nly birth,
Sight of God, and songs of joy,
Converse, with the great and good,
The soul in virtue's best employ.
Oh! let me wing to these my way,
Lov'd friends, so zealous for my stay!
Then come, and all my joys renew,
Where never shall be said adieu!

* Clare-hall, where the author studied—The foundress a widow.

† West Ham in Essex; he had at first intended to be buried there, but changed his mind.

SONNET.

WHILST thus I wander, cheerless and unblest,
And find in change of place but change of pain;
In tranquil sleep the village lab'rers rest,
And taste repose that I pursue in vain.

Hush'd is the hamlet now; and faintly gleam
The dying embers from the casement low
Of the thatch'd cottage; while the moon's pale beam
Lends a new lustre to the dazzling snow.

O'er the cold waste, amid the freezing night,
Scarce heeding whither, desolate I stray;
For me, pale eye of ev'ning! thy soft light
Leads to no happy home; my weary way
Ends but in dark vicissitudes of care;
I only fly from doubt—to meet despair.

Charlotte Smith.

THE SIGH.

THE smiling god of tender woes,
Before his mother's altar came,
Then heap'd it high with lover's vows,
And bade me sigh to light the flame.

"Fear not," the cruel false one said,
"This offering is to Cælia made,
My mother's empire I disdain,
And kneel to Cælia's sovereign name."

I breath'd the sigh of soft desire,
But found my breast that moment smart,
For, whilst I strove to fan one fire,
I lit another in my heart.

Monthly Miscellany.

SONG.

FAREWELL the delights, the soft moments of joy,
When charm'd with her graces, I dwelt on her praise;
Her smiles have undone me, her beauties destroy,
And kill the delight that true friendship could raise:
As a friend I admir'd, as a friend I approv'd,
But knew not, alas! till too late, that I lov'd.

Be hush'd, my fond bosom, the conflict is o'er,
Let pity, and friendship, assuage thy sad sighs;
Soft pity inspires the maid I adore,
The friend must forgive the fond lover that dies.
As a friend I admir'd, as a friend I approv'd,
But knew not, alas! till too late, that I lov'd.

From a MS.

SONG.

JE pense a vous, where e'er I stray,
While sorrow marks my lonely way,
The sports of spring, unmov'd, I view,
Alone I sigh, and think of you.
Je pense a vous.

Ah! why in absence do I mourn?
Why vainly wish for your return?
While transient pleasures you pursue,
Alone I sigh, and think of you.
Je pense a vous.

Come, then, to charm our native plain,
Return to bless a constant swain,
With love regard a love so true,
Oh! think of him, who thinks of you.
Je pense a vous.

WITH A PRESENT OF A KNIFE.

A KNIFE, dear girl, cuts love, they say;
Mere modish love, perhaps it may:
For any tool of any kind
Can separate what ne'er was join'd.

The knife that cuts our love in two,
Will have much tougher work to do:
Must cut your softness, worth, and spirit,
Down to the vulgar size of merit!
To level you with modern taste,
Must cut a world of sense to waste;
And from your single beauty's store,
Clip what would dizen out a score.
The self-same blade from me must sever,
Sensation, judgment, sight, for ever;
All mem'ry of endearments past,
All hope of comforts long to last,
All that makes fourteen years with you,
A summer;—and a short one too!
All that affection feels and fears;
When hours, without you, seem like years.
Till that be done, (and I'd as soon
Believe this knife will chip the moon)
Accept my present undeterr'd,
And leave their proverbs to be heard.
If in a kiss—delicious treat!
Your lips acknowledge the receipt;
Love, fond of such substantial fare,
And proud to play the glutton there,
All thoughts of cutting will disdain,
Save only—*cut* and come again.

Anonymous.

ELOISA.

While fondly gazing on my much-lov'd fair,
Silent I mark each sweet seducive grace;
Dwell raptur'd on her form, her mien, her air,
And view the charms of Eloisa's face.

How blest I trace the mild with-drawing eye,
Where native wit and timid feeling reign;
Those cheeks, that with the maiden rose-bud vie,
And heaven's own azure swelling ev'ry vein.

And still superior to each outward charm,
Her sense and temper, purer bliss impart;
And whilst the graces every passion warm,
The winning virtues fix the yielding heart.

O'er my dark fate should brighter prospects smile,
And fortune to my vows propitious prove;
I'll drop, my fair, this mask of prudent guile,
And what I now term friendship, plead as love.

From a Ladies Memorandum Book.

MORNING.

Come, come, my fair one, let us stray,
And taste the sweets of early day;
Young health, the rosy child of morn,
With blushes shall thy cheeks adorn.

Look! look! around, behold it's day!
See on yon lawn the lambkins play!
Now ev'ry linnet of the grove
Charms the list'ning swain to love.

Wak'd by the gentle voice of love,
Arise, my fair, arise and prove
The dear delight fond lovers know,
The best of blessings here below.

NOON.

Hush every breeze, let nothing move,
My Delia sings, and sings of love;
Around the winning graces wait,
And calm contentment guards the seat.

In the sweet shade, my Delia, stay,
You'll scorch those charms, more sweet than May;
The sun now rages in his noon,
'Tis pity, sure, to part so soon.

Oh! hear me, Delia, hear me now,
Incline propitious to my vow,
So may thy charms no changes prove,
But bloom for ever like my love.

EVENING.

Ere night assumes her gloomy reign,
Now shadows lengthen o'er the plain,
We'll to the myrtle grove repair,
For peace and pleasure wait us there.

To some clear river's verdant side,
Do thou my happy footsteps guide,
In concert with the purling stream,
We'll sing, and love shall be our theme.

There lost in ecstacies of joy,
While tenderest scenes our thoughts employ,
We'll bless the hour our love begun,
The happy hour that made us one.

NIGHT.

Night reigns around, in sleep's soft arms
The village swain forgets his care;
Sleep, that the sting of sorrow charms,
And heals all sadness, but despair.

Despair alone her power denies,
And, when the sun withdraws his rays,
To the wild beach distracted flies,
Or cheerless to the desert strays.

Mrs. Rathledge.

EPITAPH

ON A LADY WHO DIED OF A CONSUMPTION AT BRISTOL.

WHOE'ER, like me, with trembling anguish brings
His heart's whole treasure to these healing springs;
Whoe'er, like me, to sooth disease and pain,
These healing springs has visited in vain;
Condemn'd, like me, to hear the faint reply,
To mark the fading cheek, the sinking eye;
From the chill brow to wipe the damps of death,
And watch, in dumb despair, the short'ning breath:—
If chance directs him to this artless line,
Let the sad mourner know his pangs were mine.

Written by her Husband.

HYMN TO HEALTH.

O BY the gentle gales that blow
Refreshing from the mountain's brow,
By the vermil bloom of morn,
By the dew-drop on the thorn,
By the sky-lark's matin lay,
By the flowers that blooming May
Sprinkles on the meads and hills,
By the brooks and fuming rills,
Come, smiling Health, and deign to be
Our queen of rural sports and glee.
What sudden radience gilds the skies!
What warb'lings from the grove arise!
A breeze more odoriferous blows!
The stream more musically flows!
A brighter smile the valley wears!
And lo! the lovely queen appears.
O Health, I know thy blue-bright eye,
Thy dewy lip, thy rosy dye,
Thy dimpled cheek, thy lively air
That wins a smile from pining care.
Soft pinion'd gales around thee breathe,
Perfuming dews thy tresses bathe,
The zone of Venus girds thy waist,
The young loves flutter round thy breast,
And on thy path the rose-wing'd hours
Scatter their variegated flow'rs.

See! the nymphs and ev'ry swain
Mingle in thy festive train,
With roguish winks, and winning smiles,
And whisp'ring low, and dimpling wiles,
And many a tale, devis'd with care,
To win the bashful maiden's ear;
And sweetly soothing blandishment,
And the coy air of half consent;
And joy, and rose-complexion'd laughter,
With tott'ring footstep following after.
Goddess, ever blythe and fair,
Ever mild and debonair,
Stay with us, and deign to be
Our queen of rural mirth and glee.

Richardson's Rural Poems.

TO THE VISIONS OF FANCY.

DEAR, wild illusions of creative mind!
Whose varying hues arise to Fancy's art,
And, by her magic force are swift combin'd
In forms that please, and scenes that touch the heart:
Oh! whether at her voice ye soft assume
The pensive grace of sorrow drooping low;
Or rise sublime on terror's lofty plume,
And shake the soul with wildly thrilling woe;

Or, sweetly bright, your gayer tints ye spread,
Bid scenes of pleasure steal upon my view,
Love wave his purple pinions o'er my head,
And wake the tender thought to passion true:
O! still—ye shadowy forms! attend my lonely hours,
Still chace my real cares with your illusive powers!

Romance of the Forest.

SONNET TO THE LILY.

Soft silken flow'r! that in the dewy vale
Unfolds thy modest beauties to the morn,
And breath'st thy fragrance on her wand'ring gale,
O'er earth's green hills and shadowy vallies born:

When day has clos'd his dazzling eye,
And dying gales sink soft away;
When eve steals down the western sky,
And mountains, vales, and woods decay;

Thy tender cups, that graceful swell,
Droop sad beneath her chilly dews;
Thy odours seek their silken cell,
And twilight veils thy languid hues.

But soon, fair flow'r! the morn shall rise,
And rear again thy pensive head;
Again unveil thy snowy dyes,
Again thy velvet foliage spread.

Sweet child of spring! like thee in sorrow's shade,
Full oft I mourn in tears, and droop forlorn:
And O! like thine, may light my gloom pervade,
And sorrow fly before joy's living morn!

Romance of the Forest.

SONNET.

MORN's beaming eyes at length unclose,
And wake the blushes of the rose,
That all night long oppress'd with dews,
And veil'd in chilling shades its hues,
Reclin'd, forlorn, the languid head,
And sadly sought its parent bed;
Warmth from her ray the trembling flow'r derives,
And, sweetly blushing through its tears, revives.

"Morn's beaming eyes at length unclose,"
And melt the tears that bend the rose;
But can their charms suppress the sigh,
Or chase the tear from sorrow's eye?

Can all their joyful light impart
One ray of peace to sorrow's heart?
Ah! no; their fires her fainting soul oppress—
Eve's pensive shades more soothe her meek distress.

Romance of the Forest.

TO A LADY TEACHING QUADRILLE.

WHILST by thy chair I gazing stand
To learn to win a vole,
Thy eyes, thy lips, thy air, thy hand,
From cards distract my soul.

Yet what avail those lips to praise,
And not their sweets to prove;
Or, fondly on those eyes to gaze,
Yet meet no looks of love?

Thus the starv'd beggar views, with sighs,
The lofty gilded dome,
Yet hopes not, as he shiv'ring lies,
Within its walls to come.

If thou must needs instructress turn,
O teach a nobler art,
Teach me to make thy bosom burn,
And melt thy frozen heart.

Universal Magazine.

SEEING LIFE.

A SONG.

As yet a youth, and unbetray'd,
I sought the rural throng;
The purling stream, the cooling shade,
Inspir'd my artless song.
How happy then each moment pass'd,
No envy, passion, strife,
Till folly's cloud my mind o'ercast,
And whisper'd thus—see life!

Adieu the grove! adieu the plain!
Adieu the purling stream!
No more your charms can entertain,
No more must be my theme:
The town a diff'rent scene will prove,
Where pleasure's always rife;
Where bucks and bloods, and wine and love,
Fill up the span of life.

Hark! Comus calls to midnight joys,
Where Circe fills her cup;
This thought alone each mind employs,
"Kill time and keep it up."
For this the cit his counter quits,
And lonesome leaves his wife,
With sots and noisy wou'd-be wits;
For what?—for seeing life.

Yet ah! how vain this strange desire!
How vague the joys they share!
The bowl enfeebles nature's fire,
And folly brings forth care.
A thousand ills attendant wait,
The pistol, sword, or knife,
And all the hours of future fate
Are kill'd by seeing life.

Adieu the town! such joys I leave
To spendthrifts, knaves, and cheats;
For decent mirth can ne'er deceive,
And prudence has more sweets.
The grove, the shade, I'll seek again,
And chuse an artless wife,
Content to grace my cot shall deign:
Adieu to seeing life.

Universal Magazine.

RETIREMENT.

No gorgeous arch, no swelling dome,
No glitt'ring turrets grace my home;
No sculptur'd marble seems to live,
No painter's mimic strokes deceive;
No gardens here by skill portray'd,
No smooth canal, no vain cascade;
No tortur'd trees to castles rise,
To strike the sense with false surprise:

But all the sweets kind nature yields,
Unite in these elysian fields:
Where, while Aurora wanders o'er,
And dew-drops leaves on ev'ry flow'r,
I oft with Contemplation stray,
As wav'ring fancy points the way:—
Perhaps I climb the hoary hill,
With rapture ev'ry sense to fill,
While the gay feather'd warb'ling throng,
Chaunt merrily their matin song;
Then seek the mossy grot's retreat,
Where sportive echo holds her seat,
Responsive to each stirring breeze
That pants amidst the rustling trees.
And, when the glorious god of day
But faintly darts his feeble ray,
I to my rustic cot repair,
(Content reigns jovial mistress there)!
And, thro' the glade of yon thick wood,
There view the noisy headlong flood
Break from the rugged rock's high head,
Then sweep along the verdant mead,
And, winding as it flows, divide
In many a well-tim'd tink'ling tide.
In dusky air the bat now whirls,
Her sable curtain night unfurls;
And mark the silver-rising queen
With radiance pale illumes the scene—
Th' unwholesome damps forbid my stay;
I'll hie me home the shortest way,

There meet refreshment's friendly aid,
And, when my debt of sleep is paid,
With no corroding cares opprest,
Find happiness is still my guest!

Universal Magazine.

FEMALE COURTSHIP.

Two or three looks when your swain wants a kiss,
Two or three no's when he bids you say yes;
Two or three smiles when you utter the no,
Two or three frowns if he offers to go;
Two or three speeches like "ah go away!"
Two or three times you must hold him to stay;
Two or three laughs when astray for small chat,
Two or three tears tho' you cann't tell for what;
Two or three letters when vows are begun,
Two or three quarrels before you have done;
Two or three meetings to walk here and there,
Two or three nights to the court house repair;
Two or three dances to make you jocose,
Two or three hours in a corner sit close;
Two or three starts when he bids you elope,
Two or three glances to intimate hope;
Two or three pauses before you are won,
Two or three faintings to let him press on.
Two or three sighs when you've wasted your tears,
Two or three hems when the chaplain appears;

Two or three squeezes, when the hand's giv'n away,
Two or three coughs when you come to obey;
Two or three courtesies when marriage is o'er,
Two or three honey's discovering your lover;
Two or three steps towards the bed-chamber run,
Two or three kisses tho' ask'd but for one.
Two or three lasses may have by these rhymes
Two or three husbands, tho' hard are the times.

Sporting Magazine.

SONNET.

O SACRED friendship! mild and gay,
Who to the regions of the blest
Hath soar'd; and left mankind a prey
To fraud, in thy resemblance drest.

Auspicious hear, and hither send
Thy sister truth, with radiant eyes,
To brand the false professing friend,
Detected in the fair disguise:

Or, come thyself, and reinspire
The purpose candid and humane:
Else peace and order will retire,
While horror and confusion reign.

Don Quixote.

RETIREMENT.

Shook from the ev'ning's fragrant wings
When dews impearl the grove,
And 'round the list'ning valley rings
The languid voice of love;
Laid on a daisy-sprinkled green,
Beside a plaintive stream,
A meek ey'd youth of serious mien
Indulg'd this solemn theme.

Ye cliffs, in savage grandeur pil'd
High o'er the dark'ning vale!
Ye groves! along whose windings wild
Soft steals the murmuring gale;
Where oft lone melancholy strays,
By wilder'd fancy led,
What time the wan moon's yellow rays
Stream through the chequer'd shade.

To you, ye wastes, whose artless charms
Ne'er drew ambition's eye,
'Scap'd the tumultuous world's alarms,
To your retreats I fly.
Deep in your most sequester'd bower
Let me at last recline,
Where solitude, meek modest power,
Leans on her ivy'd shrine.

How shall I woo thee, matchless fair!
Thy envied smile how win!
Thy smile, that soothes the brow of care,
And stills each storm within!
O wilt thou to thy fav'rite grove
Thine ardent votary bring,
And bless his hours, and bid them move
Serene on silent wing?

There, while to thee glad nature pours
Her gently warbling song,
And zephyr from the waste of flow'rs
Wafts sweet perfumes along;
Let no rude sound invade from far,
No vagrant foot be nigh,
No ray from grandeur's gilded car
Flash on my startled eye.

For me, no more the path invites
Ambition loves to tread;
No more I climb life's panting heights,
By guileful hope misled:
Leaps my fond fluttering heart no more
To joy's enliv'ning lays—
Soon are the glittering moments o'er,
So each gay form decays.

Universal Magazine.

TO MELANCHOLY.

Spirit of love and sorrow, hail!
Thy solemn voice from far I hear,
Mingling with ev'nings dying gale!
Hail with this sadly pleasing tear:

O! at this still and lonely hour,
Thine own sweet hour of closing day,
Awake thy lute, whose charming pow'r
Shall call up fancy to obey:

To paint the wild romantic dream,
That meets the poet's musing eye;
As on the bank of shadowy stream
He breathes to her the fervid sigh.

O lonely spirit! let thy song
Lead me through all thy sacred haunt;
The minster's moonlight aisles along,
Where spectres raise the midnight chaunt.

I hear their dirges faintly swell,
Then sink at once in silence drear,
While from the pillar'd cloister's cell
Dimly their gliding forms appear!

Lead where the pine-woods wave on high,
Whose pathless sod is darkly seen,
As the cold moon, with trembling eye
Darts her long beams the leaves between.

Lead to the mountain's dusky head,
Where, far below, in shade profound,
Wide forests, plains, and hamlets spread,
And sad the chimes of vesper sound.

Or, guide me where the dashing oar
Just breaks the stillness of the vale,
As slow it tracks the winding shore,
To meet the ocean's distant sail:

To pebbly banks, that Neptune laves
With measur'd surges, loud and deep;
Where the dark cliff bends o'er the waves,
And wild the winds of Autumn sweep.

There pause at midnight's spectred hour,
And list the long-resounding gale;
And catch the fleeting moonlight's pow'r
O'er foaming seas and distant sail!

Anne Radcliffe.

SONNET TO THE MOON.

QUEEN of the silver bow!—by thy pale beam,
Alone and pensive, I delight to stray,
And watch thy shadow trembling in the stream,
Or mark the floating clouds that cross thy way.

And while I gaze, thy mild and placid light
Sheds a soft calm upon my troubled breast;
And oft I think—fair planet of the night,
That in thy orb the wretched may have rest.

The sufferers of the earth perhaps may go,
Releas'd by death—to thy benignant sphere;
And the sad children of despair and woe
Forget in thee, their cup of sorrow here.
Oh! that I soon may reach thy world serene,
Poor wearied pilgrim—in this toiling scene!

LINES ADDRESSED TO A FALLEN LEAF.

PALE wither'd wand'rer, seek not here
A refuge from the ruthless sky:
This breast affords no happier cheer
Than the rude blighting blast you fly.

Cold is the atmosphere of grief,
When storms assail the barren breast;
Go, then, poor exile, seek relief
In bosoms where the heart has rest.

Or fall upon th' oblivious ground,
Where silent sorrows buried lie;
There rest is surely to be found,
Or what, alas! to hope have I?

Where, sepulchred in peace, repose
In yonder field the village dead,
Go, seek a shelter among those
Who all their mortal tears have shed.

But if thou com'st a sibyl's leaf,
Such as did erst high truths declare,
To tell me soon shall end my grief,
I bless the omen that you bear.

For sure you tell me that my woe
An end like thine at length shall have;
That wan like thee, and wasted so,
I sink to the forgetful grave:

Then come, thou messenger of peace!
Come, lodge within this troubled breast,
And lie there till we both shall cease
To seek in vain for nature's rest.

LINES WRITTEN IN AN INN.

WHEN early the sun sinks in winter to bed,
And the western horizon gleams faintly with red;
When the mists of the ev'ning rise thick from the vales,
As darkness creeps on, and hush'd silence prevails;
At th' approach of night's gloom o'er the rest of his course,
The traveller mourns for himself and his horse,
And bewails his hard fate, forc'd alone thus, and weary,
His way to pursue through roads dirty and dreary.

But when safe in his inn, and his horse at the manger,
How snug he reflects on past darkness and danger!
His fire now so warm is, his steak so well dress'd;
His wine (gin and sloe-juice) so truly the best;
The warming-pan ready, and Molly so sweet!
The arm'd chair so easy, the bed-room so neat;
So gratefully slumber encircles his brow!
No hero more blest than our traveller now!

Can an inn, then, such comfort impart, 'midst the squall
Of waiter! boots! chambermaid! ostler! and all?
Far from home, far from spouse, far from children, and friend,
Can the traveller fancy all care at an end?
The reason my muse in few words shall explain—
To contrast we owe all our pleasure and pain:
For cause and effect are confounded in this,
That bliss leads to woe, and then—woe leads to bliss.

From a MS.

A WHISPER TO THE HEART.

A MORNING REFLECTION IN SPRING.

On yonder bank a beauteous flower
Lifts its fair form to meet the spring,
Hails early sunshine's genial power,
Soft airs that vernal breezes bring.

Too lovely, tender plant! beware,
The world's a treach'rous, cruel clime;
Now sun-beam'd zephyrs sport in air,
Now frost and storms deface the prime.

How happy, had I power to shield
From each chill blast, each boist'rous wind;
Or, gently take what thou might'st yield,
And fondly in my bosom bind!

Alas! beyond my hope to reach,
And for my guardian care too high,
In vain my longing arms I stretch,
Admire, and love, and gaze, and sigh!

Yet may no season's changing gloom
Thy native elegance restrain;
No rude hand teach thine op'ning bloom
To sink into itself again.

Without, no baneful blast invade,
Conceal'd no inward canker prey;
Till all thy charms are full display'd,
And flourish in the face of day.

Then may some happier hand than mine,
As firm, as fond, as void of art,
With his thy future fate entwine,
And wear thee nearest to his heart.

An old Magazine.

AIR.

O DRY those tears! like melted ore,
Fast dropping on my heart they fall:
Think, think no more of me; no more
The mem'ry of past scenes recall.

On a wild sea of passion tost,
I split upon the fatal shelf;
Friendship and love at once are lost,
And now I wish to lose myself.

Lionel and Clarissa.

SONG TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

Oh cease thy song, sweet Philomel!
Be hush'd the voices of the grove,
Let only fav'ring zephyrs swell,
To waft my sighs to him I love.

Ah no! sweet bird! thy strains prolong,
And court him hither to my breast;
Allure him with thy magic song,
By love to bless and to be blest.

Sweet melody the mind inspires,
And melody, sweet bird, is thine:
Enchant thou him my soul desires,
To equalize a love like mine.

Sweet Philomel! prolong thy strain,
Accordant to a lover's breast,
And hither charm my absent swain,
By love to bless and to be blest.

Monthly Review.

BALLAD.

DARK was the night, the children slept,
Poor Mary clim'd the cottage stair,
And at her chamber window wept,
And plac'd a little taper there.

"Why does he tarry thus?" she cried,
"Alas! what pains do I endure!
Heavens grant this taper be his guide,
And lead him safe across the moor."

At length his well known voice she hears;
"He comes, my terror to remove!
My William comes to dry my tears:"
And down she flies to meet her love.

William all pale and bloody stood;
Sigh'd out "alas no more we meet!
I'm stabb'd by robbers in the wood."
Then fell a corse at Mary's feet.

Coleman.

LINES

FOUND IN A BOWER FACING THE SOUTH.

Soft cherub of the southern breeze,
Oh! thou, whose voice I love to hear,
When ling'ring thro' the rustling trees,
With lengthen'd sighs it sooths mine ear:

Oh! thou, whose fond embrace to meet,
The young spring all enamour'd flies,
And robs thee of thy kisses sweet,
And on thee pours her laughing eyes!

Thou, at whose call the light fays start,
That silent in their hidden bow'r
Lie penciling with tend'rest art,
The blossom thin and infant flow'r!

Soft cherub of the southern breeze,
Oh! if aright I tune the reed,
Which thus thine ear would hope to please
By simple lay, and humble meed;

And if aright, with anxious zeal,
My willing hands this bow'r have made,
Still let this bow'r thine influence feel,
And be its gloom thy fav'rite shade!

For thee, of all the cherub train,
Alone my votive muse would woo,
Of all that skim along the main,
Or walk at dawn yon mountains blue;

Of all that slumber'd in the grove,
Or playful urge the gossamer's flight,
Or down the vale or streamlet move,
With whisper soft and pinion light.

I court thee, thro' the glimm'ring air,
When morning springs from slumbers still,
And waving bright his golden hair,
Stands tip-toe on yon eastern hill.

I court thee, when at noon reclin'd,
I watch the murmuring insect throng
In many an airy spiral wind,
Or silent climb the leaf along.

I court thee, when the flow'rets close,
And drink no more receding light;
And when calm eve to soft repose
Sinks on the bosom of the night.

And, when beneath the moon's pale beam,
Alone 'mid shadowy rocks I roam,
And waking visions round me gleam
Of beings and of worlds to come.

Smooth glides with thee my pensive hour,
Thou warm'st to life my languid mind;
Thou cheer'st a frame with genial pow'r,
That droops in ev'ry ruder wind.

Breathe, cherub! breathe! Once soft and warm,
Like thine, the gale of fortune blew;
How has the desolating storm
Swept all I gaz'd on from my view!

Unseen, unknown, I wait my doom,
The haunts of men indignant flee,
Hold to my heart a listless gloom,
And joy but in the muse and thee.

Monthly Review.

THE DREAM.

Stay, gentle spirit of the night,
Oh! fly not thus—in pity stay!
I sicken at returning light;
Prolong my dream, forbid the day.

Sleeping, I thought my Myra fair
Hung fondly on my arm reclin'd,
Nor felt awhile my heart aware,
The maid had ever been unkind.

Still seems her form my sight to bless,
To smile and linger on my view—
Still seems her gentle hand to press;
Still speak her eyes of liquid blue.

Still vibrate on my list'ning ears,
The murmurs that confess'd her kind;
Still in mine eyes the trembling tears,
Wak'd by her tenderness, I find.

The sighs that from her bosom stole,
Even now my ravish'd senses fire;
My pulses throb, and all my soul
Aches with regret, and fond desire.

Hear, spirit kind! thy suppliant hear,
Again my longing eyes I close;
Oh! prompt again the vision dear,
And let me ever thus repose.

Ah! know, that to thy shadowy aid,
Thy mimic pow'r, my breast must owe
The only joy the cruel maid
Will ever on my love bestow.

Critical Review.

MY NATIVE HOME.

O'ER breezy hill, or woodland glade,
At morning dawn, or closing day,
In summer's flaunting pomp array'd,
Or pensive moonlight's silver grey,
The wretch in sadness still shall roam,
Who wanders from his native home.

While at the foot of some old tree,
As meditation sooths his mind,
Lull'd by the hum of wand'ring bee,
Or rippling stream, or whisp'ring wind,
His vagrant fancy still shall roam,
And lead him to his native home.

Tho' love a fragrant couch may weave,
And fortune heap the festive board,
Still mem'ry oft would turn to grieve,
And reason scorn the splendid hoard;
While he beneath the proudest dome,
Wou'd languish for his native home.

To him the rushy roof is dear,
And sweetly calm the darkest glen;
While pomp, and power, and pride appear,
At best, the glitt'ring plagues of men;
Unsought by those that never roam,
Forgetful of their native home.

Let me to summer shades retire
With meditation, and the muse;
Or round the social winter fire,
The glow of temper'd mirth diffuse:
Tho' winds may howl, and waters foam,
I still shall bless my native home.

And oh! when youth's extatic hour,
And passion's glowing noon are past;
Should age behold the tempest low'r,
And sorrow blow its keenest blast;
My shade no longer doom'd to roam,
Shall find the grave a peaceful home.

Nottingham Journal.

STANZAS.

FAREWELL, dear Glenowen! adieu to thy mountains,
Where oft I have wander'd to welcome the day;
Farewell to thy forests, thy crystalline fountains,
Which stray thro' the valley, and moan as they stray:
O'er wide foamy waters I'm destin'd to travel,
A poor, simple exile, forlorn and unknown;
Yet while the dark fates shall my fortune unravel,
My thoughts, my affections, shall still be thy own.

Thy cities, proud Gallia, thy wide spreading treasures,
Thy vallies, where nature luxuriantly roves,
May bid the heart, dancing to fancy's wild measures,
Forget, for a moment, its own native groves:
But where is the bosom that sighs not in sorrow,
Estrang'd from dear objects, to wander alone;
Still counting the moments, from morrow to morrow,
A poor weary traveller, lost and unknown?

Sweet vistas of myrtle, and paths of gay roses,
And hills deck'd with vineyards, and woodlands with shade,
Fresh banks of young vi'lets where fancy reposes,
And courts gentle slumbers her visions to aid;
The dark silent grotto, the soft-flowing fountains,
Where nature's own music slow murmurs along;
The sun-beams that dance on the pine-cover'd mountains,
May waken to rapture their own native throng.

But thou, dear Glenowen! can'st bring sweeter pleasure,
All barren and bleak as thy summits appear;
And though thou can'st boast of no rich gaudy treasure,
Still memory traces thy charms with a tear!
The keen blast may howl o'er thy vallies and mountains,
And strip the rich verdure that mantles each tree;
And winter may bind in close fetters, the fountains,
But still thou art dear, O Glenowen! to me.

Walsingham.

THE EXILE.

FAREWELL, oh native Spain! farewell for ever!
These banish'd eyes shall view thy coast no more;
A mournful presage tells my heart that never
Gonzalvo's steps again shall press thy shore.

Hush'd are the winds; while soft the vessel sailing
With gentle motion, plows th' unruffled main,
I feel my bosom's boasted courage failing,
And curse the waves which bear me far from Spain.

I see it yet! Beneath yon blue clear heaven
Still do the spires, so well belov'd, appear.
From yonder craggy point the gale of even
Still wafts my native accents to my ear.

Propp'd on some moss-crown'd rock, and gaily singing,
There in the sun his nets the fisher dries;
Oft have I heard the plaintive ballad, bringing
Scenes of past joys before my sorrowing eyes.

Ah! happy swain! he waits the accustom'd hour,
When twilight gloom obscures the closing sky;
Then gladly seeks his lov'd paternal bower,
And shares the feast his native fields supply.

Friendship and love, his cottage guests, receive him
With honest welcome, and with smile sincere;
No threat'ning woes of present joys bereave him,
No sigh his bosom owns, his cheek no tear.

Ah! happy swain! such bliss to me denying,
Fortune thy lot with envy bids me view;
Me, who from home and Spain an exile flying,
Bid all I value, all I love, adieu.

No more mine ear shall list the well-known ditty,
Sung by some mountain-girl who tends her goats,
Some village-swain imploring am'rous pity,
Or shepherd chanting wild his rustic notes.

No more my arms a parent's fond embraces,
No more my heart domestic calm must know;
Far from these joys, with sighs which mem'ry traces,
To sultry skies and distant climes I go.

Where Indian suns engender new diseases,
Where snakes and tigers breed, I bend my way,
To brave the feverish thirst no art appeases,
The yellow plague, and madd'ning blaze of day.

But not to feel slow pangs consume my liver,
To die by piece-meal in the bloom of age,
My boiling blood drank by insatiate fever,
And brain delirious with the day-star's rage.

Can make me know such grief, as thus to sever,
With many a bitter sigh, dear land! from thee;
To feel this heart must doat on thee for ever,
And feel that all thy joys are torn from me!

Ah me! how oft will fancy's spells in slumber
Recall my native country to my mind,
How oft regret will bid me sadly number
Each lost delight, and dear friend left behind!

Wild Murcia's vales and lov'd romantic bowers,
The river on whose banks e child I play'd,
My castle's ancient halls, its frowning towers,
Each much-regretted wood, and well-known glade.

Dreams of the land where all my wishes centre,
Thy scenes which I am doom'd no more to know,
Full oft shall mem'ry trace, my soul's tormentor,
And turn each pleasure past to present woe.

But lo! the sun beneath the waves retires;
Night speeds apace her empire to restore!
Clouds from my sight obscure the village spires,
Now seen but faintly, and now seen no more.

Oh! breathe not, winds! Still be the water's motion!
Sleep, sleep, my bark, in silence on the main!
So, when to-morrow's light shall gild the ocean,
Once more mine eyes shall see the court of Spain.

Vain is the wish! my last petition scorning,
Fresh blows the gale, and high the billows swell;
Far shall we be before the break of morning:
Oh! then, for ever, native Spain, farewell.

M. G. Lewis. Esq.

SONNET TO THE BLACKBIRD.

Sweet minstrel of the vocal grove,
Oh thou! whose song I love to hear,
In carol sweet, the note of love
Still swelling on my raptur'd ear.

At early dawn, at parting day,
I'll listen to thy am'rous tale,
(Thy song shall well my walk repay),
And give my sorrows to the gale.

Exulting beats my throbbing heart,
My breast with quicker transport glows,
The gloomy scenes of life depart,
And sooth my soul to sweet repose.

O may thy mate, sweet bird! return
Thy fondness with a lover's care,
Her breast with equal fondness burn,
The joys of life with thee to share.

Her warmth the infant brood shall form,
Thy song shall sooth her patient breast,
Whilst shelter'd from the sudden storm
They linger in the clay-built nest.

Till time, with soft maternal aid,
Their full-fledg'd pinions shall display,
In all their glossy plumes array'd,
Impatient of the long delay.

And when allur'd to distant skies,
Thy fondness chirps a long adieu,
Fond bird! with them thy pleasure flies,
But with them fly—thy sorrows too.

C. S.

VERSES

TO A FRIEND ON HIS MARRIAGE.

On thee, blest youth, a father's hand confers
The maid thy earliest, fondest wishes knew,
Each soft enchantment of the soul is hers;
Thine be the joys to firm attachment due.

As on she moves with hesitating grace,
She wins assurance from his soothing voice;
And, with a look the pencil could not trace,
Smiles thro' her blushes, and confirms the choice.

Spare the fine tremors of her feeling frame!
To thee she turns—forgive a virgin's fears!
To thee she turns, with surest, tenderest claim,
Weakness that charms, reluctance that endears.

At each response the sacred rite requires,
From her full bosom bursts the unbidden sigh,
A strange mysterious awe the scene inspires;
And on her lips the trembling accents die.

O'er her fair face what wild emotions play!
What lights and shades, in sweet confusion blend!
Soon shall they fly, glad harbingers of day,
And settled sunshine on her soul descend.

Ah soon thine own confest, extatic thought,
That hand shall strew each flinty path with flow'rs;
And those blue eyes, with mildest lustre fraught,
Gild the calm current of domestic hours.

From a MS.

A GIPSY BALLAD.

A WANDERING Gipsy, sirs, am I,
From Norwood, where we oft complain,
With many a tear and many a sigh,
Of blust'ring winds and rushing rain.

No rooms so fine, nor gay attire,
Amid our humble shed appear,
Nor beds of down, nor blazing fire,
At night our shiv'ring limbs to cheer.

Alas! no friends come near our cot!
The red-breasts only find the way,
Who give their all—a simple note,—
At peep of morn, and parting day.

But fortunes here I come to tell;
Then yield me, gentle sir, your hand;—
Amid those lines what thousands dwell!
And bless me what a heap of land!

This surely, sir, must pleasing be,
To hold such wealth in ev'ry line!
Try, pray now try, if you can see
A little treasure lodg'd in mine.

Holding out her hand.

Peter Pindar.

TO A LADY WHO HAD LOST HER GARTER.

By a Gentleman going to the West Indies.

CELIA, the captive garter's mine,
'Tis all my faithful love could gain;
And can'st thou ask me to resign
The only bliss that crowns my pain?

As soon the soldier who has run
Thro' fields of death to gather fame,
As soon shall lay his laurel's down,
And all his dear-bought praise disclaim.

The garter is, and shall be mine,
Shall lose the bliss it had from you;
And bear the task that I'd enjoin
On thee, wert thou my captive too.

It shall upon my bosom heave,
Or clasp me in a soft embrace;
But if you at its fortune grieve,
Retrieve its doom, and take its place.

Ah no! with cold indiff'rence you
Can hear my sighs, and see my pain;
Superior to my humble love,
Too generous to shew disdain.

When distant from my native land,
From dearer thee I lonely go;
The garter shall my steps attend,
A silent witness of my woe.

Divided from its other half,
Sad emblem of my own distress;
'Twill calmly hear what bashful love
To you durst ne'er presume t' express.

And when at last some noxious gale,
Blown from the bleak Atlantic wave,
Or rising from the Indian fens,
Shall lay me in my silent grave;

It shall present you to my view,
To arm me 'gainst the dread of death;
Shall hear me fondly talk of you,
And bless you with my latest breath.

Gentleman's Magazine.

ODE TO CONTENT.

To thee, mild source of homefelt joy!
To thee I vow this artless lay,
For, nymph divine! no cares alloy,
No griefs pollute thy halcyon clay.

Though soft the moon her mellow light
O'er yonder mould'ring tow'r hath shed,
Though soft as sleeps her beam on night,
Yet softer sleeps thy peaceful head.

For thee, the fairy sprite of morn,
Her sweet, her varied dream shall weave;
For thee, thy wood-girt thatch adorn,
The calm, the golden light of eve.

For thee, the cool stream murm'ring slow,
The green, the winding vale along;
For thee, where yonder wild pines grow,
The maiden breathes her village song.

When wilt thou haunt my straw-roof'd cot,
When wilt thou bless my longing arms,
When shall I claim thy lonely lot,
When shall I share thy modest charms?

I ne'er will ask of purple pride,
Her gems that idly fire the night,
The gems that o'er her tresses wide
In lustre fling their garish light.

Nor will I ask of power to whirl,
In terror cloth'd, the scythed car;
And, mad with fury, shout to hurl
The dark, the deadly spear of war.

Then come, my little dwelling share,
A dwelling blest, if shar'd with thee,
Far from the proud, from pining care,
From guilt and pale-ey'd sorrow free.

Ah! let the great by error led,
To many a gorgeous city fly,
More blest with thee to eat my bread
In peace and humble privacy.

More blest to rove the heath along,
At grey-clad eve, from labour won,
To list the wood-lark's plaintive song,
And wistful watch the setting sun.

More blest by oak, that, cleft alone,
Flings o'er the stream his moss-hung bough,
As swells the blast in rougher tone,
To mark the mild wave dash below.

More blest nigh yonder darkling dell,
Where sleeps the bard by fame forgot,
Of many a love-lorn grief to tell,
And mourn till morn his cheerless lot.

But, oh! far happier, if at night,
As onward rolls the sadd'ning morn,
I meet thy blue eye's glist'ning light,
I press thy gently yielding form.

Sweet as the first drawn sigh of love,
Content, thou mild, thou meek-ey'd maid!
Above bright pow'r, gay wealth above,
To thee my willing vows be paid.

Monthly Review.

TO THE BLACKBIRD.

All hail, lovely songster! sweet muse of the grove!
With plumage so jetty, and golden bill, hail!
With pleasure I hear thy soft numbers of love,
From the green budding hazle-bush, float on the gale.

Thy melodious inflection's the peasants' delight,
As they wander, inhaling the sweets of the morn,
Where the steep purple woodlands the lover invite,
To breathe his warm vows 'neath the thick blooming thorn.

O! ne'er in those shades may the clarion of war,
Nor discord domestic, or faction be found,
The tenants of nature with tumults to scare,
And spread desolation and horror around.

But as oft in its morn, so in life's silent eve,
Secure may I wander to hear thy soft strain,
And all my full heart in warm gratitude give
To Him, whose protection I ne'er sought in vain.

W. Holloway.

LOVE.

O LOVE! 'tis my torment, my pleasure, my bane,
It encreases each care, yet softens each pain;
'Tis a flame that unceasingly turns in my breast,
It lights me to joy, yet deprives me of rest.
'Tis a fetter of roses, an adamant chain,
It is link'd round my heart where 'twill ever remain.
'Tis a hope that I cherish with sedulous care,
'Tis a grief that I nourish tho' drown'd in despair.
'Tis a charm that enchants by its magical art,
Yet has robb'd me of reason, of peace, and my heart.
'Tis a freedom, a bondage, that binds me its slave,
'Tis a health, yet a sickness, that leads to the grave.
'Tis a pearl of soft pity that drops from the eye,
That saddens its lustre and prompts the quick sigh.
'Tis a light that illumines my devious way,
Yet a darkness that fatally leads me astray.
'Tis the bud of a flower, if cherish'd aright,
That will blossom to happiness, joy and delight.
Much 'een shou'd you plant by adversity's rill,
The cold blasts of poverty never can kill.

Said to be written by a French Emigrant.

VERSES

TAKEN FROM WALPOLE'S ANTIQUITIES, AND WERE NEVER PUBLISHED.

Sir Henry Lea was master of the armoury to Queen Elizabeth, and made a vow to present himself annually at the tilt, armed, there to perform in honour of her majesty's accession to the throne. Becoming at length very old, he resigned the office, and on this occasion presented the following verses to her majesty:

My golden locks time hath to silver turn'd,
(Oh time too swift, and swiftness never ceasing!)
My youth 'gainst age, and age at youth have spurn'd,
But spurn'd in vain. Youth waineth by increasing.
Beauty, strengthe, and youthe, flowers fading beene;
Duty, faith, and love are roots, and ever-greene.

My helmet now shall make an hive for bees,
And lover's songs shall turn to holy psalmes:
A man at armes must now sit on his knees,
And feed on pray'rs, that are old age's armes.
And so from court to cottage I depart,
My saint is sure of mine unspotted heart.

And when I sadly sit in homely cell,
I'le teach my swain this carol for a song:
Blest be the hearts that think my sovereign well,
Curs'd be the soules that think to do her wrong;
Goddesse, vouchsafe this aged man his right,
To be your beadsman now, that was your knight.

London Magazine.

STANZAS

WRITTEN BY LORD CAPEL WHEN A PRISONER IN THE TOWER, DURING CROMWELL'S USURPATION.

Beat on, proud billows! Boreas, blow!
Swell, curled waves, high as Jove's roof;
Your incivilities do plainly show
That innocence is tempest-proof.
Tho' surly Nereus frowns, my thoughts are calm;
Then strike, affliction, for thy wounds are balm.

That which the world miscalls a jail,
A private closet is to me,
Whilst a good conscience is my bail,
And innocence my liberty;
Locks, bars, and solitude, together met,
Make me no prisoner, but an anchoret.

Here sin—for want of food—must starve,
Where tempting objects are not seen;
And these strong walls do only serve
To keep rogues out, and keep me in;
Malice is now grown charitable, sure
I'm not committed, but I'm kept secure.

And whilst I wish to be retired,
Into this private room I'm turn'd,
As if their wisdom had conspired
The salamander should be burn'd:
Or, like those sophists who would drown a fish,
I am condemn'd to suffer what I wish.

The cynic hugs his poverty,
The pelican her wilderness,
And 'tis the Indian's pride to be
Naked on frosty Caucasus:
Contentment feels no smart—stoics we see
Make torments easy by their apathy.

I'm in this cabinet lock'd up,
Like some high-prized Margarite;
Or, like some great Mogul or Pope,
I'm cloister'd up from public sight:—
Retiredness is part of majesty,
And thus, proud Sultan, I'm as great as thee!

These manacles upon mine arm,
I as my mistress' favours wear;
And for to keep my ancles warm,
I have some iron shackles there:—
These walls are but my garrison—this cell—
Which men call jail—is but my citadel.

Thus he that struck at Jason's life,
Thinking to make his purpose sure,
By a malicious friendly knife
Did only wound him to his cure:—
Malice, we see, wants wit for what is meant;
Mischief oft-times proves favour by the event.

Altho' I cannot see my king,
Neither in person, nor in coin,
Yet contemplation is a thing,
That renders what I have not mine:—
My king from me no adamant can part,
Whom I do wear engraven in my heart.

Have you not heard the nightingale,
A prisoner close kept in a cage,
How she doth chaunt her woeful tale
In that her narrow hermitage?—
Ev'n that her melody doth plainly prove,
Her boughs are trees, her cage a pleasant grove.

I am that bird which they combine
Thus to deprive of liberty;
And though my corpse they can confine,
Yet maugre that my soul is free:—
Tho' I'm mur'd up, yet I can chirp and sing,
Disgrace to rebels!—glory to my king!

My soul is free as is the ambient air
Which doth my outward parts include,
Whilst loyal thoughts do still repair
To company my solitude:—
What tho' they do with chains my body bind,
My king can only captivate my mind.

THE GARLAND.

A SONG.

The pride of ev'ry grove I chose,
The violet sweet and lily fair,
The dappled pink, and blushing rose,
To deck my charming Chloe's hair.

At morn, the nymph vouchsaf'd to place
Upon her brow the various wreath;
The flow'rs less blooming than her face,
The scent less fragrant than her breath.

The flow'rs she wore along the day;
And ev'ry nymph and shepherd said,
That in her hair they look'd more gay
Than glowing in their native bed.

Undrest at ev'ning, when she found
Their colours lost, their odours past,
She chang'd her look, and on the ground
Her garland and her eye she cast.

That eye dropt sense distinct and clear,
As any muses tongue could speak;
When from its lid a pearly tear
Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

Dissembling what I knew too well—
My love, my life, said I, explain
This change of humour, prythee tell,
That falling tear, what does it mean?

She sigh'd, she smil'd; and to the flow'rs
Pointing, the lovely moralist said,
See, friend, in some few fleeting hours,
See yonder what a change is made!

Ah, me! the blooming pride of May,
And that of beauty are but one;
At noon, both flourish bright and gay,
Both fade at ev'ning, pale and gone.

At dawn poor Stella danc'd and sung,
The am'rous youth around her bow'd;
At night her fatal knell was rung,
I saw, and kiss'd her in her shroud.

Such as she is who died to day,
Such I, alas! may be to-morrow!
Go, Damon, bid thy muse display
The justice of thy Chloe's sorrow.

Prior.

ON A TUFT OF EARLY VIOLETS.

Sweet flowers! that from your humble beds
Thus prematurely dare to rise,
And trust your unprotected heads
To cold, unfriendly, wat'ry skies;

Retire, retire! these tepid airs
Are not the genial breath of May;
That sun with warmth malignant glares,
And flatters only to betray.

Stern Winter's reign is not yet past;
Lo! while your buds prepare to blow,
On icy pinions comes the blast,
And nips your root, and lays you low.

Alas, from such ungentle doom!
But I will shield you; and supply
A kindlier soil on which to bloom,
A nobler bed on which to die.

Come then—ere yet the morning ray
  Has drunk the dew that gems your crest,
And drawn your balmiest sweets away;
  O come, and grace my Anna's breast.

Ye droop, fond flowers! But did ye know
  What worth, what goodness there reside,
Your cups with liveliest tints would glow,
  And spread their leaves with conscious pride.

For there has liberal nature join'd
  Her riches to the store of art,
And added to the virtuous mind,
  The soft, the sympathizing heart.

Come then—ere yet the morning ray
  Has drunk the dew that gems your crest,
And drawn your balmiest sweets away;
  O come, and grace my Anna's breast.

O! I should think, that fragrant bed
  Might I but hope with you to share,—
Years of anxiety repaid,
  By one short hour of transport there.

More blest than me, thus shall ye live
  Your little day; and when ye die,
Sweet flowers! the grateful muse shall give
  A verse; the sorrowing maid a sigh.

While I, alas! no distant date,
Mix with the dust from whence I came,
Without a friend to weep my fate,
Without a stone to tell my name.

W. Gifford. Esq.

VERSES

WRITTEN TWO YEARS AFTER THE PRECEDING.

I WISH I was where Anna lies;
For I am sick of ling'ring here;
And ev'ry hour affection cries,
Go, and partake her humble bier.

I wish I could! for when she died
I lost my all; and life has prov'd
Since that sad hour, a dreary void,
A waste unlovely, and unlov'd.

But who, when I am turn'd to clay,
Shall duly to her grave repair,
And pluck the ragged moss away,
And weeds that have "no business there?"

And who, with pious hand, shall bring
The flowers she cherish'd, snow-drops cold,
And violets that unheeded spring,
To scatter o'er her hallow'd mould?

And who, while memory loves to dwell
Upon her name for ever dear,
Shall feel his heart with passion swell,
And pour the bitter, silent tear?

I did it; and would fate allow,
Should visit still, should still deplore—
But health and strength have left me now,
And I, alas! can weep no more.

Take then, sweet maid! this simple strain,
The last I offer at thy shrine;
Thy grave must then undeck'd remain,
And all thy mem'ry fade with mine.

And can thy soft persuasive look,
Thy voice, that might with music vie,
Thy air, that every gazer took,
Thy matchless eloquence of eye,

Thy spirits, innocent as good,
Thy courage, by no ills dismay'd,
Thy patience, by no wrongs subdu'd,
Thy gay good-humour—can they "fade?"

Ibid.

THE SUMMER FADES.

I see the tints of Summer fade,
And see them fade without a sigh;
For dear to me is Autumn's glade,
And dearer still her ev'ning sky.

Forth, when the splendours of the day
No longer sate the gazing mind,
I wander where from lonely spray
The last note lingers on the wind.

And sweet it is, through coppice near,
To catch the sun's departing gleam,
While ev'ry breeze to fancy's ear,
Conveys a soft celestial theme.

Oh, at such hour! when tumult wild
Disturbs no more the tranquil frame;
When ev'ry thought of earth beguil'd,
Feels all of passion but the name;

Oft with Myrtilla have I trod
The scene to contemplation giv'n,
And as we press'd the dew-bright sod,
Look'd upward to a brighter heav'n!

The mild moon dwelling on her cheek,
Seem'd with her breast to sympathize,
And language more than earth could speak,
Shone in her soft retiring eyes.

And will these hours return no more?
And are those days for ever past?
They are—but Autumn can restore
Such scenes of bliss, as, while they last,

May bid remembrance cease to tell
Of what we know: and when gone by,
These coming hours shall fondly dwell
Where mem'ry holds her fonder tie.

And, though to Autumn's latest sheaf
I still must give the pensive sigh,
Yet I can see her falling leaf
Submissive to a ruder sky.

For Winter, in his arm of might,
Bears many a social hope to me;
And much I love his longest night,
His longest night of friendly glee.

No brighter moments have I known,
Than those which Winter can bestow,
When friendship draws her circling zone:
'Mid lakes of ice and fields of snow.

And say, thou solace of each care!
Nor less than author of my joy!
A solace that I do not share;
A sweetness that could never cloy.

Myrtilla! say, recluse from all
That restless fashion would esteem;
When storms have vex'd this rocking ball,
Was peace with us? or but a dream?

Surrounded then, as some would think,
With prospect useless, void, and drear;
When nature's self appear'd to sink
In sorrow o'er her dying year;

Have we not heard, from scenes like these,
Her awful, yet maternal voice—
"'Mid snow-clad plains and leafless trees,
Still let DOMESTIC LOVE REJOICE."

P. Courtier.

HOPE.

AN ELEGY.

AMIDST the storms that ruffle life,
Amidst the ills mankind deplore;
War, sickness, want, domestic strife,
All their worst stars can have in store.

How comes it still this scene they prize,
Pursue their way tho' tempests lour;
Toil on beneath black frowning skies,
And wish far off the fatal hour?

While youth leads on the sportive train,
When pleasure spreads her purple wing,
No wonder all, while these remain,
Should wish continuance of their spring.

But winter damping ev'ry joy,
When dead to love, or lost to fame;
Tho' pain and grief our hours employ,
The wish perpetual is the same!

What is it, then, can thus engage
In ev'ry season, ev'ry state?
'Tis Hope that cheers ev'n drooping age,
And bids us shun the stroke of fate!

Hope, that can still assistance lend,
To smooth the rugged thorny way,
The poor's support, the captive's friend,
Which bids ev'n sorrow's sons be gay.

What choicer bliss could heav'n bestow,
What happier boon could man receive,
To sooth his cares, while here below,
Tho' oft accus'd if it deceive?

The kind deception rising still,
Pain felt with promis'd bliss repays;
With pleasing prospects prompt to fill
The never ending flight of days.

Nor does the pleasing vision fade,
Nor cease its influence to impart,
Ere nature's springs are all decay'd,
And life's last pulse beats at the heart.

Ev'n now I feel its genial pow'rs,
While adverse fortune's frowns I bear,
Which bids me hope for calmer hours,
And drives away the fiend Despair.

Then let me hail thee, heav'nly guest!
Nor e'er in vain thy aid implore;
Till fate decrees eternal rest,
And all my sorrows are no more!

Literary Magazine.

AN OLD BALLAD.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from tear-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and stedfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love can bind,
Kindle never dying fires;
Where these are not, what suffice
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes?

Anonymous.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE REV.——BENNET,

Curate of the Parish of Wirksworth, Derbyshire.

Bennet! although no lofty flights of verse
Preserve thy name and decorate thy hearse,
Nor brass nor marble mark thy humble clay,
And boast to guard thy memory from decay:
The genuine tears by sorrowing friendship shed,
Reward thy virtues with a richer meed
Than sculptur'd brass or marble can bestow,
And long those tears around thy grave shall flow.

Mr. T. Blore.

ON MR. BACON'S ELEGIAC STANZAS

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE EARL COWPER.

Illustrious Cowper! o'er thy hallow'd urn
In plaintive strains their loss the muses mourn:
And, whilst their briny tears preserve thy name,
They salt thy bard and give their Bacon fame.

Ibid.

TRANSLATION OF A SPANISH POEM.

Ah me! thou relic of that faithless fair!
Sad changes have I suffer'd since that day,
When, in this valley, from her long loose hair
I bore the relic of my love! away.
Well did I then believe Diana's truth,
For soon true love each jealous care represses;
And fondly thought that never other youth
Should wanton with the maiden's unbound tresses.

Here on the cold clear Ezla's breezy side,
My hand amid her ringlets wont to rove;
She proffer'd now the lock, and now deny'd,
With all the baby playfulness of love.
Here the false maid, with many an artful tear,
Made me each rising thought of doubt discover,
And vow'd and wept—till hope had ceas'd to fear,
Ah me! beguiling like a child her lover.

Witness thou how that fondest, falsest fair,
Has sigh'd and wept on Ezla's shelter'd shore,
And vow'd eternal truth, and made me swear
My heart no jealousy should harbour more.
Ah! tell me! could I but believe those eyes?
Those lovely eyes with tears my cheek bedewing,
When the mute eloquence of tears and sighs
I felt, and trusted, and embrac'd my ruin.

So false and yet so fair! so fair a mien
Veiling so false a mind, who ever knew?
So true and yet so wretched! who has seen
A man like me, so wretched and so true?
Fly from me on the wind, for you have seen
How kind she was, how lov'd by her you knew me;
Fly, fly vain witness what I once have been,
Nor dare, all wretched as I am, to view me.

One ev'ning, on the river's pleasant strand,
The maid, too well beloved, sat with me,
And with her finger trac'd upon the sand
"Death for Diana—not inconstancy!"
And love beheld us from his secret stand,
And mark'd his triumph, laughing to behold me,
To see me trust a writing trac'd in sand,
To see me credit what a woman told me.

Robert Southey.

EPITAPH

ON MISS ROSE.

Beneath this sod reclines that bashful flow'r,
Which sprung to please, and wither'd in an hour;
Yet one short space its vigour shall enliven,
And bloom a fairer, sweeter Rose in heaven.

Anonymous.

STANZAS

WRITTEN ON A LEAF AT THE BEGINNING OF MR. ROGERS'S POEM "THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY."

Pleasures of Mem'ry!—oh! supremely blest,
And justly proud beyond a poet's praise,
If the pure confines of thy tranquil breast
Contain, indeed, the subject of thy lays!
By me how envied! for to me,
The herald still of misery,
Mem'ry makes her influence known
By sighs and tears, and grief alone:
I greet her as the fiend to whom belong
The vulture's rav'ning beak, the raven's fun'ral song.

Alone, at midnight's haunted hour,
When nature woos repose in vain,
Remembrance wastes her penal pow'r,
The tyrant of the burning brain;
She tells of time mispent, of comfort lost,
Of fair occasions gone for ever by;
Of hope too fondly nurs'd, too rudely cross'd,
Of many a cause to wish, yet fear to die;
For what, except the instinctive fear
Lest she survive, detains me here,
When "all the life of life" is fled?—
What, but the deep inherent dread,
Lest she beyond the grave resume her reign,
And realize the hell that priests and beldames feign.

TO CYNTHIA.

O THOU! whose love-inspiring air
Delights, yet gives a thousand woes;
My day declines in dark despair,
And night has lost her sweet repose.

Yet who, alas! like me was blest,
To *others* e'er thy charms were known;
When fancy told my raptur'd breast
That Cynthia smil'd on *me* alone?

Nymph of my soul! forgive my sighs;
Forgive the jealous fires I feel;
Nor blame the trembling wretch who dies,
When others to thy beauties kneel.

Lo! theirs is ev'ry winning art,
With fortune's gifts, unknown to *me!*
I only boast a simple heart,
In love with INNOCENCE and THEE.

Peter Pindar.

ODE TO INNOCENCE.

'Twas when the slow declining ray
Had ting'd the cloud with ev'ning gold;
No warbler pour'd the melting lay,
No sound disturb'd the sleeping fold;

When by a murm'ring rill reclin'd,
Sat wrapt in thought a wand'ring swain;
Calm peace compos'd the musing mind,
And thus he rais'd the flowing strain:

"Hail Innocence! celestial maid!
What joys thy blushing charms reveal!
Sweet as the arbour's cooling shade,
And milder than the vernal gale.

"On thee attends a radiant quire,
Soft smiling peace, and downy rest,
With love, that prompts the warbling lyre,
And hope, that sooths the throbbing breast.

"O, sent from heav'n to haunt the grove,
Where squint-ey'd envy ne'er can come;
Nor pines the cheek with luckless love,
Nor anguish chills the living bloom.

" But spotless beauty, rob'd in white,
Sits on you moss-grown hill reclin'd;
Serene as heav'ns unsully'd light,
And pure as Delia's gentle mind.

" Grant, heav'nly power! thy peaceful sway
May still my ruder thoughts controul;
Thy hand to point my dubious way,
Thy voice to sooth the melting soul!

" Far in the shady sweet retreat
Let thought beguile the ling'ring hour;
Let quiet court the mossy seat,
And twining olives form the bow'r.

" Let dove-ey'd peace her wreath bestow,
And oft sit list'ning in the dale,
While night's sweet warbler from the bough
Tells to the grove her plaintive tale.

" Soft, as in Delia's snowy breast,
Let each consenting passion move;
Let angels watch its silent rest,
And all its blissful dreams be love."

Dr. Ogilvie.

SONG TO DELIA.

FORLORN I seek the silent scene,
To keep the image of my fair;
Pale o'er the fountain's brink I lean,
And view the spectre of despair.

Why should my heart forget its woe?
The virgin would have mourn'd for *me*—
O nymph, th' eternal tear shall flow;
The sigh unceasing breathe of *thee*.

Forgetful of the parted maid,
Too many an unfeeling swain
Forsakes of solitude the shade,
For pleasure's gay and wanton train.

Yet, yet of constancy they boast!
Their easy hearts their tongues belie—
Who loves, reveres the fair-one's ghost,
And seeks a pleasure in a sigh.

Peter Pindar.

THE BLIND BEGGAR.

WELCOME, thou man of sorrows, to my door!
A willing balm thy wounded heart shall find;
And, lo! thy guiding dog my cares implore;
O haste, and shelter from the unfeeling wind!

Alas! shall mis'ry seek my cot with sighs,
And humbly sue for piteous alms my ear;
Yet disappointed go with lifted eyes,
And on my threshold leave th' upbraiding tear?

Thou bowest for the pity I bestow:
Bend not to me, because I mourn distress;
I am *thy* debtor—much to *thee* I owe,
For learn—the greatest blessing is to *bless*.

Thy hoary locks, and wan and pallid cheek,
And quiv'ring lip, to fancy seem to say,
"A more than common beggar we bespeak;
A form that once has known a happier day."

Thy sightless orbs, and venerable beard,
And press'd, by weight of years, thy palsied head,
Though silent, speak with tongues that must be heard,
Nay, must command, if virtue be not dead.

Thy shatter'd, yet thine awe-inspiring form,
Shall give the village lads the soften'd soul,
To aid the victims of life's frequent storm,
And smooth the surges that around them roll;

Teach them that poverty may mercy shroud;
And teach that virtue may from merit spring;
Flame like the light'ning from the frowning cloud,
That spreads on nature's smile its raven wing.

O let *me* own the heart which pants to *bless;*
That nobly scorns to hide the useless store;
But looks around for objects of distress,
And triumphs in a sorrow for the poor!

When heav'n on man is pleas'd its wealth to show'r,
Ah, what an envied bliss does heaven bestow!
To raise pale merit in her hopeless hour,
And lead despondence from the tomb of woe!

Lo! not the little birds shall chirp in vain,
And, hovering round me, vainly court my care;
While I possess the life-preserving grain,
Welcome, ye chirping tribe, to peck your share.

How can I hear your songs at Spring's return,
And hear while Summer spreads her golden store;
Yet, when the gloom of Winter bids you mourn,
Heed not the plaintive voice that charm'd before!

Since fortune, to my cottage not unkind,
Strews with *some* flow'rs the road of life for *me*,
Ah! can humility desert my mind!
Shall I not soften the rude flint for thee?

Then welcome, Beggar, from the rains and snow,
And warring elements, to warmth and peace;
Nay, thy companion, too, shall comfort know,
Who shiv'ring shakes away the icy fleece.

And lo! he lays him by the fire, elate;
Now on his master turns his gladden'd eyes,
Leaps up to greet him on their change of fate,
Licks his lov'd hand, and then beneath him lies.

A hut is mine beneath a shelt'ring grove,
A hermit there, exalt to heav'n thy praise;
There shall the village children shew their love,
And hear from thee the tales of other days.

There shall our feather'd friend, the bird of morn,
Charm thee with orisons to op'ning day;
And there the red-breast on the leafless thorn,
At eve shall sooth thee with a simple lay.

When fate shall call thee from a world of woe,
Thy friends around shall watch thy closing eyes;
With tears behold thy gentle spirit go,
And wish to join its passage to the skies.

Peter Pindar.

AZID;

OR, THE SONG OF THE CAPTIVE NEGRO.

Poor Mora eye be wet wid tear,
And heart like lead sink down wid woe;
She seem her mournful friends to hear,
And see der eye like fountain flow.

No more she give me song so gay,
But sigh, "Adieu, dear Domahay."

No more for deck her head and hair,
Me look in stream, bright gold to find;
Nor seek de field for flow'r so fair,
Wid garland Mora hair to bind.

"Far off de stream!" I weeping say,
"Far off de fields of Domahay."

But why do Azid live a slave,
And see a slave his Mora dear?
Come, let we seek at once de grave,
No chain, no tyrant den we fear.

Ah, me! I hear a spirit say
"Come, Azid come to Domahay."

Then gold I find for thee once more,
For thee to fields for flow'r depart:
To please de idol I adore,
And give wid gold and flow'r my heart.

Den let we die and haste away,
And live in groves of Domahay.

Peter Pindar.

AN IMITATION FROM THEOCRITUS.

WHEN snows descend, and robe the fields
In Winter's bright array;
Touch'd by the sun, the lustre fades,
And weeps itself away.

When Spring appears, when violets blow
And shed a rich perfume;
How soon the fragrance breathes its last!
How short-liv'd is the bloom!

Fresh in the morn, the Summer rose
Hangs withering ere 'tis noon;
We scarce enjoy the balmy gift,
But mourn the pleasure gone.

With gliding fire, an ev'ning star
Streaks the Autumnal skies;
Shook from the sphere, it darts away,
And, in an instant, dies.

Such are the charms that flush the cheek,
And sparkle in the eye;
So from the lovely finish'd form
The transient graces fly.

To this the seasons, as they roll,
Their attestation bring:
They warn the fair; their ev'ry round
Confirms the truth I sing.

Hervey.

STANZAS.

O FORM'D for boundless bliss! Immortal soul,
Why dost thou prompt the melancholy sigh,
While ev'ning shades disclose the glowing pole,
And silver moon-beams tremble o'er the sky?

These glowing stars shall fade, this moon shall fall,
This transitory sky shall melt away,
Whilst thou, triumphantly surviving all,
Shall glad expatiate in eternal day.

Sickens the mind with longings vainly great,
To trace mysterious wisdom's sacred ways;
While chain'd and bound, in this ignoble state,
Humbly it breathes sincere, imperfect praise?

Or glows the beating heart with sacred fires,
And longs to mingle in the worlds of love?
Or, foolish trembler, feeds its fond desires
Of earthly good? Or dreads life's ills to prove?

Back does it trace the flight of former years,
The friends lamented, and the pleasures past?
Or, wing'd with fore-cast vain, and impious fears,
Presumptuous to the cloud-hid future haste?

Hence, far be gone, ye fancy-fondled pains;
Peace, trembling heart, be every sigh supprest:
Wisdom supreme, eternal goodness reigns,
Thus far is sure, to Heaven resign the rest.

Mrs. C. Talbot's Essays.

THE AFRICAN BOY.

Ah! tell me, little mournful Moor,
Why still you linger on the shore?
Haste to your play-mates, haste away,
Nor loiter here with fond delay;

When morn unveil'd her radiant eye,
You hail'd me as I wander'd by;
Returning, at th' approach of eve,
Your meek salute I still receive.
Benign enquirer, thou shalt know
Why here my lonesome moments flow:
'Tis said, thy countrymen (no more
Like rav'ning sharks that haunt the shore)
Return to bless, to raise, to cheer,
And pay compassion's long arrear.
'Tis said the numerous captive train,
Late bound by the degrading chain,
Triumphant come with swelling sails,
'Mid smiling seas and western gales;
They come, with festive heart and glee,
Their hands unshackled—minds as free;
They come, at mercy's great command,
To repossess their native land.
The gales that o'er the ocean stray,
And chase the waves in gentle play,
Methinks they whisper as they fly,
JUELLEN soon will meet thine eye.
'Tis this that sooths her little son,
Blends all his wishes into one!
Ah! were I clasp'd in her embrace,
I would forgive her past disgrace;
Forgive the memorable hour
She fell a prey to tyrant pow'r;

Forgive her lost, distracted air,
Her sorrowing voice, her kneeling pray'r;
The suppliant tears that gall'd her cheeks,
And last, her agonizing shrieks:
Lock'd in her hair a ruthless hand,
Trail'd her along the flinty strand;
A ruffian train, with clamours rude,
The impious spectacle pursu'd;
Still as she mov'd, in accents mild
She cry'd aloud—My child! My child!
The lofty bark she now ascends,
With screams of woe the air she rends;
The vessel less'ning from the shore,
Her piteous wails I heard no more:
Now, as I stretch'd my last survey,
Her distant form dissolv'd away.
That day is past—I cease to mourn—
Succeeding joy shall have its turn:
Beside the hoarse resounding deep,
A pleasing anxious watch I keep;
For when the morning cloud shall break,
And darts of day the darkness streak,
Perchance along the glitt'ring main,
Oh! may this hope not throb in vain,
To meet these long desiring eyes,
JUELLEN and the sun may rise!

Cowper.

CONTENTMENT.

FAREWELL, aspiring thoughts, no more
My soul shall quit the peaceful shore,
To plow ambition's main;
Fallacious as the harlot's kiss,
It promises uncertain bliss,
And gives us certain pain.

A beauteous prospect first it shows,
Which, while we gaze, more tempting grows,
And charms the wand'ring sight;
But soon, too soon, alas! 'tis lost—
And all our mighty plans are cross'd—
Sunk into endless night.

'Midst folly, misery, and pain,
We ramble on from scene to scene,
By flatt'ring Hope betray'd;
I'm weary of the painful chase—
Let others run the endless race,
To catch a flying shade.

Let others boast their useless wealth;
Have I not happiness and health?
Which riches cannot give:
Let fools then after honours soar,
And, changing liberty for pow'r,
In golden shackles live.

'Tis time, at length, I should be wise,
'Tis time to seek substantial joys;
Joys out of fortune's pow'r:
Wealth, titles, dignities, and fame,
Are toys the blind capricious dame
Takes from us ev'ry hour.

Come, white-rob'd Virtue, fill my breast,
And bring Content, thy daughter, dress'd
In ever-smiling charms:
Let sacred friendship, too, attend,
A friendship worthy of my friend,
Such as my Lælius warms.

With these, I'll in my bosom make
A bulwark fortune cannot shake,
Though all her storms arise;
Look down and pity gilded slaves,
Despise ambition's worthless knaves,
And wish the fools were wise.

T. Leybourn.

EPITAPH.

Beneath this stone, a lump of clay
Lies Arrabella Young;
Who on the twenty-fourth of May
Began to hold her tongue.

THE MUSE;

OR, POETICAL ENTHUSIASM.

The Muse! whate'er the Muse inspires,
My soul the tuneful strain admires:
The poet's birth, I ask not where,
His place, his name, they're not my care;
Nor Greece, nor Rome, delights me more
Than Tagu's bank, or Thames's shore:
From silver Avon's flow'ry side
Though Shakespeare's numbers sweetly glide,
As sweet from Morven's desert hills,
My ear the voice of Ossian fills.

The Muse! whate'er the Muse inspires,
My soul the tuneful strain admires:
Nor bigot zeal, nor party rage
Prevail, to make me blame the page;
I scorn not all that Dryden sings,
Because he flatters courts and kings;
And from the master lyre of Gray,
When pomp of music breaks away,
Not less the sound my notice draws,
For that 'tis heard in freedom's cause.

The Muse! whate'er the Muse inspires,
My soul the tuneful strain admires:
Where wealth's bright sun propitious shines,
No added lustre marks the lines;

Where want extends her chilling shades,
No pleasing flower of fancy fades;
A scribbling peer's applauded lays
Might claim, but claim in vain, my praise
From that poor youth, whose tales relate
Sad Juga's fears, and Bawdin's fate.

The Muse! whate'er the Muse inspires,
My soul the tuneful strain admires:
When fame her wreath well-earn'd bestows,
My breast no latent envy knows;
My Langhorne's verse I love to hear,
And Beattie's song delights my ear:
And his, whom Athen's tragic maid
Now leads through Scarning's lonely glade,
While he for British nymphs bids flow
Her notes of terror and of woe.

The Muse! whate'er the Muse inspires,
My soul the tuneful strain admires:
Or be the verse or blank or rhyme,
The theme or humble or sublime;
If Pastoral's hand my journey leads
Through harvest fields, or new-mown meads;
If Epic's voice sonorous calls
To Oeta's cliffs, or Salem's walls;
Enough—the Muse, the Muse inspires!
My soul the tuneful strain admires.

Scott's Poetical Works.

SONG.

Shall I, like an hermit, dwell
On a rock, or in a cell,
Calling home the smallest part
That is missing of my heart,
To bestow it where I may
Meet a rival ev'ry day?
If she undervalues me,
What care I how fair she be?

Were her tresses angel gold,
If a stranger may be bold,
Unrebuked, unafraid,
To convert them to a braid,
And, with little more ado,
Work them into bracelets too;
If the mine be grown so free,
What care I how rich it be?

Were her hands as rich a prize
As her hair, or precious eyes;
If she lays them out to take
Kisses for good manners' sake;
And let ev'ry lover skip
From her hand unto her lip;
If she seem not chaste to me,
What care I how chaste she be?

No; she must be perfect snow,
In effect as well as show,
Warming but as snow-balls do,
Not like fire, by burning too:
But when she by change hath got
To her heart a second lot;
Then, if others share with me,
Farewell her, whate'er she be.

Sir Walter Raleigh.

THE DRUM.

I HATE that Drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round:
To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields,
And lures from cities and from fields,
To sell their liberty for charms,
Of tawdry lace, and glitt'ring arms;
And, when Ambition's voice commands,
To march, and fight, and fall, in foreign lands.

I hate that Drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round:
To me it talks of ravag'd plains,
And burning towns, and ruin'd swains,
And widows' tears, and orphans' moans;
And all that misery's hand bestows,
To fill the catalogue of human woes.

Scott's Poetical Works.

ODE.

No glory I covet, no riches I want,
Ambition is nothing to me;
The one thing I beg of kind heaven to grant,
Is a mind independent and free.

With passion unruffled, untainted by pride,
By reason my life let me square;
The wants of my nature are cheaply supply'd,
And the rest is but folly and care.

The blessings which Providence freely has lent,
I'll justly and gratefully prize;
Whilst sweet meditation, and cheerful content,
Shall make me both healthy and wise.

In the pleasures the great man's possessions display,
Unenvied I'll challenge my part;
For ev'ry fair object my eyes can survey,
Contributes to gladden my heart.

How vainly, through infinite troubles and strife,
The many their labours employ;
Since all that is truly delightful in life,
Is what all, if they will, may enjoy.

Literary Magazine.

A ROUNDELAY.

WHILE these close walls thy beauties hide,
Immur'd within this guarded grove;
Or the clear stream's opposing side,
The muse shall wail my hopeless love.

My love—which nothing can outvie,
Which never shall a period know;
Ye breezes, tell her as ye fly;
Ye waters, bear it as ye flow.

And tho' (by adverse friends confin'd)
The yielding fair I vainly crave;
O bring her murmurs, gentle wind,
Her image, ev'ry ebbing wave!

Yet, oh! ye winds, her sighs conceal;
Nor you, ye waves, reflect her face;
Lest Aeolus my passion feel,
And Neptune sues for her embrace.

Small need you shou'd her accents bear,
Or to my view her form impart,
Whose voice dwells ever on my ear,
Whose image ever in my heart.

Vocal Magazine.

ODE TO INDIFFERENCE.

Oft I've implor'd the gods in vain,
And pray'd till I've been weary,
For once I'll try my wish to gain
Of Oberon the fairy.

Sweet airy being, wanton sprite,
That lurks in woods unseen,
Or oft, by Cynthia's silver light,
Trips gaily o'er the green.

If e'er thy pitying heart was mov'd,
As ancient stories tell,
And for th' Athenian maid that lov'd
Thou sought'st a wond'rous spell,

O deign once more t' exert thy pow'r,
Haply some herb or tree,
Sov'reign as juice of western flow'r,
Conceals a balm for me.

Ah! haste, and shed the sacred balm,
My shatter'd nerves new string;
And for my guest, serenely calm,
The nymph Indiff'rence bring.

At her approach see fear, pale fear,
And expectation fly!
And disappointment in the rear,
That blasts the promis'd joy.

The tear that pity taught to flow,
The eye shall then disown;
The heart that griev'd for other's woe,
Shall then scarce feel its own;

And wounds that now each moment bleed;
Each moment then shall close;
And tranquil days shall then succeed
To nights of sweet repose.

O fairy elf, but grant me this,
This one kind comfort send;
And so may never-fading bliss
Thy flow'ry paths attend.

So may the glow-worm's glittering light
Thy tiny footsteps lead
To some new region of delight,
Unknown to mortal tread.

And be thy acorn goblet fill'd
With heaven's ambrosial dew,
From sweetest, freshest flow'rs distill'd,
That shed fresh sweets for you.

And what of life remains for me
I'll pass in sober ease,
Half pleas'd, contented will I be,
Content but half to please.

Mrs. Greville.

THE SIGH.

GENTLE air, thou breath of lovers,
Vapour from a secret fire,
Which by thee itself discovers,
Ere yet daring to aspire.

Softest note of whisper'd anguish,
Harmony's refined part;
Striking, while thou seem'st to languish,
Full upon the list'ner's heart.

Softest messenger of passion,
Stealing thro' a cloud of spies,
Which constrain the outward fashion,
Close the lips, and guard the eyes.

Shapeless sigh, we ne'er can show thee,
Form'd but to assault the ear;
Yet, ere to their cost they know thee,
Ev'ry nymph may read thee here.

Vocal Magazine.

CARELESS CONTENT.

I AM content, I do not care,
Wag as it will the world for me;
When fuss, and fret was all my fare,
It got no ground as I could see:
So when away my caring went,
I counted cost, and was content.

With more of thanks, and less of thought,
I strive to make my matters meet;
To seek what ancient sages sought,
Physic and food, in sour and sweet;
To take what passes in good part,
And keep the hiccups from my heart.

With good and gentle-humour'd hearts,
I choose to chat where'er I come;
Whate'er the subject be that starts;
But if I get among the glum,
I hold my tongue, to tell the troth,
And keep my breath to cool my broth.

For chance or change, of peace or pain;
For fortune's favour, or her frown;
For lack or glut, for loss or gain,
I never dodge, nor up nor down:
But swing what way the ship shall swim,
Or tack about, with equal trim.

I suit not where I shall not speed,
Nor trace the turn of ev'ry tide;
If simple sense will not succeed,
I make no bustling, but abide:
For shining wealth, or scaring woe,
I force no friend, I fear no foe.

Of ups and downs, of ins and outs,
Of they're i'th' wrong, and we're i'th' right,
I shun the rancours, and the routs;
And wishing well to ev'ry wight,
Whatever turn the matter takes,
I deem it all but ducks and drakes.

With whom I feast I do not fawn,
Nor if the folks should flout me, faint;
If wonted welcome be withdrawn,
I cook no kind of a complaint:
With none dispos'd to disagree,
But like them best who best like me.

Not that I rate myself the rule
How all my betters should behave;
But fame shall find me no man's fool,
Nor to a set of men a slave:
I love a friendship free and frank,
And hate to hang upon a hank.

Fond of a true and trusty tie,
I never loose where'er I link;
Tho' if a business budges by,
I talk thereon just as I think:
My word my work, my heart, my hand,
Still, on a side, together stand.

If names or notions make a noise,
Whatever hap the question hath,
The point impartially I poise,
And read and write, but without wrath;
For should I burn, and break my brains,
Pray, who will pay me for my pains?

I love my neighbour as myself,
Myself like him too, by his leave;
Nor to his pleasure, pow'r, or pelf,
Came I to crouch, as I conceive:
Dame Nature, doubtless, has design'd
A man the monarch of his mind.

Now taste and try this temper, sirs,
Mood it, and brood it in your breast;
Or if ye ween, for worldly stirs,
That man does right to mar his rest,
Let me be deft, and debonair,
I am content, I do not care.

Dr. Byrom.

THE BLIND MAN'S CONSOLATION.

Tho' darkness still attends me,
It aids internal sight,
And from such scenes defends me
As blush to see the light.

No weeping objects grieve me,
No glitt'ring fop offends,
No fawning smiles deceive me,
Kind darkness me befriends.

Then cease your useless wailings—
I know no reason why—
Mankind to their own failings
Are all as blind as I.

The Bouquet.

EPIGRAM.

A Vicar, long ill, who had treasur'd up wealth,
Told his Curate each sunday to pray for his health;
Which oft having done, a parishioner said,
That the Curate ought rather to wish he were dead;
"For my truth," says the Curate, "let credit be given,
I ne'er pray'd for his death—but I have for his living."

ON THE DEITY.

I READ God's awful name emblazon'd high
With golden letters on th' illumin'd sky;
Nor less the mystic characters I see
Wrought in each flow'r, inscrib'd on ev'ry tree;
In ev'ry leaf that trembles to the breeze
I hear the voice of God among the trees.
With thee in shady solitudes I walk,
With thee in busy crowded cities talk;
In every creature own thy forming pow'r,
In each event thy providence adore.

Thy hopes shall animate my drooping soul,
Thy precepts guide me, and thy fear control:
Thus shall I rest, unmov'd by all alarms,
Secure within the temple of thine arms,
From anxious cares, from gloomy sorrows free,
And feel myself omnipotent in thee.

Then when the last, the closing hour draws nigh,
And earth recedes before my swimming eye;
When trembling on the doubtful edge of fate
I stand and stretch my view to either state;
Teach me to quit this transitory scene
With decent triumph, and a look serene;
Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,
And, having liv'd to thee, in thee to die.

Mrs. Barbauld.

BALLAD.

Sung by Angelina in the character of a Pilgrim.

I TRAVERS'D Judah's barren sand,
At beauty's altar to adore;
But there the Turk had spoil'd the land,
And Sion's daughters were no more.
In Greece, the bold, imperious mien,
The wanton look, the leering eye,
Bade love's devotion not be seen,
Where constancy is never nigh.

From thence to Italy's fair shore
I bent my never ceasing way,
And to Loretta's temple bore
A mind devoted still to pray.
But there, too, Superstition's hand
Had sicklied ev'ry feature o'er,
And made me soon regain the land
Where beauty fills the western shore.

Where Hymen with celestial power
Connubial transport doth adorn,
Where purest virtue sports the hour
That ushers in each happy morn.
Ye daughters of old Albion's isle!
Where'er I go, where'er I stray—
O, Charity's sweet children, smile
To cheer a pilgrim on his way!

STANZAS

On meeting a man loaded with sacks, and an oak bough in his hat, on the twenty-ninth of May.

Poor fellow! what hast thou to do
With king—or restoration?
'Twill make no difference with you,
Whoever rules the nation.

Still must thy neck support the load,
Still earn thy bread with toil;
Still must thou pace the self-same road,
And great ones share the spoil.

The ass may carry broom or men,
Just at his master's will;
But let him change, and change again,
His lot's a burthen still.

Still ministers will tyrannize,
And courtiers still be knaves;
Walpoles on Walpoles shall arise,
And keep thy grandsons slaves.

Still governments have been the same,
The same shall ever be:
Ev'n kings are nothing but a name,
And so is liberty.

Alexander Thistlewaite, Esq.

THE SHEPHERD'S INVITATION.

COME live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That vallies, groves, or hills and fields,
And all the steepy mountain, yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull,
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight, each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

Christopher Marlow.

THE NYMPH'S REPLY.

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in ev'ry shepherd's tongue;
These pretty pleasures might me move,
To live with thee, and be thy love.

Time drives the flock from field to fold,
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,
And Philomel becometh dumb:
The rest complain of cares to come.

The flow'rs do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward Winter's reck'ning yields:
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten—
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joy no date, nor age no need;
Then these delights my mind might move,
To live with thee, and be thy love.

Sir Walter Raleigh.

THE DOG AND THE WATER LILY.

A TRUE TALE.

THE noon was shady, and soft airs
Swept Ouse's silent tide;
When 'scap'd from literary cares,
I wander'd on his side.

My spaniel, prettiest of its race,
And high in pedigree,
(Two nymphs, adorn'd with ev'ry grace,
That spaniel gave to me.)

Now wanton'd, lost in flags and reeds,
Now starting into sight;
Pursu'd the swallows o'er the meads
With scarce a slower flight.

It was the time when Ouse display'd
His lilies newly blown,
Their beauties I intent survey'd,
And one I wish'd my own.

With cane extended, far I sought
To steer it close to land;
But still the prize, tho' nearly caught,
Escap'd my eager hand.

Beau mark'd my unsuccessful pains,
With fix'd considerate face,
And, puzzling, set his puppy brains
To comprehend the case.

But with a chirrup, clear and strong,
Dispersing all his dream,
I thence withdrew, and follow'd long
The winding of the stream.

My ramble ended, I return'd,
Beau, trotting far before,
The floating flow'r again discern'd,
And plunging, left the shore.

I saw him, with that lily cropt,
Impatient swim to meet
My quick approach, and soon he dropt
The treasure at my feet.

Charm'd with the sight, the world, I cried,
Shall hear of this thy deed,
My dog shall mortify the pride
Of man's superior breed.

But chief myself I will enjoin,
Awake at duty's call,
To shew a love as prompt as thine
To Him who gives me all.

Cowper.

VERSES

ENGRAVED UPON A HUNTING HORN.

LEAVE, studious youth, the cloisters grey,
Health in the woodlands now abounds,
Hear, from this horn, th' inspiring lay,
Each vale shall lengthen out the sounds.

And thou, oh Dian! with thy train,
Be present, rouse the lurking prey;
Nor let their coverts these restrain,
Course as the wind the open way.

So thy recesses, unenjoy'd,
No beast goat-footed shall come near;
Nor by Actæon thou annoy'd,
When bathing in the fountain clear.

Literary Magazine.

ON RETIREMENT.

'Tis weak and worldly to conclude
Retirement all a solitude;
The wise and good will always own,
That man is never less alone,
Than when alone; 'tis so with me,
When in my own large company.

Withdrawn and pensive while I move,
Beneath the shade of yonder grove;
Monarchs that triple circles wear,
Feel not the weight of half my care:
In sighs and pray'rs my soul I bend,
But rise to transports in the end.

When from the world retir'd apart,
To dress the temple of my heart;
To make it beautiful and fair,
Fit for the God residing there;
'Tis then, and only then I live,
Enjoying all this globe can give.

Think'st thou to treat almighty pow'r
Is but the bus'ness of an hour?
O who, that gets so dear a guest,
But once enshrin'd within his breast,
Would, for this world's impertinence,
Neglect him there, or drive him thence?

My Eden then be my abode,
And the great visitant, my God!
He only my companion be,
From whom I hope eternity!
They who below their heav'n fore-date,
Ne'er dread th' uplifted hand of fate,
Tasting the glories that shall crown
An endless life when this is done.

Weekly Amusement.

VERSES

Supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk, during his solitary abode in the Island of Juan Fernandez.

I AM monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute,
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.

Oh solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech,
I start at the sound of my own.

The beasts that roam over the plain,
My form with indifference see,
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestow'd upon man,
Oh had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again!

My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.

Religion! what treasure untold
Resides in that heav'nly word!
More precious than silver and gold,
Or all that this earth could afford.

But the sound of the church-going bell
Those vallies and rocks never heard,
Ne'er sigh'd at the sound of a knell,
Or smil'd when a sabbath appear'd.

Ye winds that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more.

My friends do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
O tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is the glance of the mind,
Compar'd with the speed of its flight!
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-wing'd arrows of light.

When I think on my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there;
But alas! recollection at hand,
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea fowl is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair,
Ev'n here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.

There is mercy in ev'ry place,
And mercy, encouraging thought!
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

Cowper.

INSCRIPTION FOR A COPPICE.

HEEDLESS wanderer, come not here
With clamourous voice, or footstep rude,
For harmony's sweet sake forbear
To violate this solitude.

For ne'er the nightingale forsakes
This haunt when hawthorn blossoms spring;
Veil'd in the shade of tangled brakes,
She calls her nestlings forth to sing.

Hark! catch you not their warbling wild,
That softly flow the leaves among?
Now loudly shrill, now sweetly mild
The descant of their thrilling song.

The earliest primrose of the year
Beneath delights its flowers to spread;
The clustering hare-bell lingers near
The cowslip's dew-bespangled bed.

And while the western gales allay
The keenness of the noontide heat,
They tell where, pleas'd to shun the day,
The vi'let scents her low retreat.

See, sparkling with a trembling gleam,
The rivulet meand'ring flows;
While in the bosom of the stream,
The virgin lily quiv'ring blows.

If tempted by the twilight shade,
Beneath the smooth-leaf'd beech to lay,
Soon will the charms that dress the glade,
Bring sweet oblivion of your way.

But, heedless wand'rer, come not here,
This feast was not prepar'd for thee;
Unless thy heart feels nought more dear,
Than nature and simplicity.

Universal Magazine.

EPIGRAM.

So zealously why will my friend
To take a wife incessant press me?
I'm well aware what joys attend,
If heaven in my choice should bless me.

But can one be too circumspect?
'Tis dang'rous vent'ring on a wife!
Some sound philosophers direct
—A man should think on't all his life.

M. de Maucroix.

ODE TO FOLLY.

Folly adieu! here ends thy reign,
And all thy light fantastic train;
From midnight scenes of fancied joy,
Where laughter grins at every toy,
Thy constant votary before
Thy presence flies—to come no more.

No more shall Ceres' cup prevail,
Tho' Comus and his rout assail,
Ne'er cheat my senses o'er again
With transient joys—for years of pain,
Where seeming bliss and seeming good
So late, alas! are understood.

How pleas'd, amid the noisy crew,
Was I with every scene in view,
The loose wrote song, the trifling jest
With joy was heard, with joy exprest,
While modest sense, with bashful grace,
Oft turn'd aside to hide her face.

How strange it is! the froward mind
Knowing how short the space assign'd
To crawl on earth, must still go on
To grasp what's in possession gone,

Pursuing still some idle toy,
Which may both peace and health destroy.

When madd'ning draughts have fir'd the brain,
And reason yields to folly's reign,
How dangers then from passions flow,
How oft the friend is made the foe,
When, by some frantic whim misled,
You hurl destruction at his head.

Or worse—perhaps intending wit
(That mark so very hard to hit)
Some tender secret is betray'd,
Some word is dropp'd, some lie is made,
Creating jealousy and strife,
Which end but with the parties' life.

But when this wild debauch is past,
And cool reflection comes at last,
When reason re-assumes her throne,
And all the dreadful picture's shown,
How conscience trembles at the view,
And vainly hopes it is not true.

Kind reason thou direct my will.
Far from such scenes, O keep me still,
The cup, with sweet refreshment fraught,
O let me taste but as I ought,
Intoxicating draughts farewell,
Let temperance ever with me dwell.

So shall I pass my life in peace,
So shall my health and friends increase,
All vexing thoughts and cares recede,
And wisdom reign in folly's stead;
Without a fear resign my breath,
And boldly face the dart of death.

Weekly Amusement.

THE WASHING WEEK.

TO A FRIEND.

In this, dear George, we both agree,
(You bred in camp—I bred at sea)
That cleanliness is oft
A cursed plague about a house,
And always met our warm abuse
When boys with Mrs. Croft.

But to the beggar and the king
Clean linen's a reviving thing,
Tho' both these plagues don't reach;
The beggar strips at jocund morn
In some clear stream, and on the thorn
Spreads out his rags to bleach;

The King—great man! sends all his out,
Not caring for a single clout:
But what's more happy still,
He's not obliged to count the rags,
Nor stuff them into canvas bags,
O! no—nor write the bill.

But, Lord have mercy on us all!
Whene'er we wash all hands must fall
To something or another,
For madam scolds, and flies about,
Now up, now down, now in, now out,
Dabbling thro' wet and smother.

This cursed time all comfort flies:
At six she starts "Come, Ned, come rise
And get the lines hung out,"
"Yes to be sure, my dear"—I cry;
I dare as well be hang'd as lie,
For fear my dove should pout.

Breakfast is got and whipp'd away,
Because the washers want their tea,
Before that I've half done:
The doors all open—linen's spread—
The sky looks black—"Come hither Ned,
Shall we have rain or sun?"

" My dear, you need not be in pain,
I think it does not look like rain:
" O then we'll hang out more,"
When lo! the words have hardly past,
But down their comes a heavy blast,
And all must be rinc'd o'er.

Then ten-fold falls the peal on me;
" You ass—to be ten years at sea,
See—see the linen! do!"
I sneak away to have a smile
Snug—while I hear her all the while
Calling me black and blue.

But what still troubles more my mind
Amidst such plagues, at once to find
The washer, as she rings,
Cracking some jest—then o'er the tub
Pauses awhile—and every rub
With pleasure squalls and sings.

I hate, I must confess, all dirt,
And truly love a well-wash'd shirt;
But once a month this reek
Is more than flesh or blood can bear;
And him I hate—oh make his share
A washing every week!

Weekly Amusement.

VERSES

BY MRS. ROBINSON,

To a Gentleman who asked her opinion of a Kiss.

WHAT is a kiss? 'Tis but a seal,
That warmly printed, soon decays;
'Tis but a zephyr, taught to steal
Where fleeting falsehood smiling plays.

The breeze will kiss the flow'r; but soon
From flow'r to weed inconstant blows—
Such is the kiss of love, the boon
Which fickle fancy oft bestows.

A balmy kiss once Venus gave
The rose that caught her lover's sigh;
That rose with ev'ry gale would wave,
At every glance of morning die;

Would ope its bosom to the beam
That glowing noon promiscuous threw,
Or to the twilight's parting gleam
Would yield responsive tears of dew;

Oft to the bee its sweets would give,
And flaunt its odours wild around;
With honey'd breath bid pleasure live,
Or, with its hidden mischiefs, wound.

This rose was white, and to be blest
Around it insect myriads flew;
Charm'd by the wonders of its breast,
Thrice essenc'd in the summer dew.

But when the lip of beauty shed
A rival sweetness on that breast,
It blush'd, and droop'd its fragrant head,
Asham'd to be so proudly blest.

Its colour chang'd, a crimson glow
Fix'd on its alter'd form appears,
While round the sighing zephyrs blow,
And nature bathes its breast with tears.

Then does not every kiss impart,
In magic thrills of speechless pleasure,
Reproaches to the wand'ring heart
That knows not how to prize the treasure?

O! yes, then let my bosom prove
No throb, but friendship's throb divine;
And let the kiss of fickle love,
Capricious monitor, be thine.

FATHERLESS FANNY.

KEEN and cold is the blast loudly whistling around,
As cold as the lips that once smil'd upon me;
And unyielding, alas! as this hard frozen ground,
The arms once so ready my shelter to be.

Both my parents are dead, and few friends I can boast,
But few to console, and love me, if any;
And my gains are so small, a bare pittance almost!
Repays the exertions of fatherless Fanny.

Once, indeed, I with pleasure and patience could toil,
But 'twas when my parents sat by and approv'd!
Then my laces to sell I went out with a smile,
Because my fatigue fed the parents I lov'd.

And at night, when I brought them my hardly-earn'd gains,
Though small they might be, still my comforts were many,
For my mother's fond blessing rewarded my pains,
My father stood watching to welcome his Fanny.

But, ah! now that I work, by their presence uncheer'd,
I feel 'tis a hardship, indeeed, to be poor;
While I shrink from fatigue, now no longer endear'd,
And sigh as I knock at the wealthy man's door.

Then, alas! when at night I return to my home,
No longer I boast that my comforts are many;
To a silent, deserted, dark dwelling I come,
Where no one exclaims "Thou art welcome my Fanny!"

That, that is the pang! want and toil would impart
No pang to my breast, if kind friends I could see;
For the wealth I require is that of the heart,
The smiles of affection are riches to me.

Then, in pity, ye rich, when to you I apply
To purchase my goods, though you do not buy any,
With the accents of kindness, O deign to deny,
You'll comfort the heart of poor fatherless Fanny.

The Albion.

EPIGRAM.

HARK forward! cries the Squire; his hounds
Dash o'er his neighbour Crabtree's grounds,
Who bawl'd aloud (although too late)
"I wish your honour would but try
To do to folks as you're done by,
Nor let them run through my estate."
"My friend" replies the laughing Squire,
"I'm doing just what you desire;
To all the country 'tis well known
I don't mind running through my own."

Meteors.

STANZAS

WRITTEN IN PANCRAS CHURCH-YARD.

FROM wanton scenes, the shew of fools,
Ye idle here repair!
Where wisdom, yet untaught in schools,
Embalms this calmer air!

Here pride has struck its lofty sail,
That rov'd the world around;
Here roseate beauty, cold and pale,
Has lost the pow'r to wound.

Alas! no pleasing objects here
The perish'd sense invite;
No music charms the tuneful ear,
No colours strike the sight.

Within this silent spot of peace,
What numbers lie comprest;
The wicked here from mischief cease,
The weary here find rest.

Here let me muse, and, wrapt in thought,
The realms of death survey;
'Till by the view reflective taught
I learn to live to-day.

How vain is life! To-morrow's dawn
Perhaps I ne'er may see!
Between, how slight the curtain drawn,
Eternity and me!

Indulgent God—whatever share
Of fleeting life I prove,
Oh! be it still my foremost care
To gain thy guardian love.

That so—when this dissolving frame
Shall mingle with the dust,
Preserv'd my better part may claim
A portion with the just.

Imprison'd in this house of clay,
The soul dejected sighs;
By death unchain'd—she soars away,
And seeks her native skies.

Weekly Amusement.

ON THE DECEITFULNESS OF HOPE.

Oft have divines and sages taught,
"Our earthly hopes how frail!"
Yet has their doctrine, wisdom-fraught,
Been deem'd an empty tale.

Some bliss, thro' Fancy's optics view'd,
All hope to gain to-morrow;
Still does the prize our grasp elude,
Replac'd, alas! by sorrow.

As mortals frequently 'tis seen,
Upon this precept trample;
So please my muse, its truth I mean
T' illustrate by example.

"Long time I've led a weary life"
Cries Tom, with hope elated,
"To Kate, my vixen of a wife,
By wedlock subjugated.

"At length my liberty I gain,
Thank fortune for the favour!
For Kate this night her bed has ta'en,
And all the world can't save her.

"Then welcome days and nights replete
With joys transcending measure!
Nought henceforth can my bliss defeat,
Or freeze the tide of pleasure!"

Ye whom such reveries delight,
By Tom's mishap take warning—
Kate took her bed on Thursday night,
But—*rose* on Friday morning!

ADDRESS TO WOMAN.

DESIGN'D for peace, and soft delight,
For tender love, and pity mild!
O seek not THOU the craggy height,
The howling main, the desert wild.

Stay in the shelter'd vale below,
Where calmly blows the fragrant air;
But shun the mountain's stormy brow,
For darken'd winds are whistling there.

The ruffian, MAN, endures the strife
Of tempests fierce, and raging seas;
But brave not thou the storms of life,
WOMAN, thou rosy child of ease!

Ah! surely on thy natal day
Great Nature smil'd in kindliest mood;
Suspended held the bloody fray,
And hush'd the wind, and smooth'd the flood.

While MAN, that lives a life of pain,
Was with a soul vindictive born,
Loud winds blew round him, and the rain
Beat furious on his wint'ry morn.

But THOU, beneath a kinder sky,
What distant tempest wakes thy fears?
Why does that mild, that trembling eye,
Gleam through a chrystal film of tears?

Stay in the vale!—no wild affright
Shall cross thy path, nor sullen care;
But go not to the craggy height—
The furious storm is raging there.

Miss Seward.

SONNET.

DRY be that tear, my gentlest love,
Be hush'd that struggling sigh,
Not season's day, nor fate shall prove
More fix'd—more true than I!
Hush'd be that sigh—be dry that tear,
Cease, boding doubt—cease, anxious fear.

Ask'st thou how long my vows shall stay,
When all that's new is past?
How long—ah, Delia, can I say,
How long my life will last!
Dry be that tear, be hush'd that sigh,
At least I'll love thee till I die!

And does that thought affect thee too,
The thought of Sylvio's death,
That he, who only breathes for you,
Must yield that faithful breath?
Hush'd be that sigh, be dry that tear,
Nor let us lose our heaven here!

R. B. Sheridan.

VERSES.

LET others plough the foaming seas,
In search of wealth, and dear-bought pow'r,
Be mine poetic rural ease,
The humble cot, the quiet hour.

Let some assume the gilded state,
Attendant on their prince's nod,
Whilst I (disdaining to be great)
Would rather turn the fruitful sod.

Let some explore Arabia's waste,
Or visit Greenland's frozen shore,
Whilst I far greater pleasure taste,
And be contented, tho' yet poor.

Virtue can raise the drooping heart,
And from affliction wipe the tear,
With balm can cure the keenest smart,
And sweetly sooth the pang of care.

C. S. 1776.

LINES

WRITTEN BY MRS. OPIE,

And sung at the Concert for the benefit of the Widow of the late Mr. Sharpe.

COLD are the lips whose gentle force
The reed to sweetest strains compell'd:
Hush'd is the breath whose ready course
In lengthen'd tone the cadence swell'd.

Lov'd child of feeling! now no more
Thy tones the soul of taste shall feed;
And we, in music's brightest hour,
Shall sigh and miss thy tuneful reed.

With thee, to our neglected plains
The soul of genuine music came;
Taste, genius, fir'd us in thy strains,
While all thy precepts fann'd the flame.

But short the boast—those strains so dear
No more the choral throng shall lead—
Yet still in grateful memory's ear
Will sweetly sound thy tuneful reed.

AN UNFORTUNATE MOTHER

To her Infant at the Breast.

UNHAPPY child of indiscretion!
Poor slumb'rer on a breast forlorn,
Pledge and reproof of past transgression,
Dear, though unwelcome to be born.

For thee, a suppliant wish addressing
To Heav'n, thy mother fain would dare;
But conscious blushes stain the blessing,
And sighs suppress my broken pray'r.

But, spite of these, my mind unshaken,
In parent duty turns to thee;
Though long repented, ne'er forsaken,
Thy days shall lov'd and guarded be.

And, lest th' injurious world upbraid thee,
For mine, or for thy Father's ill,
A nameless mother oft shall aid thee,
A hand unseen protect thee still.

And though, to rank and place a stranger,
Thy life an humble course must run,
Soon shalt thou learn to fly the danger
Which I, too late, have learn'd to shun.

Mean-time in the sequester'd vallies,
Here may'st thou rest in safe content,
For innocence may smile at malice,
And thou, O thou, art innocent.

Here to thy infant wants are giv'n
Shelter and rest, and purest air,
And milk as pure—but, mercy, Heav'n!
My tears have dropt, and mingled there.

Courier.

ON LEAVING LONDON.

FAREWELL, proud *London!* to thy noise and grandeur,
To thy gay scenes I bid a long adieu,
For there in vain for peace the heart may wander,
Nor find the joys you promise ever true.

To calm delights I haste, and tranquil pleasures,
Scenes, which in youth's glad season once I knew,
When liberty and ease form'd all my treasures,
And on swift wings the silken minutes flew.

Welcome ye glens! ye peaceful shades! receive me,
(A wand'ring exile from my native shore)
Your harmless joys I know will ne'er deceive me,
I come to quit your blest retreats no more.

When Spring, with flow'ry wreaths, the fields adorning,
The blackbird singing from the topmost spray,
How sweet to taste the balmy breath of morning,
How blest to wander at the close of day.

The village bells in artless cadence falling,
Now faintly heard, now swelling on my ear;
Scenes of past bliss to mem'ry fondly calling,
Free from a sigh, unsullied with a tear.

When on thy banks, clear Trent! a school-boy, straying
With artless skill to tempt the finny race;
Or, through the fertile vale with rapture playing,
Culling wild flowers, with slow and loit'ring pace.

Alas! those joys are gone, and gone for ever,
With pensive sigh I still the loss deplore;
Relentless Time! thus from my grasp to sever
Those days of youth I must behold no more.

Yet still my thoughts shall court the fond remembrance,
And still shall fancy, with deceitful aid,
Recall the scene in all its just resemblance,
In brighter hues and tints which ne'er can fade.

Whilst round my head the breeze of health still blowing,
My mind from care, and vain ambition free,
Here on thy banks, lov'd Trent! no sorrow knowing,
I'll pass my days, and tune my muse to thee.

Then farewell, *London!* to thy noise and grandeur,
To thy gay scenes I bid a last adieu,
For in these blest retreats my heart shall wander,
And prove the joys they promise ever true.

C. S.

ODE TO CANDOUR.

The dearest friend I ever prov'd,
My bitterest foe I see;
The fondest maid I ever lov'd,
Is false to love and me.

Yet shall I urge the rising vow,
That tempts my wav'ring mind!
Shall dark suspicion cloud my brow,
And bid me shun mankind?

Avaunt, thou hell-born fiend—no more
Presume my steps to guide;
Let me be cheated o'er and o'er,
But let me still confide.

If this be folly, all my claim
To wisdom I resign;
But let no sage pretend to name
His happiness with mine.

Weekly Amusement.

A FAREWELL.

ONCE more, enchanting girl, adieu!
I must be gone while yet I may:
Oft shall I weep to think of you;
But here I will not, cannot stay.

The sweet expression of that face,
For ever changing, yet the same,
Ah no, I dare not turn to trace,
It melts my soul, it fires my frame!

Yet give me, give me, ere I go,
One little lock of those so blest,
That lend your cheek a warmer glow,
And on your white neck love to rest.

Say, when to kindle soft delight,
That hand has chanc'd with mine to meet,
How could its thrilling touch excite
A sigh so short, and yet so sweet?

O say—but no, it must not be.
Adieu, enchanting girl, adieu!
Yet still methinks you frown on me;
Or never could I fly from you.

Rogers.

ON HAVING OUR MINDS SUITED TO OUR FORTUNE.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

THIS would be still my wish, could I
Such bitter curse allow,
That those I hate have spirits high,
With fortunes that are low.

But surely when we vapour most,
If angry Fortune frown,
She'll pull (in spite of all our boast)
Our lofty spirits down.

How seldom is our good enjoy'd,
Our ill how hardly borne,
When all our fancies are employ'd
To kick against the thorn.

A lowly heart, and little eye,
Kind heaven on me bestow;
Let those I hate have spirits high,
With fortunes that are low.

These maxims sage and dry, you'll say,
These rigid moral rules,
Take our superior sense away,
And sink us into fools.

Whoe'er can ease by folly get,
With justice may despise
The thoughtful unenjoying wit,
The miserable wise.

But sure ourselves aright to see,
True wisdom well may bear;
'Tis nobly great to dare to be
No greater than we are.

Think not I envy courts and kings,
Or peevish hate mankind;
Think not this declaration springs
From meanness of my mind.

Ev'n I, perhaps, if heav'n would deign
High place on me to show'r,
As well as any lord might reign,
As equal to my power.

My mind with weight of bus'ness charg'd,
Of course would bigger grow;
As rivers length'ning when enlarg'd,
Enlarge their channels too.

Till then, a lowly heart and eye
Kind heav'n on me bestow;
Let those I hate have spirits high,
With fortunes that are low.

Weekly Amusement.

A THOUGHT ON WAKING.

SLEEP by night, and cares by day,
Bear my fleeting life away;
Lo! in yonder eastern skies
Sol appears, and bids me rise;
Tells me "Life is on the wing,
And has no returning spring;
Death comes on with steady pace,
And life's the only day of grace."
Shining preacher! shining morning!
Let me take th' important warning!
Rouse then all my active pow'rs,
Well improve the coming hours;
Let no trifles kill the day,
(Trifles oft our hearts betray)
Virtue, science, knowledge, truth,
Guide th' enquiries of my youth:
Wisdom, and experience sage,
Then shall sooth the cares of age:
They with time shall never die,
They will lead to joys on high,
They the paths of life display,
Shining with celestial day;
Blissful path, with safety trod,
And it leads the soul to God.

Ibid.

TO A LADY

ON HER RETURN FROM BATHING.

Be hush'd, ye winds, ye tempests cease,
My love now tries the faithless main;
Be hush'd, ye waves, and roll in peace,
Until my love return again.

Yet should the wat'ry mountains roll,
And overwhelm their lovely prize,
'Twere just, for she their treasure stole,
Their brightest glitt'ring gems for eyes.

Yet see, more bright in all her charms,
My darling girl returning see;
She tells me all her soul's alarms,
What boldly dar'd the saucy sea.

That down her hair its fond embrace,
The raptur'd waves enamour'd clung,
And, loath to leave so sweet a place,
Bright gems adown her tresses hung.

That one fond wave, upon her breast,
To die with ecstacy resolv'd,
And weeping as it closer prest,
In showers of silver tears dissolv'd.

Yet grateful still for so much bliss,
It left a gift its love to prove;
And fix'd its coral in a kiss,
Upon the ruby lips of love.

Literary Magazine.

CHLOE HUNTING.

WHILST thousands court fair Chloe's love,
She fears the dang'rous joy,
But, Cynthia-like, frequents the grove,
As lovely and as coy.

With the same speed she seeks the hind,
Or hunts the flying hare,
She leaves pursuing swains behind,
To languish and despair.

Oh, strange caprice in thy dear breast,
Whence first this whim began;
To follow thus each worthless beast,
And shun their sov'reign, man!

Consider, fair, what 'tis you do,
How thus they both must die,
Not surer they, when you pursue,
Than we whene'er you fly.

Soame Jenyns.

A BALLAD.

The summer night was clear and still;
The sea was smooth, the winds were low,
And from its source the village rill
Retir'd with mournful lapse and slow.
The nightingale complain'd aloud,
The sorrowing dove prolong'd her moan,
And, smiling from the snowy cloud,
The moon with soften'd lustre shone.

The lucid stars, through azure skies,
All beauteous glow'd with silv'ry shene;
While fair Alfreda's lovely eyes,
With milder lustre grac'd the scene.
As o'er a barren rock she lean'd,
And view'd the wat'ry swell below,
She thus her pensive bosom strain'd
With themes of recollected woe:

"When doom'd by unrelenting fate,
My charmer left his native land,
What agonies did love create,
As blooming Damon left the strand!
As hov'ring o'er the vessel's side
I saw the foaming billows roll,
And strength'ning breezes lift the tide,
A louder tempest sway'd my soul.

" I gave to grief the tender tear,
  Which melted on my Damon's heart,
And struck on my astonish'd ear,
  The dreadful signal of " depart."
Encircled in his fond embrace,
  I strove to lengthen out adieu!
Till from that shrine of matchless grace,
  Forc'd by a rude unfeeling crew.

" And swift, unheld by love's controul,
  O'er breaking waves the vessel flew,
I saw the day-star of my soul
  Decline from my enquiring view.
My eyes, while fast he urg'd his flight,
  Pursu'd the object of their care;
My tearful eyes pursu'd, till sight
  Was lost in undistinguish'd air!"

Rannie's Poems.

THE SEASONS.

A SONG.

WHEN young Chloe's rising charms
Invited lovers to her arms,
  She look'd a dainty thing;
We saw her beauty, own'd her wit;
And, as the simile most fit,
  We call'd the period Spring.

Full bloom'd, as in the ripen'd flow'r,
We saw her still maturer pow'r,
And woman's state become her:
The prudent mother and the wife,
Dispensing round her all the life,
And all the bliss of Summer.

Advancing on in life's career,
The maids to Chloe lent an ear,
And what she knew, she taught 'em:
Her sage advice bestowing round,
Till ev'ry prudent virgin found,
The richest fruits of Autumn.

Now Chloe's charms are faded quite,
Yet honour cannot hold it right
Of her due praise to stint her:
For she who Summer well employs,
Shall reap the Autumn's solid joys,
Nor dread the frost of Winter.

Vocal Magazine.

VERSES.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky;
Sweet dews shall weep thy fall to night,
for thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
and thou must die.

Sweet Spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie;
My music shews you have your closes,
and all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives,
But when the whole world turns to coal,
then chiefly lives.

Mr. Herbert.

SONNET.

YE roses bow your lovely heads,
Nor boast your damask hue;
For, see, yon spotless lily spreads
Her charms to rival you.

So in each beauteous female breast
Does envy's passion dwell;
Each lovely nymph, of charms possess'd,
Endeavours to excel.

Ah! foolish maids, behold your doom
In yonder faded flower;
For what is beauty's softest bloom?
The triumph of an hour!

By Harriet Falconer, 14 years of age.

INSCRIPTION.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF A LADY.

If native dignity, with grace refin'd,
The gentlest manners, and the purest mind;
If piety, with high instruction grac'd,
The glorious inmate of a virtuous breast;
If chaste benevolence—affection mild;
If melting pity for Misfortune's child;
If filial fondness, if the tenderest love
And truest friendship, admiration move:
O deeply mourn Perfection's proudest boast,
The fair posessor of these virtues, lost;
Nor check the tender sigh—the holy tear,
Meek Pity's best disciple slumbers here,

Literary Magazine.

ADDRESS

TO THE SHADE OF THOMSON.

WHILE virgin Spring, by Eden's flood,
Unfolds her tender mantle green,
Or pranks the sod in frolic mood,
Or tunes Eolian strains between:

While Summer, with a matron grace,
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,
Yet, oft, delighted, stops to trace
The progress of the spiky blade:

While Autumn, benefactor kind,
By Tweed erects his aged head,
And sees, with self-approving mind,
Each creature on his bounty feed:

While maniac Winter rages o'er
The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
Or sweeping wild a waste of snows:

So long, sweet poet of the year,
Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won;
While Scotia, with exulting tear,
Proclaims that Thomson was her son.

Burns.

SONG.

To all you ladies now at land
We men at sea indite;
But first would have you understand
How hard it is to write;
The muses now, and Neptune too,
We must implore to write to you.

For tho' the muses should prove kind,
And fill our empty brain,
Yet if rough Neptune rouze the wind,
To wave the azure main,
Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,
Roll up and down our ships at sea.

Then if we write not by each post,
Think not we are unkind,
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost,
By Dutchmen, or by wind;
Our tears we'll send a speedier way,
The tide shall bring them twice a day.

The King, with wonder and surprize,
Will swear the seas grow bold,
Because the tides will higher rise
Than e'er they did of old:

But let him know it is our tears
Brings floods of grief to White-hall stairs.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
  Our sad and dismal story;
The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
  And quit their fort at Goree;
For what resistance can they find
From men who've left their hearts behind?

Let wind and weather do its worst,
  Be you to us but kind,
Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,
  No sorrow we shall find;
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who's our friend, or who's our foe.

To pass our tedious hours away
  We throw a merry main,
Or else at serious ombre play,
  But why should we in vain
Each other's ruin thus pursue?
We were undone when we left you.

But now our fears tempestuous grow,
  And cast our hopes away,
Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
  Sit careless at a play;
Perhaps permit some happier man
To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan.

When any mournful tune you hear,
That dies in ev'ry note,
As if it sigh'd with each man's care,
For being so remote;
Think then how often love we've made
To you, when all those tunes were play'd.

In justice you cannot refuse
To think of our distress,
When we, for hopes of honour, lose
Our certain happiness;
All those designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love.

And now we've told you all our loves,
And likewise all our fears;
In hopes this declaration moves
Some pity from your tears;
Let's hear of no inconstancy,
We have too much of that at sea.

By the Earl of Dorset, in 1665.

THE AGED LOVER RENOUNCETH LOVE.

AN OLD BALLAD.

I LOTHE that I did love,
In youth that I thought sweet,
As time requires; for my behove
Methinks they are not meet.

My lusts they do me leave,
My fancies all are fled;
And tract of time begins to weave
Grey hairs upon my head.

For age, with stealing steps,
Hath claw'd me with his crutch,
And lusty youth away he leaps,
As there had been none such.

My muse doth not delight
Me, as she did before;
My hand and pen are not in plight,
As they have been of yore.

For reason me denies
All youthly idle rime,
And day by day to me she cries,
Leave off these toys in time.

The wrinkles in my brow,
The furrows in my face,
Say limping age will lodge him now,
Where youth must give him place.

The harbinger of death,
To me I see him ride;
The cough, the cold, the gasping breath,
Doth bid me to provide

A pikeaxe and a spade,
And eke a shrouding sheet,
A house of clay for to be made
For such a guest most meet.

Methinks I hear the clerk,
That knolls the careful knell,
And bids me leave my weary work,
Ere nature me compel.

My keepers knit the knot,
That youth doth laugh to scorn,
Of me that shall be clean forgot,
As I had ne'er been born.

Thus must I youth give up,
Whose badge I long did wear;
To them I yield the wanton cup,
That better may it bear.

Lo here the bared skull;
By whose bald sign I know,
That stooping age away shall pull
What youthful age did sow.

For beauty with her band,
These crooked cares had wrought,
And shipp'd me into the land
From whence I first was brought.

And ye that 'bide behind,
Have ye none other trust?
As ye of clay were cast by kind,
So shall ye turn to dust.

Vocal Magazine.

SONG.

WHY will Florella, when I gaze,
My ravish'd eyes reprove?
And hide 'em from the only face
They can behold with love?

To shun her scorn, and ease my care,
I seek a nymph more kind;
And while I rove from fair to fair,
Still gentle usage find.

But oh! how faint is ev'ry joy,
Where nature has no part;
New beauties may my eyes employ,
But you engage my heart.

So restless exiles, doom'd to roam,
Meet pity ev'ry where,
Yet languish for their native home,
Tho' death attends them there.

Mr. Budgell.

VERSES TO A LADY,

ENCLOSING A TICKET FOR COX'S MUSEUM.

You have read, my dear madam, of wonderful sights,
In French fairy tales, and th' Arabian nights,
Where of palaces splendid, pavilions of gold,
And vases of agate, and amber we're told;
Of fine glittering chariots, drawn by gilt dragons,
And elephants drawing us fine broad-wheel'd waggons;
Of pearl-dropping linnets, and gem-breeding caskets,
Of rose diamond fountains, and brilliants in baskets,
Of emeralds, rubies, and saphires so bright,
That they rival the stars with their lustre and light.
So greatly romantic indeed what's related,
We think the fine things all by fancy created;
But of William Street's charming fine sight take a view,
And you'll own the strange stories are probably true,
For they're realiz'd all, as you'll say when you see 'em,
In *Cox's* superb and surprizing *Museum*.
Enclos'd is your passport, take Bell in your hand,
And feast on the wonders of this fairy land.

Freeman's Hibernia.

VERSES

WRITTEN IN AN ALMANACK,

Sent as a New-year's Gift to a Young Lady.

LONG time revolving in my mind,
A proper New-year's gift to find,
At length with compliments o' the season,
I send you this—and here's my reason.
I know you'll cry now, " mind his airs,
'Tis well it wa'n't a book of prayers;
If all his thought cou'd find no better,
He might have spar'd his gift and letter.
A present *this* for gay nineteen!
I vow it puts one in the spleen."
But soft awhile, hear all I can say,
And then I'm sure you'll praise my fancy.
This book, with outside gay and spruce,
Is yet more valu'd for its use;
Which shews that *you*, however fair,
Should make your mind your chiefest care.
Besides, tho' now so useful deem'd,
Tho' sought by all, by all esteem'd,
(For here we see as in a glass,
How quick the fleeting moments pass,
And catch with ecstasy of soul,
The various seasons as they roll;

See Spring, led on by blooming May,
Summer, in flow'ry mantle gay;
See Autumn's harvest load the plain,
While sober Winter shuts the scene.)
Tho' thus its merit all admire,
The Lord, the Farmer, and the Squire,
Yet, if lock'd up, but while the sun
Once more his annual course shall run,
'Twill then, alas! be out of date,
And find a sad reverse of fate;
Admir'd no more, but left to rot,
Useless to all, by all forgot.

So if a maid,—but oh! that you
May never prove the maxim true,
From pride and cruelty, disdains
To hear the vows of constant swains,
Smiles at their sighs, and scorns their pains,
Too soon, O dire revenge, they find
Time stealing on her from behind;
She then her cruelty repents,
She then her wasted youth laments;
While they, exulting, mock her cares,
And all *her* sighs are vain as *theirs*.

Freeman's Journal.

POEM

Written by a Gentleman, on seeing the body of his only son in a coffin, who died under five years of age.

Look, Sensibility, on this,
The little fondling boy!
Who wou'd on tip-toes beg a kiss,
With, dear papa, good-bye.

Whose harmless soul, and prattling tongue,
(Seen with a parent's eye)
Bright future prospects spread along;
But—ended in a sigh.

Whence all this fondness, Wisdom, say,
Which makes me look intent
Upon this little lump of clay,
And call it innocent?

'Tis that affection, wisely meant,
(By pow'r Almighty giv'n)
To nurse a life God only lent,
Till order'd home to heav'n.

Th' affection you have shewn, so true,
He wants not—tho' 'twas kind—
Divide it now, where 'tis most due,
'Mongst those he left behind.

Let judgment over passion get
  Its reasonable sway;
He, for himself, has paid that debt,
  You, for yourself, must pay.

Come, silly mortal! take your stand,
  Here view the world unknown;
Now would you wish him in your hand,
  Or in his *God's* alone?

'Tis wisdom brings you here, to see
  A sight your heart must bless;
Him on his heavenly Father's knee,
  You with one care the less.

His innocence to rest is gone
  In preference to you;
Remember, tho' *his* work is done,
  That *yours* is yet to do.

Then dry your tears, your duty know,
  Rejoice that this is true;
To him you certainly *may* go,
  Who cannot come to you.

Let Wisdom's voice be heard alone,
  Nor vainly think to see
A lasting comfort, built upon
  Short-liv'd mortality.

Pow'r infinite, and wisdom, claim
  Authority supreme;
Goodness and Mercy are his name,
  And rectitude his scheme.

Shall *Passion* to calm goodness preach
  How matters ought to be?
Or Ignorance pretend to teach
  Infalibility.

Pleasure will various arts employ
  To lead your feet astray;
Affliction is the guide-post nigh,
  To keep you in your way.

'Tis GOD presides o'er things below,
  Submission is his due;
That duty to *your* Father shew,
  Your child has shewn for you.

Hail, Wisdom's voice—I will obey,
  Folly and shame unite;
Passion no more shall bear the sway,
  'Tis wisdom I invite.

The expectation, rais'd too high,
  Made my child's case my own;
To build a house of cards—then cry
  Because it tumbled down.

Grant to my soul—(this is my pray'r)
A ray of light divine;
To see things as they truly are,
And happiness is mine.

Then Disappointment's cruel hand,
Can never wound my ease;
For patience, by divine command,
Shall stand to keep the peace.

Tho' troubles round me cloud the day,
I cannot be undone,
Whilst Resignation's voice shall say,
Thy will and mine be one.

When kind affliction shall appear,
I then can kiss the rod;
And all my passions bring to bear
Allegiance to my God.

With him I will no danger dread,
But hope for what's to come;
Cheerful pursue the path he made,
To lead me to my home.

Freeman's Journal.

THE FOLLOWING

JEU D' ESPRIT

Was the production of the present Dean of Derry, Dr. Barnard, who advanced, in conversation with Sir Joshua Reynolds and other wits, that he thought "no man could improve when he was past the age of forty-five." Johnson (Samuel) who was in company, with his usual roughness, immediately turned round to the facetious Dean, and told him he was an instance to the contrary, for that there was great room for improvement in him (the Dean) and wished he'd set about it; upon which, the Dean the next day sent the following elegant Bagatelle to Sir Joshua and the same company.

TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS AND Co.

BY THE DEAN OF DERRY.

I LATELY thought no man alive
Could e'er improve past forty-five,
And ventur'd to assert it;
The observation was not new,
But seem'd to me so just and true,
That none could controvert it.

"No, sir," says Johnson, "tis not so,
That's your mistake, and I can shew
An instance if you doubt it;
You, sir, who are near forty-eight,
May much improve, 'tis not too late,
I wish you'd set about it."

Encourag'd thus to mend my faults,
I turn'd his counsel in my thoughts,
  Which way I should apply it;
Learning and wit seem'd past my reach,
For who can learn when none will teach?
  And wit—I could not buy it.

Then come, my friends, and try your skill,
You can inform me if you will,
  (My books are at a distance.)
With you I'll live and learn, and then
Instead of books, I shall read men,
  So lend me your assistance.

Dear *Knight of Plympton*,* teach me how
To suffer with unruffled brow,
  And smile serene like thine;
The jest uncouth, or truth severe,
To such I'll turn my deafest ear,
  And calmly drink my wine.

Thou sayest, not only skill is gain'd,
But genius too, may be obtain'd
  By studious imitation;
Thy temper mild, thy genius fine,
I'll copy till I make thee mine,
  By constant application.

* Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Thy art of pleasing teach me Garrick,
Thou who reverest odes Pindarick,
A second time read o'er,*
Oh! cou'd we read thee backwards too,
Last thirty years thou should'st review,
And charm us thirty more.

If I have thoughts and can't express 'em,
Gibbons shall teach me how to dress 'em,
In terms select and terse;
Jones teach me modesty and Greek,
Smith how to think, Burke how to speak,
And Beauclerc to converse.

Let Johnson teach me how to place,
In fairest light, each borrow'd grace,
From him I'll learn to write;
Copy his clear familiar style,
And, from the roughness of his file,
Grow like himself—polite.

* Garrick being asked to read Cumberland's Odes, laughed immoderately, and affirmed that such stuff might as well be read backwards as forwards, and the witty Roscius accordingly read them in that manner, and produced the same good sense and poetry as the sentimental author had ever genius to write.

Freeman's Journal.

TO A LADY.

'Tis not the liquid brightness of those eyes,
That swim with pleasure and delight;
Nor those fair heavenly arches which arise
O'er each of them to shade their light;
'Tis not that hair which plays with ev'ry wind,
And loves to wanton round thy face;
Now straying o'er thy forehead, now behind,
Retiring with insidious grace.

'Tis not that lovely range of teeth, as white
As new-shorn sheep, equal and fair;
Nor even that gentle smile, the heart's delight,
With which no simile could e'er compare;
'Tis not that chin so round, that neck so fine,
Those breasts that swell to meet my eye;
That easy sloping waist, that form divine
For which I burn, for which I die.

'Tis not the living colours over each,
By Nature's finest pencil wrought,
To shame the fresh-blown rose, and blooming peach,
And mock the happiest painter's thought:
But, 'tis that gentle mind, that ardent love,
So kindly answering my desire;
That grace with which you look, and speak, and move,
That thus have set my soul on fire.

Vocal Magazine.

VERSES

TO A LADY ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

Oh, be thou blest with all that Heav'n can send,
Long life, long health, long pleasure, and a friend!
Not with those toys that women would admire,
Riches that vex, and vanities that tire.
Let joy and ease, let affluence and content,
And the good conscience of a life well spent,
Calm ev'ry thought, awaken ev'ry grace,
Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face!
Let day improve on day, and year on year,
Without a pang, a trouble, or a fear!
And oh! since death must that dear frame destroy,
Die by some sudden ecstasy of joy!—
In some soft dream, may thy mild soul remove,
And be thy latest gasp—a sigh of love!

Freeman's Journal.

BEAUTY AND MUSIC.

Music has pow'r to melt the soul;
By Beauty nature's sway'd;
Each can the universe control,
Without the other's aid.

But here together both appear,
And force united try;
Music enchants the list'ning ear,
And Beauty charms the eye.

What cruelty these pow'rs to join!
These transports who can bear?
Oh! let the sound be less divine,
Or look the nymph less fair.

Vocal Magazine.

SONG.

STILL to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powder'd, still perfum'd:
Lady, it is to be presum'd,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robe loosely flowing, hair as free:
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all th' adulteries of art:
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

Ben Johnson.

VERSES

TO A ROBIN REDBREAST,

Who visited the windows of my prison every day.

WELCOME, pretty little stranger!
Welcome to my lone retreat!
Here, secure from ev'ry danger,
Hop about and chirp and eat,
Robin! how I envy thee,
Happy child of liberty!

Now, though tyrant Winter howling,
Shakes the world with tempests round;
Heaven above with vapours scowling,
Frost imprisons all the ground;—
Robin! what are these to thee?
Thou art blest with liberty.

Though yon fair majestic river
Mourns in solid icy chains;
Though yon flocks and cattle shiver,
On the desolated plains,
Robin! thou art gay and free,
Happy in thy liberty.

Hunger never shall distress thee,
While my cates one crumb afford;
Colds nor cramps shall ne'er oppress thee;
Come and share my humble board.
Robin! come and live with me,
Live—yet still at liberty.

Soon shall Spring, in smiles and blushes,
Steal upon the blooming year;
Then, amid th' enamour'd bushes,
Thy sweet song shall warble clear;
Then shall I too, join'd with thee,
Swell the hymn of liberty.

Should some rough unfeeling Dobbin,
In this iron-hearted age,
Seize thee on thy nest, my Robin!
And confine thee in a cage;
Then, poor Robin! think of me,
Think—and sigh for liberty;—

Liberty, the brightest jewel
In the crown of earthly joys!
All sensations else are cruel,
All delights besides are toys,
None by captives, such as *me*—
Know the worth of liberty.

Written during a confinement in York Castle.

LODGINGS FOR SINGLE GENTLEMEN.

A TALE.

WILL Waddle, whose temper was studious and lonely,
Hir'd lodgings that took Single Gentlemen only;
But Will was so fat, he appear'd like a tun,
Or like two single gentlemen roll'd into one.

He enter'd his rooms, and to bed he retreated,
But all the night long he felt fever'd and heated;
And though heavy to weigh as a score of fat sheep,
He was not, by any means, heavy to sleep.

Next night 'twas the same;—and the next;—and the next;
He perspir'd like an ox; he was nervous and vex'd:
Week pass'd after week, till, by weekly succession,
His weakly condition was past all expression.

In six months, his acquaintance began much to doubt him;
For his skin, like a lady's loose gown, hung about him.
He sent for a doctor; and cried, like a ninny,
"I have lost many pounds—make me well—there's a guinea."

The doctor look'd wise:—"A slow fever," he said;
Prescrib'd sudorifick's,—and going to bed.
"Sudorifick's in bed (exclaim'd Will) are humbugs,
I've enough of them here, without paying for drugs."

Will kick'd out the doctor:—but, when ill indeed,
E'eu dismissing the doctor don't *always* succeed;
So, calling his host—he said,—"Sir, do you know,
I'm the fat Single Gentleman, six months ago?

"Look'e, landlord, I think," argued Will, with a grin,
"That with honest intentions you first *took me in;*
But from the first night—and to say it I'm bold—
I have been so d——d hot, that I'm sure I caught cold."

Quoth the landlord—"Till now I ne'er had a dispute;
I've let lodgings ten years;—I'm a baker to boot;
In airing your sheets, sir, my wife is no sloven,
And your bed is immediately—over my oven."

"The oven!!!" says Will—says the host, "Why this passion?
In that excellent bed died three people of fashion;
Why so crusty, good sir?" "Zounds!" cries Will, in a taking,
"Who wouldn't be crusty with half a year's baking?"

Will paid for his rooms; cried the host, with a sneer,
"Well, I see you've been *going away* half a year;
Friend, we can't well agree"—"Yet no quarrel"—Will said;
"For one man may die where another makes bread."

Geo. Colman, Jun.

STANZAS

On the Funeral Ceremonies at his Brother's Tomb.

Translated from Catullus.

THRO' various realms, o'er various seas I come,
To see that each due sacrifice be paid,
To bring my last sad off'ring to thy tomb,
And thy mute dust invoke, fraternal shade!

Yes, hapless brother! since the hand of fate
Hath snatch'd thee ever from my longing sight;
As us'd our ancestors, in solemn state,
I'll bring each mystic gift, each fun'ral rite!

With many a tear I will the ground bedew—
Spirit of him I lov'd, those tears receive!
Spirit of him I valued most, adieu!
Adieu to him who sleeps in yonder grave!

FOR THE BLIND ASYLUM

AT LIVERPOOL.

STRANGER, pause——for thee the day
Smiling pours its cheerful ray,
Spreads the lawn, and rears the bower,
Lights the stream, and paints the flower.

Stranger, pause——with soften'd mind,
Learn the sorrows of the blind;
Earth and seas, and varying skies,
Visit not their cheerless eyes.

Not for them the bliss to trace
The chisel's animating grace;
Nor, on glowing canvas find
The poet's soul, the sage's mind.

Not for them the heart is seen,
Speaking thro' th' expressive mien;
Not for them are pictur'd there
Friendship, pity, love sincere.

Helpless, as they slowly stray,
Childhood points their cheerless way;
Or the wand exploring guides
Fault'ring steps, where fear presides.

Yet for them has Genius kind
Humble pleasures here assign'd;
Here, with unexpected ray,
Reach'd the soul that felt no day.

Lonely blindness here can meet
Kindred woes, and converse sweet;
Torpid once, can learn to smile
Proudly o'er its useful toil.

He, who deign'd for man to die,
Op'd on day the darken'd eye;
Humbly copy—thou canst feel—
Give thine alms—thou canst not heal.

English Lyrics.

EPITAPH

DESIGNED FOR LAURENCE STERNE.

O YE, whose hearts e'er virtue taught to glow
At human good, or melt at human woe,
Here turn,—and pay the tribute of a sigh;
But ye profane, unfeeling, come not nigh!
Lest he, whose bones beneath this marble rest,
Should rise indignant on your eyes unblest,
Launch the swift bolt incensed spirits throw,
And send you weeping to the shades below!
He felt for man—nor dropt a fruitless tear,
But kindly strove the drooping heart to cheer;
For this the flowers by Shiloh's brook that blow,
He wove with those that round Lyceum grow;
For this Euphrosyne's heart-easing draught
He stole, and ting'd with wit and pleasing thought;
For this with humour's necromantic charm,
Death saw him sorrow, care, and spleen disarm!
With dread he saw, then seiz'd his sharpest dart,
And grimly smiling, pierc'd poor Yorick's heart.

If faults he had—for none exempt we find,
They, like his virtues, were of gentlest kind;
Such as arise from genius in excess,
And nerves too fine, that wound e'en while they bless;
Such as a form so captivating wear,
If faults, we doubt—and, to call crimes—we fear;
Such as let envy sift, let malice scan,
Will only prove that Yorick was a man.

Biographical Dictionary.

ON THE

HEBREW AND GREEK EPITAPHS

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

WHENE'ER in pensive mood we chuse to tread
The sacred mansions of the mighty dead,
Still to our breasts must some reflection rise,
When here we're told a king or hero lies:
A sigh is nat'ral when we read the fate
Of all that's fair, or wise, or good, or great:
But 'midst the rest, lo here and there's a stone
Of language strange, or characters unknown.
What is their use? What?—why to draw a tear
For so much Greek and Hebrew buried here!

Gentleman's Magazine.

SONG.

THO' Bacchus may boast of his care-killing bowl,
And folly in thought-drowning revels delight,
Such worship, alas! has no charms for the soul,
When softer devotions the senses invite.
To the arrow of fate, or the canker of care,
His potions oblivious a balm may bestow;
But fancy that feeds on the charms of the fair,
The death of reflection's the birth of all woe.

What soul, that's possess'd of a dream so divine,
With riot wou'd bid the sweet vision begone?
For a tear that bedews Sensibility's shrine,
Is a drop of more worth than all Bacchus's tun.
Each change and excess hath thro' life been my doom,
And well I can speak of its joy and its strife;
The bottle affords us a glimpse thro' the gloom,
But love's the true sunshine that gladdens our life.

Come, then, rosy Venus, and spread o'er my sight
The magic illusions that ravish the soul!
Awake in my breast the soft dreams of delight!
And drop from thy myrtle one leaf in my bowl!
Then deep will I drink of the nectar divine,
Nor e'er, jolly god, from thy banquet remove;
But each vein of my heart ever thirst for the wine
That's mellow'd by friendship and sweeten'd by love.

TO A PIPE OF TOBACCO.

COME, lovely tube, by friendship blest,
Belov'd and honour'd by the wise,
Come, fill'd with honest Rowley's best,
And kindled from the lofty skies.

While round me clouds of incense roll,
With guiltless joys you charm the sense,
And nobler pleasure to the soul,
In hints of moral truth, dispense.

Soon as you feel th' enliv'ning ray,
To dust you hasten to return;
And teach me that my earliest day
Began to give me to the urn.

But tho' thy grosser substance sink
To dust, thy purer part aspires;
This when I see, I joy to think
That earth but half of me requires.

Like thee, myself am born to die,
Made half to rise and half to fall;
O! cou'd I while my moments fly,
The bliss you gave me, give to all.

Gentleman's Magazine.

MAY.

A PASTORAL.

THE month was May, the sky serene,
All nature hail'd the verdant scene;
'Twas early dawn, the late fall'n show'rs
In brighter tints array'd the flow'rs;
With orient pearls had deck'd the thorn,
And added lustre to the morn.
The blackbird, tenant of the grove,
Carol'd aloud the note of love;
The stock-dove too, in pensive mood,
Join'd the full chorus of the wood;
And linnets from their little throats,
Melodious pour'd their softest notes.
When from his cot Evander stray'd,
To count the flocks which round him play'd,
He, wrapt in thought, pursu'd his way,
And thus began his plaintive lay:
"Ah me! how blest are those," he cry'd,
"Who ne'er the cares of love have try'd,
Whose hearts from female wiles are free,
And taste those joys deny'd to me.
Farewell ye hawthorn-scented fields,
Farewell the joys which Summer yields,
Farewell the happy wake and fair,
Since Lucy scorns to meet me there.
In vain my flocks their fleeces show,
In vain my crowded barns o'erflow,

They but increase my present care,
Since Lucy scorns these gifts to share;
Some wealthier lover courts her smiles,
And all her vacant hours beguiles;
For him she quits her constant swain,
And proudly scorns the rural train."
—In these complaints he reach'd a shade
Where chance had brought the much-lov'd maid,
Lur'd by the sweets of May she rov'd,
But more to meet the man she lov'd.
The friendly oak's impervious shade
No longer hid the blushing maid,
(Not Venus rising from the sea
Was half so bright so fair as she,)
In sweet confusion, scatter'd round,
Her flowers, neglected, strew'd the ground.
Her artless fears she thus bespoke,
And thus the painful silence broke:
" Evander, say, what new-fraught care
Invites your wand'ring footsteps here?
That thus alone you pensive stray,
Regardless of the gladsome day;
When village maids and swains are seen,
In jocund dance upon the green?
Can Lucy see Evander's woe,
Nor ask from whence his sorrows flow?"
" Blest be the hour " Evander cries,
(Sweet transport beaming in his eyes)
" That heav'n has heard my frequent pray'r,
And sent my Lucy, welcome here;

Say, will my fair my suit approve,
And listen to my constant love?
Shall Hymen with to-morrow's sun,
In bliss unite our hearts in one,
When all my future life shall prove
My tender care, my endless love?"
To his fond tale the maid inclin'd,
And sweet confusion spoke her mind,
Now hand in hand they jocund stray,
And conscious bless the month of May.

C. S.

THE STIPULATION.

WRITTEN IN THE REBELLION, 1745.

AWHILE, fond Damon! prithee tarry,
Nor woo me to thy eager arms;
Oh! think'st thou this a time to marry,
When all the nation's in alarms?

In holy wedlock shall we join
Our hands, when wild invasion braves?
Or would'st thou wish to have me thine,
To propagate a brood of slaves?

No, furbish up thy armour bright,
And let me first thy valour see!
Who for his country fears to fight,
I fear will never stand by me.

Then buckle on thy trusty sword,
And when our vanquish'd foes are fled,
I plight thee now my faithful word,
To take thee to my virgin bed.

Gentleman's Magazine.

ON WISHING.

To wishing the proverb may well be apply'd,
That if wishes were horses all beggars would ride.
To count or describe them would puzzle all wit,
And fill up more volumes than ever were writ.
The man wishes health, who lies sick on his bed;
The rich wish for titles, the poor wish for bread.
One wishes a garden, another a hall,
A third wishes money—for that will buy all.
Not all, tho' heav'n smil'd, can their wishes attain,
For one farmer wants sunshine, another begs rain.
One wishes a mistress, another a friend,
Some wish without reason, all wish—without end.
And our wishes so vary in joy or in sorrow,
What we wish for to day, we forget by to-morrow!
At Newmarket each jockey desires to be winner;
The hero seeks fame, and the poet—a dinner.
And as Prior well sings—to the grave from the cradle,
Life is all a vain wish—like Corisca's fine ladle.

Gentleman's Magazine.

TO ROBERT LOWE, ESQ.

OXTON.

No more in prose I'll baulk my fancy,
To tell you all I read or can see,
For having got astride Pegasus,
Whose fame your old grey horse surpasses,
I'll boldly soar to that fam'd hill,
Where all the poets drank their fill;
Where Shakespeare, Addison, and Gay,
And many more, as people say,
In days of yore grew wise by drink,
And never plagu'd themselves to think,
For inspiration at each cup
Call'd every bright idea up.
Where Milton—wonderful to tell!
Was led by Fancy to the well,
Where Sterne, with sympathetic skill,
Manag'd the passions at his will,
Call'd forth th' involuntary tear
O'er poor Le Fever's mournful bier,
In sweetest accents lull'd to rest
The anguish of Maria's breast.

But ah! how faint my feeble wing
To reach the blest Pierian spring.
Then let me chuse some humble theme,
Content to sip the chrystal stream

Of Trent, whose tranquil current roves
Thro' fertile meads, and tuneful groves;
Where health inhales the spicy gale,
And busy commerce spreads the sail;
What time the Spring with beauties crown'd,
And Flora pours her gifts around,
The cowslip sweet with head reclin'd,
The wild rose waving in the wind,
The primrose pale that courts the shade,
The snow-drop meek in white array'd,
The humble vi'let's purple bloom
That sheds around a rich perfume,
With all the joys an honest heart
Can to such scenes as these impart.
Fir'd by the thought, my rural muse
With joy the much-lov'd theme pursues,
Tho' Winter now, and chilling rains,
Ravage the desolated plains.
Kelham's sweet shades no more delight,
Or Staythorpe's banks my steps invite,
Where health and pleasure crown'd the day,
And first inspir'd the trifling lay,
To paint the rural harmless joys
Of him escap'd from crowds and noise;
With patient skill and nice deceit,
To tempt the trout from his retreat;
The pike voracious to betray,
And drag the captive into day;
To lure the chub, and wary bream,
With lesser tenants of the stream:

These happy hours I pensive trace,
Now different cares usurp their place.

Alone I sit the live-long day
With books to pass my time away,
But books have lost their former charms,
And war no more with dire alarms
Inspires a theme for social chat,
And politics are dull and flat.
To change the scene I scour my gun,
And rise before the morning sun,
Intent the rural war prepare,
'Gainst partridge, snipe, or timid hare,
And range the country far from home,
Where *Newark* sportsmen seldom come;
Thro' stubble fields, and miry lanes,
Rough moors, and unfrequented plains,
Where furze, with yellow blossoms crown'd,
And purple heath usurp the ground,
Mock the vain skill of cultur'd toil,
To fertilize the barren soil.
The dogs, sagacious, beat the ground,
But neither hare or bird is found
To bless the toil—my spirits flag,
And useless hangs the empty bag.
Yet no harsh cares my breast invade,
As slow I try the woodland glade,
For health and exercise impart
A bliss which meliorates my heart;

And in these haunts I often find
A balsam for a peevish mind.
As slow I pass the humble cot,
And mark the lab'rer's destin'd lot,
For him no tapers pour their blaze,
Or mirrors with reflected rays
Conspire to emulate the sun,
When he his middle course has run.
The painter here no happy art
Has lent his wonders to impart,
And bid the smiling canvas glow
With mimic life, or flow'ry show;
Nor music's sweet and soft control
Here steals upon the captive soul;
Whilst sparkling wine, with sov'reign pow'r,
Inspires with mirth the fleeting hour:
Such joys as these he never knew,
His wants tho' great, his wishes few.
Soon as the morning's orient light
Dispels the peaceful shades of night,
He patient takes his destin'd way,
In various cares to pass the day,
'Midst Summer's heat, and Winter's snows,
Where toil no intermission knows,
Save when the sabbath's welcome dawn
Invites his steps across the lawn,
To where the village temple stands,
The ancient work of pious hands;
And join in humble decent pray'r,
A refuge sure from ev'ry care:

But first, by musing fancy led,
He views the mansions of the dead.
Tho' here no monumental bust
Adorns the consecrated dust,
No sculptur'd marble here proclaims
A pompous scroll of titled names,
With trophies deck'd, or fun'ral urn,
O'er which Britannia seems to mourn.
One humble stone and artless verse
Attempt their virtues to rehearse,
Or paint the woes of fleeting life,
The parent's pang, the weeping wife;
The village maid in all her bloom,
Call'd, unexpected, to the tomb;
Her smile a parent's care return'd,
In life how lov'd! in death how mourn'd!
He calls to mind her graceful mien,
And pensive quits the mournful scene.
One only joy demands his care,
(A joy but tasted once a year)
When slow along the dusty road
Moves the last welcome harvest load.
While flowing cups of home-brew'd ale
Conspire to aid the lengthen'd tale;
Where village news, and grave debate,
Of plenteous crops, or harvest's late,
Of wages low, provision's dear,
Tho' Ceres bless'd the laughing year;
Of Nelson's deeds, immortal name!
The dread of France, old England's fame;

And sportive mirth, with rustic song,
The momentary bliss prolong.
The Day declines, he seeks his home,
And dreams of harvests yet to come.
—My bliss with his I oft compare,
And grateful own I have my share.

Say, may I hope (nor hope in vain)
When Spring again shall deck the plain,
On Trent's lov'd banks with you to stray,
And loit'ring cheat a Summer's day?
Retir'd from noise and idle state,
And all the cares that vex the great;
Recount old tales of wond'rous sport,
Despise the vain and splendid court:
Whilst health shall bless the homely meal
And genuine friendship nought conceal
Of new form'd hooks, whose temper pure,
Shall well the greedy pike secure;
Of fraudful flies, whose mimic hues
No trout or chub can e'er refuse?
This hope shall cheer my pensive mind,
'Midst dark December's chilling wind,
To frowning skies shall lend a ray,
And deck with smiles a Winter's day.

Newark, December 18, 1801.

C. S.

EPISTLE

FROM DOCTOR WINTER TO DOCTOR CHEYNE.

TELL me from whom, fat-headed Scot,
Thou did'st thy system learn;
From Hippocrate thou had'st it not,
Nor Celsus, nor Pitcairn.

Suppose we own that milk is good,
And say the same of grass;
The one for babes is only food,
The other for an ass.

Doctor, one new prescription try,
A friend's advice forgive;
Eat grass, reduce thyself, and die,
Thy patients then may live.

ANSWER.

MY system, Doctor, is my own,
No tutor I pretend;
My blunders hurt myself alone,
But your's your dearest friend.

Were you to milk and straw confin'd,
Thrice happy might you be;
Perhaps you might regain your mind,
And from your wit get free.

I can't your kind prescription try,
But heartily forgive;
'Tis natural you should bid me die,
That you yourself may live.

VERSES

Written on a retired Cottage built by —— Powis, Esq. by the River Severn, in Shropshire.

STAY, passenger, and though within
Nor gold, nor glitt'ring gems are seen,
To strike thy dazzled eye,
Yet enter, and thy ravish'd mind
Beneath this humble roof shall find
What gold will never buy.

Within this solitary cell,
Calm thought and sweet contentment dwell,
Parents of bliss sincere;
Peace spreads around her balmy wings,
And, banish'd from the courts of kings,
Has fix'd her mansion here.

London Magazine.

VERSES

WRITTEN AT AN INN, ON A PARTICULAR OCCASION.

To thee, fair Freedom! I retire
From flattery, feasting, dice, and din;
Nor art thou found in domes much higher
Than the low cot, or humble Inn.

'Tis here with boundless power I reign,
And every health which I begin
Converts dull port to bright champaigne;
For freedom crowns it, at an Inn.

I fly from pomp, I fly from state,
I fly from falshood's specious grin:
Freedom I love, and form I hate,
And chuse my lodging's, at an Inn.

Here, waiter! take my sordid ore,
Which lackeys else might hope to win;
It buys what courts have not in store,
It buys me freedom, at an Inn.

And now once more I shape my way,
Through rain or shine, through thick or thin,
Secure to meet at close of day,
With kind reception—at an Inn.

Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
Where'er his various tour has been,
May sigh to think how oft he found
His warmest welcome—at an Inn.

LET there be ever so great plenty of good things, ever so much grandeur, ever so much elegance, ever so much desire that every one should be easy in a private house, in the nature of things it cannot be: there must always be some degree of care and anxiety. The master of the house is anxious to entertain his guests; the guests are anxious to be agreeable to him: and no man, but a very impudent dog indeed, can as freely command what is in another man's house, as if it were his own. Whereas at a Tavern, there is a general freedom from anxiety. You are sure you are welcome; and the more noise you make, the more trouble you give, the more good things you call for, the welcomer you are. No servants will attend you with the alacrity which waiters do, who are incited by the prospect of an immediate reward in proportion as they please. No, Sir, there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced as by a good Tavern or Inn.

Dr. Johnson.

THE CAPTIVE QUEEN.

With radiance rose thy morning sun,
Fair promise of a happy day;
But, luckless ere it reach'd its noon,
The fiend of darkness dimm'd the ray.

What though the brightest gifts are thine,
And distant nations pour thy praise;
While, raptur'd on thy form divine,
The eyes of Love and Wonder gaze?

The voice of Joy, for ever mute,
Must yield to sighs that mourn in vain;
And Pity come with sweetest lute,
To sooth thy sorrows with her strain.

The syren, Hope, who won thy ear,
Must charm no more the dang'rous hour;
The warning voice of ravens hear,
That croak thy doom on yonder tow'r.

Yet what is life 'midst Horror's reign,
Where Murder's triumph cleaves the sky;
Where heaves with death the groaning scene,
And dungeons loud for vengeance cry?

Yet what is life to spotless fame?
And *thine* to latest time shall bloom—
The blow that sinks that beauteous frame,
Gives all the virtues to the tomb.

Peter Pindar.

ODE TO DEATH.

Translated from the French of the King of Prussia.

YET a few years, or days perhaps,
Or moments pass with silent lapse,
And time to me shall be no more;
No more the sun these eyes shall view,
Earth o'er these limbs her dust shall strew,
And life's fantastic dream be o'er.

Alas! I touch the dreadful brink,
From nature's verge, impell'd, I shrink,
And endless darkness wraps me round!
Yes, Death is ever at my hand,
Fast by my bed he takes his stand,
And constant at my board is found.

Earth, air, and fire, and water, join
Against this fleeting life of mine,
And where for succour can I fly?
If art with flatt'ring wiles pretend
To shield me like a guardian friend,
By art, ere nature bids, I die.

I see this tyrant of the mind,
This idol flesh to dust consign'd,
  Once call'd from dust by pow'r divine:
Its features change—'tis pale—'tis cold—
Hence dreadful spectre! to behold
  Thy aspect, is to make it mine.

And can I then with guilty pride,
Which fear nor shame can quell or hide,
  This flesh still pamper and adorn!
Thus viewing what I soon *shall be*,
Can what I *am* demand the knee,
  Or look around on aught with scorn?

But then this spark that warms, that guides,
That lives, that thinks, what fate betides!
  Can this be dust, a kneaded clod?
This yields to Death! the soul, the mind,
That measures heav'n, and mounts the wind,
  That knows itself at once, and God!

Great Cause of all, above, below,
Who knows thee must for ever know,
  Immortal and divine!
Thy image on my soul imprest,
Of endless being is the test,
  And bids eternity be mine!

Transporting thought!—but am I sure
That endless life will joys secure?
  Joys only to the just decreed!
The guilty wretch, expiring, goes
Where vengeance endless life bestows,
  That endless mis'ry may succeed.

Great God, how awful is the scene!
A breath, a transient breath between;
  And can I jest, and laugh, and play!
To earth, alas! too firmly bound,
Trees deeply rooted in the ground,
  Are shiv'red when they're torn away.

Vain joys, which envy'd greatness gains,
How do ye bind with silken chains,
  Which ask Herculean strength to break!
How with new terrors have ye arm'd
The pow'r whose slightest glance alarm'd!
  How many deaths of one ye make!

Yet, dumb with wonder, I behold
Man's thoughtless race in error bold,
  Forget or scorn the laws of Death;
With these no prospects coincide,
Nor vows, nor toils, nor hopes, they guide,
  Each thinks he draws immortal breath.

Each blind to Fate's approaching hour,
Intrigues, or fights, for wealth or pow'r,
And slumb'ring dangers dare provoke:
And he, who tott'ring scarce sustains
A century's age, plans future gains,
And feels an unexpected stroke.

Go on, unbridled desp'rate band,
Scorn rocks, gulphs, winds, search sea and land,
And spoil new worlds wherever found:
Seize, haste to seize the glitt'ring prize,
And sighs, and tears, and pray'rs despise,
Nor spare the temple's holy ground.

They go, succeed, but look again,
The desp'rate band you seek in vain,
Now trod in dust the peasant's scorn.
But who, that saw their treasure swell,
That heard th' insatiate vow rebel,
Would e'er have thought them mortal born?

See the world's victor mount his car,
Blood marks his progress, wide and far,
Sure he shall reign while ages fly;
No, vanish'd like a morning cloud,
The hero was but just allow'd
To fight, to conquer, and to die.

And is it true, I ask with dread,
That nations heap'd on nations bled
Beneath his chariot's fervid wheel,
With trophies to adorn the spot,
Where his pale corse was left to rot,
And doom'd the hungry reptile's meal?

Yes, Fortune wearied with her play,
Her toy, this hero casts away,
And scarce the form of man is seen;
Awe chills my breast, my eyes o'erflow,
Around my brows no roses grow,
The cypress mine, funereal green!

Yet in this hour of grief and fears,
When awful truth unveil'd appears,
Some pow'r unknown usurps my breast;
Back to the world my thoughts are led,
My feet in folly's lab'rynth tread,
And fancy dreams that life is blest.

How weak an empress is the mind,
Which pleasure's flow'ry wreaths can bind,
And captive to her altars lead!
Weak reason yields to phrenzy's rage,
And all the world is folly's stage,
And all that act are fools indeed.

And yet this strange, this sudden flight,
From gloomy cares to gay delight,
  This fickleness so light and vain,
In life's delusive transient dream,
Where men nor things are what they seem,
  Is all the real good we gain.

EPIGRAM.

ON A BAD DINNER WITH EXCELLENT PUNCH.

FRIEND Palo may boast of true orthodox merit,
What he wants in the flesh he makes up in the spirit.

EPIGRAM.

To be French cook'd, French dress'd, French *horn'd,*
  We've long since had a mind;
To ape French politic's, tho' scorn'd,
  We now seem much inclin'd.

Observe *their* simple *lev'ling* plan,
  Behold the same thing *here,*
They make each Peer a common Man,
  We, any Man a Peer.

E. C.

LOVE AND TIME.

Love was a little blooming boy,
Fond, innocent, and true:
His ev'ry smile was fraught with joy,
And ev'ry joy was new.

Till, stealing from his mother's side,
The urchin lost his way,
And wand'ring far o'er desart's wide,
Thus, weeping, pour'd his lay:—

O Time! I'll dress thy locks of snow
With wreaths of fragrant flowers,
And all that rapture can bestow,
Shall deck thy fleeting hours.

But for one day, one little day,
Thy wings in pity spare,
That I may homeward bend my way,
For all my wreaths are there.

Time, cheated by his tears and sighs,
The wily god confest,
When soaring to his native skies,
He sought his mother's breast.

Short was his bliss, the treach'rous boy
Was hurl'd from clime to clime,
And found amidst the proudest joy,
He'd still the wings of Time.

Mrs. Robinson.

EPISTLE

FROM LORD MELCOMBE TO DR. YOUNG,

Not long before his Lordship's death.

KIND companion of my youth,
Lov'd for genius, worth, and truth!
Take what friendship can impart,
Tribute of a feeling heart;
Take the muses latest spark,
Ere we drop into the dark.
He, who parts and virtue gave,
Bade thee look beyond the grave;
Genius soars, and virtue guides,
Where the love of God presides.
There's a gulph 'twixt us and God;
Let the gloomy path be trod:
Why stand shiv'ring on the shore?
Why not boldly venture o'er?
Where unerring virtue guides,
Let us brave the winds and tides:
Safe thro' seas of doubts and fears,
Rides the bark which virtue steers.

THE WILD HUNTSMAN.

The tradition of the Wild Huntsman is a popular superstition, very generally believed by peasants in Germany.—The original of the Ballad is by Bürger.

The Wildgrave* winds his bugle horn,
To horse! to horse! halloo! halloo!
His fiery courser snuffs the morn,
And thronging serfs their Lord pursue.

The eager pack, from couples freed,
Dash thro' the bush, the brier, the brake,
While answering horn, and hound, and steed,
The mountain echoes startling wake.

The beams of God's own hallow'd day
Had painted yonder spire with gold,
And calling sinful man to pray,
Loud, long, and deep, the bell had told.

But still the Wildgrave onward rides,
Halloo! halloo! and hark again!
When, spurring from opposing sides,
Two stranger horsemen join'd the train.

* A German title corresponding to the Earl Warden of a royal forest.

Who was each stranger, left and right,
Well may I guess, but dare not tell,
The right hand steed was silver white,
The left, the swarthy hue of hell.

The right hand horseman, young and fair,
His smile was like the morn of May;
The left, from eye of tawny glare,
Shot midnight light'ning's lurid ray.

He wav'd his huntsman's cap on high,
Cry'd "welcome, welcome, noble Lord!
What sport can earth, or sea, or sky,
To match the princely chace afford?"

"Cease thy loud bugle's clanging knell,"
Cry'd the fair youth, with silver voice;
"And for devotion's choral swell,
Exchange the rude unhallow'd noise.

"To day the ill-omen'd chace forbear;
Yon bell yet summons to the fane;
To day the warning spirit hear,
To-morrow thou may'st mourn in vain."

"Away and sweep the glades along,"
The sable hunter hoarse replies;
"To mutt'ring monks leave matin song,
And bells and books and mysteries."

The Wildgrave spurr'd his ardent steed,
And launching forward with a bound,—
" Who for thy drowsy priest-like rede
Would leave the social horn and hound?

" Hence, if our manly sport offend,
With pious fools go chaunt and pray;
Well hast thou spoke, my dark-brow'd friend,
Halloo! halloo! and hark away!"

The Wildgrave spurr'd his courser light,
O'er moss and moor, o'er holt and hill;
And on the left, and on the right,
Each stranger horseman follow'd still.

Up springs from yonder tangled thorn,
A stag more white than mountain snow;
And louder rung the Wildgrave's horn,
" Hark forward! forward! holla ho!"

A heedless wretch has cross'd the way,—
He gasps the thund'ring hoofs below;
But live who can, or die who may,
Still forward! forward! on they go!

See where yon simple fences meet,
A field with Autumn's blessings crown'd;
See prostrate at the Wildgrave's feet
A husbandman with toil embrown'd.

"O mercy! mercy! noble Lord;
Spare the poor's pittance" was his cry,
"Earn'd by the sweat these brows have pour'd
In scorching hours of fierce July."

Earnest the right hand stranger pleads,
The left still cheering to the prey;
The impetuous Earl no warning heeds,
But furious holds the onward way.

"Away! thou hound so basely born,
Or dread the scourge's echoing blow!"
Then loudly rung his bugle horn,
"Hark forward! forward! holla ho!"

So said so done—a single bound,
Clears the poor labourer's humble pale;
Wild follows man, and horse, and hound,
Like dark December's stormy gale.

And man and horse, and hound and horn,
Destructive sweep the field along;
While, joying o'er the wasted corn,
Fell famine marks the mad'ning throng.

Again up-rous'd, the tim'rous prey
Scorns moss and moor, and holt and hill;
Hard run, he feels his strength decay,
And trusts for life his simple skill.

Too dang'rous solitude appear'd,
He seeks the shelter of the crowd;
Amidst the flocks domestic herd
His harmless head he hopes to shroud.

O'er moss and moor, and holt and hill,
His track the steady blood-hounds trace;
O'er moss and moor, unwearied still,
The furious Earl pursues the chace.

Full lowly did the herdsman fall,
"O spare, thou noble Baron, spare
These herds, a widow's little all,
These flocks, an orphan's fleecy care."

Earnest the right hand stranger pleads,
The left still cheering to the prey;
The Earl nor pray'r nor pity heeds,
But furious keeps the onward way.

"Unmanner'd dog! to stop my sport,
Vain were thy cant and beggar whine,
Though human spirits of thy sort
Were tenants of this carrion kine."

Again he winds his bugle horn,
"Hark forward! forward! holla ho!"
And thro' the herd, in ruthless scorn,
He cheers his furious hounds to go.

In heaps the throttled victims fall;
  Down sinks their mangled herdsman near!
The murd'rous cries the stag appal,
  Again he starts, new nerv'd with fear.

With blood besmear'd, and white with foam,
  While big the tears of anguish pour,
He seeks, amid the forest's gloom,
  The humble hermit's hallow'd bow'r.

But man and horse, and horn and hound,
  Fast rattling on the traces go;
The sacred chapel rung around
  With hark away! and holla ho!

All mild, amid the rout profane,
  The holy hermit pour'd his pray'r;
" Forbear with blood God's house to stain,
  Revere his altar, and forbear!

" The meanest brute has rights to plead,
  Which, wrong'd by cruelty or pride,
Draw vengeance on the ruthless head;
  Be warn'd at length, and turn aside."

Still the fair horseman anxious pleads,
  The black, wild whooping, points the prey;
Alas! the Earl no warning heeds,
  But frantic keeps the forward way.

"Holy or not, or right, or wrong,
Thy altar and its rights I spurn;
Not sainted martyrs' sacred song,
Not God himself shall make me turn."

He spurs his horse, he winds his horn,—
"Hark forward! forward! holla ho!"
But off, on whirlwind's pinions borne,
The stag, the hut, the hermit, go.

And horse and man, and horn and hound,
And clamour of the chase was gone;
For hoofs and howls, and bugle sound,
A deadly silence reign'd alone.

Wild gaz'd th' affrighted Earl around—
He strove in vain to wake his horn,
In vain to call; for not a sound
Could from his anxious lips be borne.

He listens for his trusty hounds;
No distant baying reach'd his ears;
His courser, rooted to the ground,
The quick'ning spur unmindful bears.

Still dark and darker frown the shades,
Dark as the darkness of the grave;
And not a sound the still invades,
Save what a distant torrent gave.

High o'er the sinner's humble head
At length the solemn silence broke;
And, from a cloud of swarthy red,
The awful voice of thunder spoke.—

"Oppressor of creation fair!
Apostate spirit's harden'd tool!
Scorner of God! scourge of the poor!
The measure of thy cup is full.

"Be chas'd for ever thro' the wood,
For ever roam th' affrighted wild,
And let thy fate instruct the proud,
God's meanest creature is his child."

'Twas hush'd—one flash of sombre glare
With yellow ting'd the forests brown;
Up rose the Wildgrave's bristling hair,
And horror chill'd each nerve and bone

Cold pour'd the sweat in freezing rill;
A rising wind began to sing;
And louder, louder, louder still,
Brought storm and tempest on its wing.

Earth heard the call—her entrails rend
From yawning rifts with many a yell,
Mix'd with sulphureous flames, ascend,
The misbegotten dogs of hell.

What ghastly huntsman next arose,
Well may I guess, but dare not tell;
His eye like midnight lightning glows,
His steed the swarthy hue of hell.

The Wildgrave flies o'er bush and thorn,
With many a shriek of helpless woe;
Behind him hound, and horse, and horn,
And hark away! and holla ho!

With wild despair's reverted eye,
Close, close behind he marks the throng;
With bloody fangs and eager cry,
In frantic fear he scours along.

Still, still shall last the dreadful chace,
Till time itself shall have an end;
By day they scour earth's cavern'd space,
At midnight's watching hour ascend.

This is the horn, and hound, and horse,
That oft the lated peasant hears;
Appall'd, he signs the frequent cross,
When the wild din invades his ears.

The wakeful priest oft drops a tear
For human pride, for human woe,
When at his midnight mass he hears
The infernal cry of holla ho!!

EPISTLE

FROM SIR WILLIAM YOUNG TO HIS LADY,

On having lost his Eye.

How vain are all the joys of man,
By nature born to certain sorrow,
Since none, not ev'n the wisest, can
Insure the pleasures of to-morrow!

These eyes, so late my envy'd boast,
By Celia priz'd above all other,
See one, alas! for ever lost,
Its fellow weeping for its brother.

Yet still I'm blest while one remains
For viewing lovely Celia's beauty,
Her looks still ease acutest pains,
With tenderest love, and cheerful duty.

Had I for her in battle strove,
The fatal blow I'd borne with pleasure,
And still, to prove my constant love,
With joy I'd lose my single treasure.

Ev'n then, the beauties of her mind
Would amply bless her faithful lover,
He must be deaf as well as blind
Who can't my Celia's charms discover.

E'en then I'd find one solid bliss,
Which heaven to me alone dispenses,
Though deaf and blind, her balmy kiss
Would ravish the remaining senses.

LINES

FROM DR. CORBET TO HIS SON VINCENT CORBET.

WHAT I shall leave thee none can tell,
But all shall say I wish thee well.
I wish thee (Vin.) before all wealth,
Both bodily and ghostly health;
Nor too much wealth or wit come to thee,
So much of either may undo thee.
I wish thee learning, not for show,
Enough for to instruct and know;
Not such as gentlemen require
To prate at table, or at fire.
I wish thee all thy mother's graces,
Thy father's fortunes, and his places;
I wish thee friends, and one at court,
Not to build on, but support;
To keep thee not from doing many
Oppressions, but from suffering any.
I wish thee peace in all thy ways,
Nor lazy nor contentious days;
And, when thy soul and body part,
As innocent as now thou art.

THE WILLOW.

WHERE once thou, sweet Willow! embrac'd the clear tide,
And fresh flowing streams made thy tresses so pure,
How oft with my fair have I sat by your side,
And wish'd that our joys might for ever endure!

How gay o'er our heads the green alder's would sigh,
And whispering breezes consent to our bliss!
As they stole through the reeds, I would press her more nigh,
Lest zephyr, too bold, should contend for a kiss.

When I lean'd on her bosom, and pip'd to her praise,
While thou, lovely Willow! look'd down on the stream,
Could I blame the young shepherds that envy'd my lays,
If a nymph so divine would attend to my theme?

But ah! gentle Willow, how sad is the change!
She has broke all her vows, and forsaken her swain:
I fly to thy shade, for wherever I range
Shews despair to my anguish, and adds to my pain.

Then trust not, sweet Willow! these smile-springing skies;
The stream that reflects thee so fair and so kind,
When torrents descend, like her frowns they will rise,
The stains of the stream are like those of her mind.

No more o'er its brink shalt thou languishing look,
I'll make thee the emblem of love-broken vows;
A wreath, weeping Willow, I'll bind to my crook,
Another shall circle sad Corydon's brows.

Dr. Trotter.

ODE TO CAMBREA,

A MOUNTAIN IN CORNWALL.

NEAR yonder solitary tower,
'Lone glooming 'midst the moonlight night,
I roam at midnight's spectred hour,
And climb the wild majestic height:
Low to the mountain let me rev'rent bow,
Where Wisdom, Virtue, taught their founts to flow.

Pale on a rock's aspiring steep,
Behold a Druid sits forlorn,
I see the white-rob'd phantom weep,
I hear his harp of sorrow mourn:
The vanish'd grove provokes his deepest sigh,
And altars open'd to the gazing eye.

Permit me, Druid, here to stray,
And ponder 'mid thy drear retreat;
To wail the solitary way,
Where Wisdom held her hallow'd seat:

Here let me roam in spite of Folly's smile,
A pensive pilgrim, o'er each pitied pile.

Poor ghost; No more the Druid race
Shall here their sacred fires relume;
No more their show'rs of incense blaze;
No more their tapers gild the gloom.
Lo! snakes obscene along the temples creep,
And foxes on the broken altars sleep.

No more beneath the golden brook,
The treasures of the grove shall fall;
Time triumphs o'er each blasted oak,
Whose power at length shall crush the ball:
Led by the wrinkled pow'r with gladden'd mien,
Gigantic ruin treads the weeping scene.

No more the bards in strains sublime,
The actions of the brave proclaim;
Thus rescuing from the rage of Time
Each glorious deed, approv'd by fame;
Deep in the dust each lyre is laid unstrung,
While mute for ever stops each tuneful tongue.

Here Wisdom's, Virtue's, awful voice,
Inspir'd the youths of Cornwall's plains;
With such no more these hill's rejoice,
But sullen death-like silence reigns;
While Melancholy in yon mould'ring tow'r
Sits list'ning to old Ocean's distant roar.

Let others, heedless of the hill,
With eye incurious pass along;
My muse with grief the scene shall fill,
And swell with softest sighs the song;
Ah! pleas'd each Druid mansion to deplore,
Where Wisdom, Virtue, dwelt, but dwell no more.

Peter Pindar.

PARAPHRASE OF THE FORTY-SECOND PSALM.

As pants the wearied hart for cooling springs,
That sinks exhausted in the summer's chase;
So pants my soul for thee, Great King of Kings!
So thirsts to reach thy sacred resting-place.

On briny tears my famish'd soul has fed,
While taunting foes deride my deep despair;
"Say, where is now thy great Deliverer fled?
Thy mighty God—deserted wanderer, where?"

Oft dwell my thoughts on those thrice happy days,
When to thy fane I led the jocund throng;
Our mirth was worship, all our pleasure praise,
And festal joys still clos'd with sacred song.

Why throb my heart? Why sink my sad'ning soul?
Why droop to earth with various woes oppress'd?
My years shall yet in blissful circles roll,
And joy be yet an inmate of this breast.

By Jordan's banks with devious steps I stray,
O'er Hermon's rugged rocks, and desarts drear:
Ev'n there thy hand shall guide my lonely way,
There, thy remembrance shall my spirit cheer.

In rapid floods the vernal torrents roll,
Harsh-sounding cataracts responsive roar;
Thine angry billows overwhelm my soul,
And dash my shatter'd bark from shore to shore.

Yet thy soft mercies, ever in my sight,
My heart shall gladden through the tedious day;
And 'midst the dark and gloomy shades of night,
To thee I'll fondly tune the grateful lay.

Rock of my hope! Great solace of my heart!
Why, why desert the offspring of thy care,
While taunting foes thus point th' invidious dart?
"Where's now thy God? abandon'd wanderer, where?

Why faint, my soul? Why doubt JEHOVAH'S aid?
Thy God, the God of mercy still shall prove!
In his bright fane thy thanks shall yet be paid;
Unquestion'd be his pity, and his love!

Gregory's Translation of Dr. Lowth's Lectures.

THE WISH.

If heaven would grant my humble pray'r
To live from splendour, noise and care,
Be this my only plan,
And tho' remote from busy life,
Sequester'd far from pride and strife,
Reflect the happy man.

Where nature reigns in some lone grove,
The linnet, lark, and pensive dove,
Should join my votive lay;
Here, in a little cot retir'd,
By no vain thoughts or wishes fir'd,
Pass each revolving day.

Such joys as mine could ne'er decrease,
While blushing rosy Health and Peace
Should hail each happy morn;
Here to muse the silent hour,
And when the dews reviving pow'r
Regilds the budding thorn.

And when in Summer's sultry heat,
With moss o'ergrown a rustic seat,
With woods encircled round;
Here the beech aspiring grows,
Here the white-rob'd lily blows,
And daisies paint the ground.

And when in Autumn's gladsome day,
When plenty smiles in rich array,
And fainter shines the sun,
When the plenteous sheaves of corn
The happy farmer's barns adorn,
I'd sometimes take my gun:

Not idly pleas'd with giving pain,
Or for the use of sordid gain,
T' oblige a friend or so—
For friendship softens many a care,
Sooths every doubt of black despair,
And learns us bliss below.

And when in Winter's cheerless day,
When Sol scarce darts one smiling ray
To gild the wild expanse,
May I, with some kind friend retir'd,
By wit and polish'd sense inspir'd,
Or lead the mazy dance.

To muse on Nature's copious field,
What different climes, what produce yield,
Which most excels in wealth—
I'd envy not Golconda's mines,
Or where Peru more costly shines,
My every Wish is HEALTH.

C. S. 1776.

THE FALL OF MAN.

Bent with fell purpose to deceive,
The Tempter chose the form of Eve,
And, through her powerful charms, design'd
The future ruin of the kind.

He knew for man persuasion hung,
Though ruin follow'd from her tongue;
Who could the fatal gift forbear,
Presented by a hand so fair?

The gift was offer'd—Man complied—
He lov'd, he tasted, and he died:
Death was the fine, nor yet too high,
He deem'd the price of love to die.

Thus was our common sire undone,
Nor yet his ruin taught to shun;
Like him the fatal gift we try,
Like him we taste, like him we die!

English Chronicle.

PLEASURE.

Ask the hermit's chilly bosom
Where the flowers of Pleasure bloom,
Exotics here—the sage will say,
They only live beyond the tomb;
But ah! his heart's last warmth is fled,
And Pleasure in his soul is dead.

The restless youth who haunts the scene
Where luxury and beauty beam,
Will tell thee Pleasure only floats
On Joy's fantastic changing dream;
But ah! the cup he quaffs shall cloy,
And make him hate the sounds of joy.

Where rival passions never jar,
Where Virtue, Love, and Ease, are near,
These, join'd by Faith, are rich in bliss,
And Pleasure leads their laughing year:
Oh Goddess! here then raise thy bowers,
And dress the peaceful couch with flowers.

Ibid.

DINARZADE'S CALL.*

No one is ignorant of the cruel decree of a famous Sultan of the Indies (on account of the infidelity of his wife) that he would marry a lady one night and put her to death the next. The following Stanzas are imitated from the Arabic.

AWAKE, my sister! Midnight's hour
In haste and silence glides away!
Exert your legendary pow'r,
To gain of life another day.

Th' imperial Sultan has decreed,
Unless you daily something new
Invent, to sooth his cares—you speed
To death, inglorious! as undue!

He, like his kind in humbler sphere,
Thro' changeful scenes delights to rove,
And lively wit is known to share
With Beauty's self, in Selim's love.

English Chronicle.

* Alluding to the Arabian Nights.

A LESSON IN LAW.

HOW TO EXAMINE A WITNESS.

Dramatis Personæ.

COUNSELLOR BOTHERUM——JOHN PLAINLY.

Counsellor.

A'UM! hem! hem!—Your name is John Plainly?

Witness. Yes, Sir.

C. What are you?

W. I am a watchmaker.

C. A watchmaker! Pray was you never a linen draper?

W. No, never.

C. What, are you sure you was never a linen draper?

W. Yes, I am sure.

C. And where do you live?

W. In Clerkenwell.

C. I don't ask you whether you live in Clerkenwell—you might as well tell me you live in Dublin or Mexico. What street do you live in?

W. On Clerkenwell Green.

C. O! you do, do you? And pray how long have you lived there?

W. Six or seven years.

C. Six or seven, pray recollect yourself—how much more than six or less than seven?

W. I can't precisely say, perhaps six years and a half.

C. Perhaps—we have nothing to do with perhaps.—Remember you are upon oath.

W. I can't say—I am certain not seven years.

C. Now, Sir, you say you have lived not quite seven years upon Clerkenwell Green, and you are a watch-maker; recollect yourself, was you ever in a public house?

W. Yes.

C. O, you were, what I suppose pretty often, if the truth was known?

W. Yes, now and then.

C. I suppose once a day, ha?

W. No, very seldom above once a week.

C. What house do you frequent?

W. The King's Head.

C. Now recollect yourself,—remember you are upon oath—was you never at the Cat and Fiddle?

W. Not that I know of.

C. You swear you never was? mind what I say.—Gentlemen of the Jury pray attend to this—You swear you never was at the Cat and Fiddle?

W. No, I don't swear it—a man may go into a public house occasionally without observing the sign.

C. I don't ask you what a man may do—do you swear you never was at the Cat?

W. I can't say any more.

C. Sir, you must not answer so—remember you are upon oath—but as you never was at the Cat—do you know the prisoner at the bar?

W. I recollect him on the night the robbery happened.

C. I don't ask you about a robbery—do you know the prisoner at the bar?

W. No otherwise than I said—I saw him knock down—

C. Stop, fellow, we don't ask you to say that.

W. I have nothing else to say.

C. And pray now what might you see? I suppose you know you are upon oath?

(Witness here gives an account of the robbery.)

C. Are you sure it was brandy and water the prisoner drank?

W. Yes, I heard him ask for it.

C. That's a pretty reason—because you heard him ask for it—but can you swear he got it?

W. Yes, I saw it in his hand.

C. Why did not you say so before? we don't want to know what you heard.—Now, Sir, be upon your guard—this is a matter of life and death—be serious, Sir, and declare upon your oath whether there was any sugar in his brandy and water?

W. I can't tell, I believe not.

C. No trifling here, fellow—speak out; was there or was there not sugar in his liquor?

W. I say, Sir, I don't remember.

C. Come recollect yourself—you can't remember any thing of a lump of sugar? Pray what did the prisoner say when he attacked the person who was robbed?

W. I don't recollect much—he swore at him.

C. What did he swear?

W. He swore some horrible oaths and curses.

C. Curses—do you pretend to say he swore curses?

W. I can't say, he swore very bad.

C. Pray repeat some of them.

W. I do not remember them.

C. You are a pretty witness—you heard oaths and curses, and don't remember them. What did you come here for? What do you stand there for? What did you take an oath for?

W. You put me out so.

C. Put you out, fellow, why you have said nothing.

W. I have honestly told what I know.

C. O yes, very honestly, no doubt—since you know nothing of the prisoner's cursing and swearing, pray what o'clock was it?

W. Betwixt ten and eleven.

C. None of your betwixts; was it five minutes past ten, or a quarter, or half an hour, or forty minutes? remember you are upon oath.

W. I can't say; I had no watch, I am sure it was not eleven.

C. And pray how are you sure of that?

W. I heard the watchman cry the hour after I got home.

C. O, you did, did you? what watchman?

W. One in the street, I did not know him.

C. What, not know his name, and heard him cry the hour?

W. No—I never asked his name.

C. And pray now—remember you are upon oath—what did the watchman say when he cried the hour?

W. Say, Sir!

C. Yes, fellow, what did he say?

W. He said, as nearly as I can recollect—

C. We don't want you to recollect—what did he say?—answer me that.

W. He said "Past eleven o'clock."

C. Was that all?

W. Yes.

C. Didn't he say good night?

W. I did not hear him.

C. Now be upon your guard.—When the prisoner struck his companion, at what distance was he from him?

W. Distance!

C. Don't repeat my words, fellow—at what distance was he?

W. Just two feet six inches and three quarters.

C. Pray how came you to be so accurate in the distance?

W. Why I thought some fool would ask me the question, so I measured it.

Court. Have you any more questions to ask him?

C. No, my Lord, I have done.

General Evening Post.

RETORT COURTEOUS.

Given by Mr. Kemble, when at York, to a Methodist who had persecuted him.

NIPWEIGHT, a Grocer, of the chosen few,
At night from shop and worldly cares withdrew,
And having for his soul's edification,
Por'd o'er a chapter of the Revelation—
He shut the book, unspectacled his nose,
And calling his apprentice as he rose,
Have you the currants treacled well, good John?—
Yes, Sir—Tobacco wet?—'Tis done—
The sugar flour'd?—It is—Then come up stairs,
And like good Christians—let us go to prayers!

STANZAS,

Written in the Album of a Convent in France.

WHOM fickle friends or falser love
May drive to this sequester'd grove,
The moral duties learn;
Forgive, forget each little wrong!
To social scenes your hearts belong,
To social scenes return!

And you, whose tears incessant flow
For words departed, lost below,
Is nothing left behind?
Your bosoms have been taught to know
The world had something to bestow,
Will you forsake your kind?

And let not aught may here invite,
Howe'er luxurious on the sight,
Prevail your steps to stay:
Nor can Devotion's specious plea,
Nor loftier soul'd Philosophy,
Excuse a long delay.

At whose command the tempests roll—
Opposing passions tear the soul,
And good from evil bring:
At whose command the rain descends—
The breast of Charity distends,
And love and friendship spring.

Tho' love be false, and friends deceive,
Tho' death bereave you, do not grieve;
Pursue the Maker's plan—
A little while, and care shall cease:
This world was never made for peace,
BUT MAN WAS MADE FOR MAN!

English Chronicle.

ODE TO A GRIZZLE WIG.

BY A GENTLEMAN WHO JUST LEFT OFF HIS BOB.

All hail! ye curls, that rang'd in rev'rend row,
With snowy pomp my conscious shoulders hide;
That fall beneath in venerable flow,
And crown my brows above with feathery pride!

High on your summit, Wisdom's mimic'd air
Sits thron'd, with Pedantry her solemn sire,
And in her net of awe-diffusing hair,
Entangles fools, and bids the crowd admire.

O'er every lock, that floats in full display,
Sage Ignorance her gloom scholastic throws;
And stamps o'er all my visage, once so gay,
Unmeaning Gravity's serene repose.

Can thus large wigs our reverence engage?
Have barbers thus the power to blind our eyes?
Is science thus conferr'd on every sage
By Bayliss, Blenkinsop, and lofty Wise?*

But thou, farewell, my Bob! whose thin wove thatch,
Was stor'd with quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
That love to live within the one-curl'd scratch,
With fun, and all the family of smiles.

* Peruke-makers in Oxford.

Safe in thy privilege, near Isis' brook,
Whole afternoons at Wolvercote I quaff'd;
At eve my careless round in High-street took,
And call'd at Jolly's for the casual draught.

No more the wherry feels my stroke so true;
At skittles in a grizzle can I play?
Woodstock, farewell! and Wallingford, adieu!
Where many a scheme reliev'd the lingering day.

Such were the joys that once Hillario crown'd,
Ere grave preferment came my peace to rob:
Such are the less ambitious pleasures found
Beneath the liceat of an humble Bob.

English Chronicle.

VERSES

Sent by Thomson, with the first edition of the Seasons, to Miss Young, so often celebrated by the appellation of Amanda.

Accept, dear Nymph, a tribute due
To sacred Friendship, and to you;
But with it take what breath'd the whole,
Oh! take to thine the Poet's soul.

If Fancy here her power displays,
Or if a heart exalts these lays,
You fairest in that fancy shine,
And all that heart is fondly thine.

Ibid.

EXTEMPORE.

Occasioned by reading an account of a Lady having been fined at Barnsley Sessions in two guineas, and bound over to keep the peace a twelve-month, for cutting off the Tail of a Lawyer.

"At Barnsley Juries loud I'll rail,"
Said ——— "for years to come—
Two guineas for a Lawyer's tail!
His head's not worth the sum.

"Tho' in the end it may be found
A bargain not too dear,
For with the fine my wife is bound
To keep the peace a YEAR!!!

"Should she do that—no more I'll croak,
No more my lot bewail—
But spouse each year shall have her joke,
And dock a Lawyer's TAIL."

English Chronick.

TO A REDBREAST.

Little bird, with bosom red,
Welcome to my humble shed!
Courtly domes of high degree
Have no room for thee and me;
Pride and pleasure's fickle throng
Nothing mind a simple song.
Daily near my table steal,
While I pick my scanty meal,
Doubt not, little though there be,
But I'll cast a crumb to thee;
Well rewarded if I spy
Pleasure in thy glancing eye;
See thee, when thou'st eat thy fill,
Plume thy breast, and wipe thy bill.
Come, my feather'd friend, again,
Well thou know'st the broken pane,
Ask of me thy daily store;
Go not near Avaro's door:
Once within his iron hall,
Woful end shall thee befall:
Savage!—He would soon divest
Of its rosy plumes thy breast;
Then, with solitary joy,
Eat thee, bones and all, my boy!

Mr. Langhorne.

ACADEMICAL ELEGY.

As Physic's sons, when art's weak efforts fail,
Hope nature may their patient's health repair,
Sooth sad despair by many a cheering tale,
Send them to Bath, or to their native air.

So did my sire his son to college send,
Big with the lordly hopes of future fame,
Most sagely bade him to his book attend,
And boldly emulate each honour'd name.

He little knew, poor soul! the student's toil,
And sweat, and care, and speculation fine;
He never knew, alas! the midnight oil
And mathematics make a sound divine.

He never saw, alack! good honest man,
Master Vice-Chancellor, as meek as Job,
Marching to church, three Beadles in the van,
Or the red splendour of a Doctor's robe.

But ah! his son, by trial sad hath found,
How hard the task, with painful steps, to rove
O'er rocks which roughen academic ground,
And thorns which poison ev'n the muses' grove.

Ev'n now, sad wight! in college closely pent,
While slowly tolls old Mary's doleful bell,
He pours, despondent pours, his poor complaint,
And glares confus'dly round his lonely cell.

His sinking soul ideal fancy shocks,
And paints the tempest of his future years,
When, like a lion, in the horrid box,
His visage grim the stern opponent rears.

Tempestuous dreams disturb his broken rest,
Tremendous Waring opes his ghastly maw,
And, like the night-mare on his troubled breast,
O'erwhelms him with his mathematic paw.

Rest, heaving bosom! pause, thou startling tear!
Now sleep and silence reign o'er half the globe,
Where is thy courage, god-like Sampson, where?
And where thy patience, oh! undaunted Job?

Mr. Langhorne.

THE MARINER.

A SONNET.

The sea-beat mariner, whose watchful eye
Full many a boist'rous night hath wak'd to weep,
When the keen blast descending from the sky,
Snatch'd his warm tear-drop from the rav'nous deep.

Drench'd by the chilling rain, his dreary hour
Creeps slowly onward to the dawn of day;
Till burning Phœbus darting thro' the show'r,
Warms, with his golden beam, the frothy spray.

With lightning's swiftness he ascends the mast,
And cries "another tedious night is o'er,"
He spreads the swelling sail—he sees at last
His darling mistress—and his native shore:
The restless wand'rer *then* forgets his pain,
Steals a fond kiss—and braves his fate again.

English Chronicle.

THE INTERCESSION

TO THE FAIREST OF WOOD-NYMPHS.

No more, soft deceiver! with cruelty sweet,
Of mock adoration thy moments employ,
Spare, spare thy sad lover—a truce to deceit—
Nor say that *his thought* is the source of thy joy.

A Traitress I know, tho' a charmer thou art,
For all thy endearments are meant to mislead;
Thy beauties, resistless, must seize on the heart,
But why should thy merriment doom it to bleed?

Leave, leave such designs, nor exultingly go
To the edge of the mountain, or scite of the grove;
There, gaily observant, to laugh at *his* woe,
Who wanders at midnight to think upon LOVE.

Tho' weak be the wretch who can languish in vain,
And pour forth, distracted, his sighs to the wind;
Yet, sooth'd by his folly, he feeds upon pain,
And anguish becomes the sole bliss of his mind.

What tho' HE adore thee with tenderest care,
Enough—that thy wisdom his passion despise;
That it turns in disgust from the throbs of despair,
And contemn the sad drops that descend from his eyes.

O since then by *truth* or by *pity* subdu'd,
A female of spirit, thou scornest to yield;
Let mercy, at least, in thy triumph be view'd,
Nor attack the unarm'd with a sword and a SHIELD.

But come, rosy Nymph! from the moonshine retire,
O hasten to mingle fond kisses with mine;
A bowl of rich nectar shall brighten the fire,
While Love gives his torch to the God of the Vine.

See my tygers are ready, my car is prepar'd,
To deck thee a garland of joy I have brought;
With mirth unreflecting my throne may be shar'd,
But Sorrow must still be the TYRANT of THOUGHT.

Bacchus.

RETIREMENT.

WRITTEN IN AMERICA, BY A NATIVE BARD.

A HERMIT's house, beside a stream,
With forests planted round,
Whatever it to you may seem,
More real happiness I deem,
Than if I were a monarch crown'd.

A cottage I would call my own,
Remote from domes of care;
A little garden wall'd with stone;
The wall with ivy overgrown;
A limpid fountain near;

Would more substantial joys afford,
More real bliss impart,
Than all the wealth that misers hoard,
Than vanquish'd worlds, or worlds restor'd,
Mere cankers of the heart!

Vain, foolish man! how vast thy pride;
How little can thy wants supply!
'Tis surely wrong to grasp so wide;
We act as if we only had
To triumph—not to die.

EPITAPH

ON TWO SISTERS (TWINS) BURIED TOGETHER.

FAIR marble, tell to future days,
That here TWO virgin SISTERS lie,
Whose lives employ'd each tongue in praise,
Whose death drew tears from ev'ry eye.

In stature, beauty, years, and fame,
Together as they grew, they shone;
So much ALIKE, so much the SAME,
Death quite mistook 'em both for ONE.

English Chronicle.

A MATRIMONIAL THOUGHT.

IN the sweet days of honey-moon,
With Kate's allurements smitten,
I lov'd her late, I lov'd her soon,
And call'd her dearest kitten:

But now my kitten's grown a cat,
And cross, like other wives;
O! by my soul, my honest Mat,
I fear she has nine lives!

Ibid.

JEWISH ECONOMY.

Two criminals, a Christian and a Jew,
Who'd been to honest feelings rather callous,
Were on a platform once expos'd to view,
Or come, as some folks call it, to the gallows;
Or, as of late, a quainter phrase prevails,
To weigh their weight upon the city scales.

In dreadful form the constables and shrieve,
The priest and ord'nary, and crowd attended,
Till fix'd the noose, and all had taken leave;
When the poor trembling Israelite befriended,
Heard, by express, from officer of state,
A gracious pardon quite reverse his fate.

Unmov'd he seem'd, and to the spot still sticking,
Ne'er offers, tho' he's bid, to quit the place;
Till in the air the other fellow kicking,
The sheriff thought that some peculiar grace,
Some Hebrew form of silent deep devotion,
Had for a while depriv'd him of his motion.

But being question'd, by the sheriff's orders—
Why not with proper officer retiring?
In tone of voice that on the marv'lous borders,
While that his looks were to the beam aspiring,
"I only vait" said he, "before I coes"
"Ov Mister Catch to puy the ted man's clothes!"

Peter Pindar.

ADDRESS TO A PICTURE OF PRUDENCE.

WHEN unrestrain'd my simple heart
Would let the world its follies see;
Thy wise reserve do thou impart,
And let me, Prudence, think on thee.

When Wit her dang'rous mirth supplies,
Provoking Laughter's heedless glee,
To check my fancies as they rise,
I'll turn my eyes to look on thee.

If prone to blab a gossip's tale,
And set the imprison'd secret free,
That look demure shall then prevail,
And, silent, I will copy thee.

If discord in my bosom rise,
And anger uncontrol'd would be,
I'll seek that form with eager eyes,
And calm my rage by viewing thee.

When lavish bounty guides my hand,
And thou shalt urge Discretion's plea;
My heart, resign'd to thy command,
Shall yield its impulse up to thee.

Sage goddess, on whose sober brow
I many a sapient maxim see,
Time bids me at thy shrine to bow,
And never more abandon thee.

By a Lady.

LINES

LAID UPON THE BOSOM OF A SLEEPING INFANT.

REST, lovely Babe! while watchful by
A mother guards thy slumbers sweet,
Who loves to meet thy op'ning eye,
And joys thy beaming smile to greet.

O, time will come, when anguish-torn,
In vain thou'lt seek her lulling breast;
Condemn'd, alas! to wake and mourn,
When the fond parent sinks to rest.

May'st thou, dear boy, when age has strung
Thy frame, thus fair, with sinewy force,
Still hold rever'd the sacred tongue
That form'd the infant in its course.

Joy that no harsh ungracious sound
Has ever hurt thy tender ear;
Then the sad earth that clasps her round
Will not be injur'd by thy tear.

English Chronicle.

EPITAPH.

To this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art, draw near,
Here lies the friend most lov'd, the wife most dear;
No conquest she but o'er herself desir'd,
No art essay'd, but not to be admir'd;
Passion and pride were to her soul unknown,
Convinc'd that virtue only is our own;
Who ne'er knew joy but friendship might divide,
Or gave her husband grief—but when she dy'd.

Ibid.

THE LICENCE OF TRAVELLING.

One of those talkers, who themselves admire,
Strange stories tell, and say they hate a liar,
As he was holding forth one day,
'Mongst other things was heard to say:
"On Dover beach (I think 'twas there)
A friend of mine caught a sea horse,
He train'd him up with special care,
And round his fields would make him course.
Riding one morn th' amphibious creature,
Rashly too near the sea he went;
The marine horse, as was his nature,
No sooner snuff'd the briny scent,
But in he plung'd, with him he bore,
And ne'er was seen or heard of more."

"O! Sir," reply'd a stander by,
"As much as you I hate a lie:
But trust me, at the time you mention,
(It is no tale of my invention)
I was at Calais waiting for a wind,
When, to my great and glad surprise,
Forth from the waves I saw him rise,
Beholding my distress, he was so kind
To mount again, and take me up behind;
Then jump'd into the deep profound,
And brought me home both safe and sound."

The moral's very easy to apply—
To shame a liar tell a greater lie!

DIALOGUE

Between Harry, who had a large Library, and Dick, who had more Understanding than Books.

QUOTH Harry to his friend one day,
"Wou'd, Richard, I'd thy head,"
"What wilt thou give for't?" Dick reply'd,
"The bargain's quickly made."

"My head and all my books I'd give
With readiness and freedom,"
"I'd take thy books, but with thy head
Gad-zooks I cou'd not read 'em."

English Chronicle.

ON LOTTERIES.

A LOTTERY, like a magic spell,
All ranks of men bewitches;
Whose beating bosoms vainly swell,
With hopes of sudden riches.

With hopes to gain ten thousand pounds,
How many post to ruin,
And for more empty, airy sounds,
Contrive their own undoing.

Life's greatest blessing, calm content,
No more attends his slumbers,
Who dreams of profit cent per cent,
And sets his heart on numbers.

He, who intent on shadowy schemes,
By them is deeply bubbled,
Deserves to wake from golden dreams,
With disappointment doubled.

Unmov'd by FORTUNE's fickle wheel,
The wise man CHANCE despises,
And PRUDENCE courts with fervent zeal—
She gives the highest prizes.

Ibid.

LINES

By Sir Richard Lovelace to his Mistress, on his going to the Wars.

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,
To war and arms I fly.

True; a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And, with a stronger faith, embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Lov'd I not honour more.

EPIGRAM.

ON IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

OF old the Debtor, that insolvent died,
Egypt the rites of sepulture denied;
A diff'rent trade enlighten'd christians drive,
And charitably bury him alive.

English Chronicle.

EPIGRAM,

Stuck upon the statue of the Moor which supports the Sun-dial in Clement's Inn.

In vain, poor sable son of woe,
Thou seek'st the tender tear;
From thee in vain with pangs they flow,
For mercy dwells not here.

From cannibals thou fled'st in vain;
Lawyers less quarter give;
The first won't eat you till you're slain,
The last will do't alive.

Ibid.

ON LELIA.

O had I Titian's skill, to trace
A picture without fault or flaw,
A perfect form, a perfect face,
I then would Lelia's portrait draw.

Or had I Milton's pow'r of song,
Where strength with melody combin'd,
I'd sing in numbers soft, yet strong,
The nobler graces of her mind.

For none but Titian's art could paint
  Her eyes, her mouth, her shape, her air;
His art alone could represent
  So sweet a form, a face so fair.

And Milton's muse alone could tell
  Her graceful ease, her polish'd art,
Her soul, where all attractions dwell,
  And prostrate lays the proudest heart.

Monthly Review.

CUPID AND PSYCHE,

To some married Ladies.

WITH cheeks bedew'd with drops of pearl,
  Sad Psyche sought the grove,
Where she her tresses us'd to curl,
  With Innocence and Love.

Sweet Modesty, a rural maid,
  O'ertook the weeping fair;
Ask'd why in loose attire she stray'd,
  And why diffus'd her hair?

I Cupid seek o'er hill and dale,
  From me the god has fled;
And (what's the cause I cannot tell),
  He shuns the marriage bed.

Dry up thy tears, and cease to mourn,
Return'd the sylvan chaste,
Accept from me this magic zone,
And bind it round thy waist.

Tie up thy locks, thy dress improve,
And soon this change thou'lt see;
Psyche shall cease to follow love,
Fond love shall follow thee.

The zone about her waist she ties,
Each tress a ringlet flows,
Her bosom's hid from vulgar eyes,
Each cheek displays a rose.

Now in the stream she views her face,
Exults at charms so fair;
The while she studied ev'ry grace,
Love came and found her there.

Enraptur'd to her arms he flew,
With joy he bless'd the change,
Improv'd the cause from whence it grew,
And Love forgot to range.

Ye wedded dames, my hints descry,
Nor blame the friendly part;
The slattern makes the lover fly,
While neatness chains the heart.

T. M. E. G.

EPIGRAM,

On angling at Kelham after the death of the late Duke of Newcastle, who, when Lord Lincoln, had a temporary residence there.

AN IMPROMPTU.

In the trials of patience which pursue us thro' life,
There is one I may venture to tell 'em;
Poor Job, tho' perplex'd with a fond foolish wife,
Yet, I trust, he ne'er angled at Kelham.

C. S.

THE SIMPE SWAIN.

A PASTORAL.

In wayward mood, in passion's guise,
There was a time when tears and sighs
Were grateful to my soul;
I hail'd the gloom—I sought the grove,
I felt the pangs of wasting love,
And own'd his full control.

Haply to meet the peerless maid,
Oft 'mid the vista's length I stray'd,
All comfortless I sought;
To lull my woes, to still my pain,
I lov'd the soft elegiac strain,
And fair poetic thought.

But musings that seclusions bring,
But strains that love-lorn poets sing,
Are nought to heal a lover;
Chance leads the fair one to the vale;
Tongue knows not to unfold the tale,
So eyes the flame discover.

The past'ral maid, in all her charms,
Thus lur'd unto my longing arms,
I woo'd—I won—I wed—
Gone were my tears, my pangs, my sighs,
Much was the "eloquence of eyes,"
But few the words we said.

Ah! shepherd swains, of LOOKS beware,
Words be your earlier, better care,
And SENSE th' important rule;
When but one moon had run its round,
O heavens! the peerless maid I found,
A VIXEN and a FOOL.

English Chronicle.

TO A PHYSICIAN,

On his Marriage.

DEAR Doctor, let me wish you joy,
If 'tis not past the wishing season;
Let me, as poets use, employ
A little rhyme, a little reason.

No jokes on human nature fear,
'Tis fit I to Physicians leave her;
Who from an ague can set clear,
And know the symptom's of a fever.

Forgive me, if too fond of rule,
I learn the habit of advising;
I shall but briefly play the fool,
In wishing, or in moralizing.

All strife for empire be abhorr'd;
Which often nuptial quiet vexes;
Tho' you by right divine are lord,
Yet souls no difference know of sexes.

Your griefs and pleasures let her share,
Deserv'dly your esteem possessing,
To blunt the smart of ev'ry care,
And raise the sweets of ev'ry blessing.

Nor joy, nor jar, be heard or seen,
Nor umpire, nor spectator, needing;
Soon as a third crept in between,
Remember Adam lost his Eden.

May rolling years, that strength impair,
Cement your friendship still the stronger;
O! may her mind appear most fair,
Then, when her face is so no longer.

Safe may you rest thro' life's decline,
From pain acute or great disaster;
While children, as they grow, combine
To draw your true-love knot the faster.

Till her, whose universal dart
The learn'd and fair must suffer under,
Your true-love knot alone shall part,
Who parts the knot of life asunder.

English Chronicle.

SONNET TO FORTITUDE.

FROM PETARCH.

NYMPH of the rock! whose dauntless spirit braves
The beating storm and bitter winds that howl!
Round my cold breast; and hear'st the bursting waves,
And the deep thunder, with unshaken soul!
O come! and shew how vain the cares that press
On my weak bosom, and how little worth
Is the false fleeting meteor, Happiness,
That still misleads the wanderers of the earth!
Strengthen'd by thee, this heart shall cease to melt
O'er ills thar poor Humanity must bear;
Nor friends estrang'd, or ties dissolv'd be felt,
To leave regret and fruitless anguish there;
And when at length it heaves its latest sigh,
Thou, and mild Hope, shall teach me how to die.

Ibid.

SONNET

In the Hermitage at Wrest in Bedfordshire.

STRANGER, or guest, whome'er this hallow'd grove
Shall chance receive, where sweet contentment dwells,
Bring here no heart that with ambition swells,
With av'rice pines, or burns with lawless love.

Vain tainted souls will all in vain remove
To sylvan shades, and hermit's peaceful cells;
In vain will seek Retirement's lenient spells,
Or hope that bliss which only good men prove.

If heav'n-born Truth and sacred Virtue's lore,
Which cheer, adorn, and dignify the mind,
Are constant inmates of thy honest breast;
If, unrepining at thy neighbour's store,
Thou count'st as thine the good of all mankind,
Then welcome share the friendly groves of Wrest.

T. E. Esq.

EPIGRAM.

WHEN George was poor, the youth was gay and free,
Of late he's grown brim full of pride and pelf;
You wonder that he do'nt remember me,
Why so? you see he has forgot himself.

TO A PIPE OF OLD PORT.

AN IMITATION OF HORACE, ODE 21, LIB. 3.

Ad Amphoram.

Oh! hallow'd cask of virtues rare,
Imported when John Wilkes was may'r;
Whether the juice which you contain,
To love or madness fire the brain;
Whether to wit you give a zest,
Or rouse to rage the heated breast;
Or, Lethe like, the senses steep
In fond, oblivious, balmy sleep?
I'll broach this night your latent hoard,
For Towers this night will grace my board;
And he well skill'd, as I opine,
Loves mellow Lusitanian wine;
Tho' stern in Freedom's glorious cause,
A bold asserter of her laws,
He'll not, I'm sure, your gifts deride,
With sanctimonious, surly pride;
E'en Priestley's faith some folks pretend,
Your spirit could not fail to mend;
Correct the creed that Horsley shocks,
First make him drunk, then orthodox;
That you make dunces wond'rous wise,
From thousand proofs let two suffice.

Pray what made Young of Newton treat?
And Billy Morgan write on heat?
Severely kind you still engage,
In playful mirth, each rugged sage;
Those secrets, Melancholy's food!
Which oft distract the wise and good,
By cheerful glasses are reveal'd,
And every mental wound is heal'd;
To anxious minds, who hope forswear,
You vigour give, and chase despair;
Tho' press'd with want, the poor man sings,
Regardless of the frowns of kings,
If chance the martial file he meets,
Who daily now disgrace our streets,
When warm'd by you, they nought appal,
He boldly pushes for the wall,
'Gainst which he rests, nor moves a foot,
Then damns them and the bank to boot.
Bacchus will come, a welcome guest,
And Venus, sworn to make us blest;
The Graces too, as guests I name,
For once not fearful of their fame,
All! all! shall come, and house to-night,
Long as the lustres lend their light;
And they will burn till Phœbus rise,
To reign the monarch of the skies.

English Chronicle.

INSCRIPTION UNDER AN HOUR-GLASS,

IN A GROTTO NEAR THE WATER.

THIS bubbling stream not uninstructive flows,
Nor idly loiters to its distant main;
Each flower it feeds that on its margin grows,
Bids thee to blush, whole days are spent in vain.

Nor void of moral, tho' unheeded glides
Time's current, stealing on with silent pace;
For lo! each falling sand his folly chides,
Who lets one precious moment run to waste.

Q. L.

THE DREAM.

AN ODE.

COME, gentle god of soft repose,
And charm my weary'd soul to rest;
In thy embraces let me lose
The cares that rack my pensive breast.

Arise, ye dear deceits, arise,
And drest in Damon's manly form,
My long expecting, wishing eyes,
With his ador'd resemblance charm.

Those melting sounds still let me hear,
Which did his ardent flame impart;
Which blest with love my list'ning ear,
And charm'd my young, my yielding heart.

Why rove my thoughts on fancy'd bliss,
Which fleeting dreams alone bestow?
For ah! whene'er the morn appears,
I wake to sure and certain woe!

The envious light from my sad eyes,
Drives every festive joy away;
With night the lovely phantom flies,
And leaves me sad in hated day.

Since waking, then, I am distrest,
And rosy Pleasure's fled with him;
If sleeping, I can still be blest,
Let life be all one blissful Dream!

By a young Lady, aged 15.

BREVIS ESSE LABORO.

TRANSLATED.

In a suit of three years, for three pinches of snuff,
Here's a brief of three yards, and that's brief enough.

Anonymous.

CORIN'S FATE.

Corin, most unhappie swaine,
Whither wilt thou drive thy flocke?
Little foode is on the plaine;
Full of danger is the rocke:

Wolfes and beares doe kepe the woodes;
Forests tangled are with brakes;
Meadowes subject are to floodes;
Moores are full of miry lakes.

Yet to shunne all plaine, and hill,
Forest, moore, and meadow-ground,
Hunger will as surely kill:
How may then reliefe be found?

Such is hapless Corin's fate:
Since my wayward love begunne,
Equall doubts begett debate
What to seeke, and what to shunne.

Spare to speake, and spare to speed;
Yet to speake will move disdaine:
If I see her not I bleed,
Yet her sight augments my paine.

What may then poor Corin doe?
Tell me, shepherds, quickly tell,
For to linger thus in woe
Is the lover's sharpest hell.

Percy's Reliques.

A SONG TO THE LUTE IN MUSICKE.

MODERNISED.

WHERE griping griefs the heart would wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
There Music, with her silver sound,
With speed is wont to send redress:
Of troubled minds, in ev'ry sore,
Sweet music hath a salve in store.

In joy it makes our mirth abound,
In woe it cheers our heavy sprites;
Distracted heads relief hath found,
By music's pleasant sweet delights:
Our senses all, and e'en what more,
Are subject unto music's lore.

The gods by music have their praise;
The life, the soul therein doth joy:
For, as the Roman poet says,
In seas, whom pirates would destroy,
A dolphin sav'd, from death most sharp,
Arion, playing on his harp.

O heav'nly gift, that rules the mind,
E'en as the stern doth rule the ship!
O music, whom the gods assign'd
To comfort man, whom cares would nip!
Since thou both man and beast dost move,
What beast is he, will thee disprove?

Ibid.

JEMMY DAWSON.

James Dawson was one of the Manchester rebels, who was hanged, drawn, and quartered, on Kennington Common, July 30, 1746.

COME listen to my mournful tale,
Ye tender hearts, and lovers dear;
Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,
Nor will you blush to shed a tear.

And thou, dear Kitty, peerless maid,
Do thou a pensive ear incline;
For thou can'st weep at ev'ry woe,
And pity ev'ry plaint but mine.

Young Dawson was a gallant youth,
A brighter never trod the plain;
And well he lov'd one charming maid,
And dearly was he lov'd again

One tender maid she lov'd him dear,
Of gentle blood the damsel came,
And faultless was her beauteous form,
And spotless was her virgin fame.

But curse on party's hateful strife,
That led the faithful youth astray
The day the rebel clans appear'd:
O had he never seen that day!

Their colours and their sash he wore,
And in the fatal dress was found;
And now he must that death endure,
Which gives the brave the keenest wound.

How pale was then his true-love's cheek,
When Jemmy's sentence reach'd her ear!
For never yet did Alpine snows
So pale, nor yet so chill appear.

With falt'ring voice she weeping said,
"Oh Dawson! monarch of my heart,
Think not thy death shall end our loves,
For thou and I will never part.

"Yet might sweet mercy find a place,
And bring relief to Jemmy's woes,
O GEORGE! without a pray'r for thee
My orisons should never close.

"The gracious prince that gives him life
Would crown a never-dying flame,
And every tender babe I bore
Should learn to lisp the giver's name.

"But tho', dear youth! thou should'st be dragg'd
To yonder ignominious tree,
Thou shalt not want a faithful friend
To share thy bitter fate with thee."

O then her mourning coach was call'd,
The sledge mov'd slowly on before;
Tho' borne in a triumphal car,
She had not lov'd her fav'rite more.

She follow'd him, prepar'd to view
The terrible behests of law;
And the last scene of Jemmy's woes
With calm and stedfast eye she saw.

Distorted was that blooming face,
Which she had fondly lov'd so long:
And stifled was that tuneful breath,
Which in her praise had sweetly sung:

And sever'd was that beauteous neck,
Round which her arms had fondly clos'd:
And mangled was that beauteous breast,
On which her love-sick head repos'd:

And ravish'd was that constant heart,
  She did to ev'ry heart prefer;
For tho' it could its king forget,
  'Twas true and loyal still to her.

Amid those unrelenting flames,
  She bore this constant heart to see;
But when 'twas mould'red into dust,
  "Now, now," she cry'd, "I'll follow thee.

"My death, my death alone can show
  The pure and lasting love I bore:
Accept, O heaven! of woes like ours,
  And let us, let us weep no more."

The dismal scene was o'er and past,
  The lover's mournful hearse retir'd;
The maid drew back her languid head,
  And, sighing forth his name, expir'd.

Tho' justice ever must prevail,
  The tear my Kitty sheds is due;
For seldom shall she hear a tale
  So sad, so tender, yet so true.

Percy's Reliques.

COLIN AND LUCY.

Of Leinster, fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace;
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
Reflect so fair a face.

Till luckless love and pining care
Impair'd her rosy hue,
Her coral lip, and damask cheek,
And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh! have you seen a lily pale,
When beating rains descend?
So droop'd the slow-consuming maid;
Her life now near its end.

By Lucy warn'd, of flattering swains
Take heed, ye easy fair;
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjur'd swains beware.

Three times, all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring;
And at her window, shrieking thrice,
The raven flap'd his wing.

Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
That solemn boding sound;
And thus, in dying words, bespoke
The virgins weeping round:

"I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says I must not stay;
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.

"By a false heart, and broken vows,
In early youth I die;
Am I to blame, because his bride
Is thrice as rich as I?

"Ah Colin! give not her thy vows;
Vows due to me alone:
Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,
Nor think him all thy own.

"To-morrow in the church to wed,
Impatient, both prepare:
But know, fond maid, and know, false man,
That Lucy will be there.

"Then bear my corpse, ye comrades, bear,
The bridegroom blithe to meet;
He in his wedding trim so gay,
I in my winding sheet."

She spoke, she dy'd ;—her corse was borne,
The bridegroom blithe to meet ;
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
She in her winding-sheet.

Then what were perjur'd Colin's thoughts ?
How were those nuptials kept ?
The bride-men flock'd round Lucy dead,
And all the village wept.

Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,
At once his bosom swell :
The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
He shook, he groan'd, he fell !

From the vain bride (ah, bride no more !)
The varying crimson fled,
When, stretch'd before her rival's corse,
She saw her husband dead.

Then to his Lucy's new-made grave,
Convey'd by trembling swains,
One mould with her, beneath one sod,
For ever now remains.

Oft at their grave the constant hind
And plighted maid are seen ;
With garlands gay, and true-love knots,
They deck the sacred green.

But, swain forsworn; whoe'er thou art,
This hallow'd spot forbear;
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

Percy's Reliques.

MARGARET'S GHOST.

'Twas at the silent solemn hour,
When night and morning meet;
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April morn,
Clad in a wintry cloud:
And clay-cold was her lily hand,
That held her sable shrowd.

So shall the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown:
Such is the robe that kings must wear,
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
That sips the silver dew;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just op'ning to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Consum'd her early prime:
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek;
She dy'd before her time.

"Awake!" she cry'd, "thy true-love calls,
Come from her midnight grave;
Now let thy pity hear the maid,
Thy love refus'd to save.

"This is the dark and dreary hour,
When injur'd ghosts complain;
Now yawning graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithless swain.

"Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge, and broken oath:
And give me back my maiden vow,
And give me back my troth.

"Why did you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep?
Why did you swear mine eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep?

"How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

"Why did you say my lip was sweet,
And made the scarlet pale?
And why did I, young witless maid,
Believe the flatt'ring tale?

"That face, alas! no more is fair;
These lips no longer red;
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
And ev'ry charm is fled.

"The hungry worm my sister is;
This winding sheet I wear;
And cold and weary lasts our night,
'Till the last morn appear.

"But hark! the cock has warn'd me hence!
A long and last adieu!
Come see, false man, how low she lies,
Who dy'd for love of you."

The lark sung loud; the morning smil'd,
With beams of rosy red:
Pale William shook in ev'ry limb,
And, raving, left his bed.

He hy'd him to the fatal place,
Where Margaret's body lay;
And stretch'd him on the grass-green turf,
That wrapt her breathless clay.

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,
  And thrice he wept full sore;
And laid his cheek to her cold grave,
  And word spake never more.

Mallet.

ODE TO THE HARP.

Awake, O Harp! and sooth my soul,
  Ah! much I need relief:
Thy Halcyon sound can pain control,
And hush the storm of grief.

Angelic hope devis'd thy frame,
  Peace wrought thy golden strings,
Bright rapture long shall bless thy name,
  And health, with purple wings,

Wrapt in delirium sweet, I dwell
  On thy seraphic strain,
For me a Heav'nly charming spell
  Thy living chords contain.

MS.

HYMN

Composed by Dr. Hawkesworth a month before his death, in 1773, and dictated by him to his wife.

In sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely past the silent night;
At once I see the breaking shade,
And drink again the morning light.

New born—I bless the waking hour,
Once more, with awe, rejoice to BE;
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And springs, my gracious GOD, to thee.

Oh! guide me through the various maze
My doubtful feet are doom'd to tread;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze
When dangers press around my head.

A deeper shade will soon impend,
A deeper sleep my eyes oppress;
Yet still thy strength shall me defend,
Thy goodness still shall deign to bless.

That deeper shade shall fade away,
That deeper sleep shall leave my eyes;
Thy light shall give eternal day!
Thy love the rapture of the skies!

VERSES

ON REVISITING THE BANKS OF THE TRENT,

After a long absence in London.

Ye clear crystal streams in murmers soft flowing,
On whose banks I have wander'd to welcome the day,
Ere the sun in the east, with radiance mild glowing,
Has ting'd the hill top with his all-cheering ray.

Enraptur'd I view the gay prospects returning,
Which often in youth's early season I knew;
When accomplish'd my task, and for liberty burning,
With what eager delight and wild transport I flew!

Alas! since that day, how often in sorrow
Has my heart sigh'd for peace in the crowd of the town;
Still counting the days, in hopes that to-morrow
Would repay all my cares, and my wishes still crown.

Hope lent her fond aid, and induc'd me to wander
In the mazes and bustle of life's busy train,
Where, regardless of fame, or th' allurements of grandeur,
I sigh'd for content, but alas! sigh'd in vain.

Long protracted the day that brought the wish'd treasure,
And youth's fairy prospects, alas! were no more;
Yet still, in retirement, I sigh for that pleasure
Which these tranquil scenes alone can restore.

Then flow, crystal Trent—whilst a stranger to grandeur,
And health, rosy health, my companion alone,
By thy sweet winding stream delighted I'll wander,
Nor heave a fond sigh to the days that are gone.

C. S.

A MORNING WALK.

When vernal airs, and op'ning flow'rs,
Regale the sense and charm the sight;
When Spring leads on the laughing hours,
And rapture wakes to new delight:

At early dawn I musing stray,
Ere Phœbus gilds the village spire,
Transported, hail the rising day,
And grateful tune the rural lyre.

How sweet, how cool, the passing gale!
How clear, how bright, the murmuring stream!
What blended sweets adorn the vale,
Fresh op'ning to the morning beam!

The swallow, welcome guest! return'd
From foreign climes, by instinct led,
(Alas! how oft in absence mourn'd),
Thrice welcome to my humble shed.

The stock-dove with his pensive note
Responsive fills the neighb'ring grove,
The blackbird from his mellow throat
Pours loud and sweet the song of love.

The clam'rous lapwing's plaintive moan,
The cawing rook, and prating jay,
Discordant oft when heard alone,
Now pleasing fill the grateful lay.

The dew-drops tremble on the thorn,
The shadowy mist retires apace,
Soft blushes deck the smiling morn,
And Sol begins his glorious race.

Low in the horizon, behold!
The parting clouds his rise proclaim,
The sky, now ting'd with beaming gold,
Now glowing with a brighter flame.

What myriads croud the gladsome beam
Soft glancing thro' the parting grove,
Flaunt in the air, or skim the stream,
By pleasure led, or sportive love!

. . . . . .

Where'er I turn, whate'er I see,
That roves the plain, or wings the air,
Tunes a loud song of praise to THEE!
GREAT CAUSE, of all this scene so fair!

Shall man alone, then mute remain,
When all creation hymns THY praise?
Shall he not join the choral strain,
And, grateful, pour his fervent lays?

Oh yes! my soul, awake! arise!
Strike loud and full the trembling string,
To pay thy early sacrifice
To Heaven's ALMIGHTY bounteous KING.

Catch, catch, ye gales, the grateful sound,
All meaner earth-born thoughts depart;
Oh! in my pray'r may still be found
The incense of a humble heart!

C. S.

THE SEAT OF WAR ON A FAN.

WITH small, or no propriety, my fair,
A map of warring Germany you bear;
Let me a picture much more fit impart,
Wear rather on your fan—a lover's heart:
To speak the meaning, let it bleed and flame,
And underneath it write the wretch's name;
The title then will suit you better far,
A lover's heart indeed's a Seat of War,
War, which you quickly can command to cease,
Just tell him that you love—and all is peace.

DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

The glories of our birth and state
  Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate:
  Death lays his icy hand on kings:
    Sceptre and crown
    Must tumble down,
And, in the dust, be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
  And plant fresh laurels where they kill:
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
  They tame but one another still:
    Early or late
    They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murm'ring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
  Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon Death's purple altar now
  See where the victor victim bleeds:
    All heads must come
    To the cold tomb,
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust

Percy's Reliques.

AN INSCRIPTION.

STRANGER, that, with careless feet,
Wand'rest near this green retreat,
Where, through gentle bending slopes,
Soft the distant prospect opes;

Where the fern, in fringed pride,
Decks the lonely valley's side;
Where the linnet chirps his song,
Flitting as thou tread'st along;

Know, where now thy footsteps pass,
O'er the bending tufts of grass,
Bright gleaming through th' encircling wood,
Once a Naiad roll'd her flood;

If her urn, unknown to fame,
Pour'd no far extended stream,
Yet along its grassy side
Clear and constant flow'd the tide.

Grateful for the tribute paid,
Lordly Mersey lov'd the maid;
Yonder rocks still mark the place
Where she met his stern embrace.

Stranger, curious, would'st thou learn
Why she mourns her wasted urn?
Soon a short and simple verse
Shall her hapless fate rehearse:

Ere yon neighb'ring spires arose,
That the upland prospect close;
Or ere along the startled shore
Echo'd loud the cannons roar;

Once the maid, in Summer's heat,
Careless left her cool retreat,
And, by sultry suns oppress,
Laid her weary limbs to rest;

Forgetful of her daily toil,
To trace each tract of humid soil;
From dews and bounteous show'rs to bring
The limpid treasures of her spring:

Enfeebled by the scorching ray,
She slept the sultry hours away;
And, when she op'd her languid eye,
Found her silver urn was dry.

Heedless stranger, who so long
Hast listen'd to an idle song,
Whilst trifles thus thy notice share,
Hast thou no urn that asks thy care?

Roscoe.

LADY CARLISLE'S ANSWER

TO MRS. GREVILLE'S "ODE TO INDIFFERENCE."

Is that your wish, to lose all sense
In dull lethargic ease,
And, wrapt in cold indifference,
But half be pleas'd, or please?

If dictated by deep despair,
You all our pity claim;
If not, 'tis sure the strangest wish
That woman e'er did frame.

Who can decide 'twixt you and me?
There's no disputing taste:
But this I know, we disagree
As wide as east from west.

Inferior far my power to please,
If all I've heard be true;
Yet beats my heart for more than ease,
And cannot pray with you.

It never shall be my desire,
To bear a heart unmov'd,
To feel by halves the gen'rous fire,
Or be but half belov'd.

Let me drink deep the dang'rous cup,
In hopes the prize to gain,
Nor tamely give the pleasure up,
For fear to share the pain.

If languid ease they cannot know,
Who have not hearts of steel;
Yet height of bliss, as well as woe,
They must alternate feel.

This the partition made by fate:
Oh! take them both together;
And know that, in this chequer'd state,
The one is worth the other.

Give me, whatever I possess,
To know, and feel it all,
When youth and love no more can bless,
Let death obey my call.

Or turn my senses then to stone:
Let cold indiff'rence live;
But bring her not till youth is flown,
And all that love can give.

Too soon, alas! that torpid state
Benumbing age will bring:
I would not rashly tempt my fate,
To blast the present spring.

SONG.

I've roam'd thro' many a wearied round,
And wander'd east and west,
Pleasure in ev'ry clime I found,
But sought in vain for rest.

While glory sighs for other spheres,
I feel that one's too wide,
And this, a home which love endears,
Were worth the world beside.

The needle thus too rudely mov'd,
Wanders, unconscious where,
Till, having found the place it lov'd,
It, trembling, settles there.

MS.

EPIGRAM.

No wonder that Oxford and Cambridge profound
In learning and science so greatly abound,
When all carry thither a little each day,
And we meet with so few who bring it away.

Anonymous.

ODE TO LEVEN WATER.

On Leven's banks, while free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to love,
I envy'd not the happiest swain
That ever trod th' Arcadian plain.

Pure stream! in whose transparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave;
No torrents stain thy limpid source,
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white, round, polish'd pebbles spread;
While, lightly pois'd, the scaly brood
In myriads cleave the crystal flood:
The springing trout, in speckled pride;
The salmon, monarch of the tide;
The ruthless pike, intent on war;
The silver eel, and mottled par.
Devolving from thy parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make,
By bow'rs of birch, and groves of pine,
And hedges flower'd with eglantine.

Still on thy banks, so gaily green,
May num'rous herds and flocks be seen;
And lasses chaunting o'er the pail;
And shepherds piping in the dale;

And ancient faith that knows no guile;
And industry embrown'd with toil;
And hearts resolv'd, and hands prepar'd,
The blessings they enjoy to guard!

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF R. BURNS,

The Scottish Poet.

REAR high thy bleak majestic hills,
Thy shelter'd vallies proudly spread,
And, Scotia, pour thy thousand rills,
And wave thy heaths with blossoms red!
But, ah! what poet now shall tread
Thy airy heights, thy woodland reign,
Since he, the sweetest bard, is dead,
That ever breath'd the soothing strain?

As green thy tow'ring pines may grow,
As clear thy streams may speed along,
As bright thy summer suns may glow,
And wake again thy feath'ry throng:
But now unheeded is my song,
And dull and lifeless all around:
For his wild harp lies all unstrung—
And cold the hand that wak'd its sound!

What tho' thy vig'rous offspring rise,
In arts, in arms, thy sons excel;
Though beauty in thy daughters' eyes,
And health in ev'ry feature dwell,
Yet, who shall now their praises tell,
In strains empassion'd, fond, and free,
Since he no more the song shall swell
To love, and liberty, and thee.

With step-dame eye, and frown severe,
His hapless youth why didst thou view?
For all thy joys to him were dear,
And all his vows to thee were due:
Nor greater bliss his bosom knew,
In hopeful youth's delightful prime,
Than when thy fav'ring ear he drew
To listen to his chaunted rhyme!

Thy lonely wastes, and frowning skies,
To him were all with rapture fraught;
He heard with joy the tempest rise
That wak'd him to sublimer thought:
And oft thy winding dells he sought,
Where wild-flow'rs pour'd their sweet perfume,
And, with sincere devotion, brought
To thee the summer's earliest bloom.

But ah! no fond maternal smile
His unprotected youth enjoy'd;
His limbs inur'd to early toil,
His days with early hardships try'd!
And, more to mark the gloomy void,
And bid him feel his misery,
Before his infant eyes would glide
Day-dreams of immortality.

Yet, not by cold neglect deprest,
With sinewy arm he turn'd the soil,
Sunk with the ev'ning sun to rest,
And met at morn his earliest smile!
Wak'd by his rustic pipe, meanwhile,
The pow'rs of fancy came along,
And sooth'd his lengthen'd hours of toil
With native wit, and sprightly song!

Ah! days of bliss too swiftly fled!
When vig'rous health from labour springs,
And bland contentment smooths the bed,
And sleep his ready opiate brings;
And, hov'ring round on airy wings,
Float the light forms of young desire,
That of unutterable things
The soft and shadowy hope inspire!

Now spells of mightier pow'r prepare;
  Bid brighter phantoms round him dance:
Let flatt'ry spread her viewless snare,
  And fame attract his vagrant glance;
Let sprightly pleasure too advance,
  Unveil'd her eyes, unclasp'd her zone,
Till, lost in love's delicious trance,
  He scorn'd the joys his youth had known!

Let friendship pour its brightest blaze,
  Expanding all the bloom of soul;
And mirth concentre all her rays,
  And point them from the sparkling bowl;
And let the careless moments roll
  In social pleasures unconfin'd;
And confidence, that spurns control,
  Unlock the inmost springs of mind:

And lead his steps those bow'rs among,
  Where elegance with splendour vies,
Or science bids her favour'd throng
  To more refin'd sensations rise;
Beyond the peasant's humble joys,
  And, freed from each laborious strife,
There let him learn the bliss to prize
  That waits the sons of polish'd life!

Then, whilst his throbbing veins beat high
With ev'ry impulse of delight,
Dash'd from his lips the cup of joy—
And shroud the scene in shades of night!
Then let despair, with wizard light,
Disclose the yawning gulph below,
And pour incessant on his sight
Her spectred ills, and shapes of woe!

And shew, beneath a cheerless shed,
With sorrowing heart, and streaming eyes,
In silent grief where droops her head—
The partner of his early joys!
And let his infants' tender cries,
His fond paternal succour claim,
And bid him hear in agonies
A husband's and a father's name!

'Tis done—the powerful charm succeeds;
His high reluctant spirit bends;
In bitterness of soul he bleeds,
Nor longer with his fate contends!
An ideot-laugh the welkin rends,
As genius thus degraded lies,
Till pitying heav'n the veil extends
That shrouds the poet's ardent eyes!

Rear high thy bleak majestic hills,
  Thy shelter'd vallies proudly spread,
And, Scotia, pour thy thousand rills,
  And wave thy heaths with blossoms red!
But never more shall poet tread
  Thy airy heights, thy woodland reign,
Since he, the sweetest bard, is dead,
  That ever breath'd the soothing strain.

A COURT AUDIENCE.

Old South, a witty churchman reckon'd,
Was preaching once to Charles the Second,
But much too serious for a court
Who at all preaching made a sport:
He soon perceiv'd his audience nod,
Deaf to the zealous man of God!
The doctor stopp'd; began to call,
"Pray 'wake the Earl of Lauderdale!
My Lord! why 'tis a monstrous thing!
You snore so loud—you'll 'wake the King!"

TO THE MAY FLY.

Poor insect! what a little day
Of sunny bliss is thine!
And yet thou spread'st thy light wings gay,
And bids't them, spreading, shine!

Thou humm'st thy short, and busy tune,
Unmindful of the blast;
And, careless, while 'tis burning noon,
How short that noon is past!

A show'r would lay thy beauty low,
The dew of twilight be
The torrent of thy overthrow—
Thy storm of destiny!

Then spread thy little shining wing;
Hum on thy busy lay;
For, man, like thee, has but his spring—
Like thine, it fades away!

THE FEMALE PRATTLER.

From morn to night, from day to day,
At all times, and in ev'ry place,
You scold, repeat, and sing, and say,
Nor are there hopes you'll ever cease.

Forbear, my Fannia! oh, forbear!
If your own health or ours you prize;
For all mankind, that hear you, swear
Your tongue's more killing than your eyes.

Your tongue's a traitor to your face,
Your fame's by your own noise obscur'd;
All are distracted while they gaze,
But if they listen, soon are cur'd.

Your silence would acquire more praise
Than all you say, or all you write;
One look ten thousand charms displays;
Then hush! and be an angel quite.

Anonymous.

A WISH.

MINE be a cot, beside the hill,
A bee-hive's hum shall sooth my ear;
A willowy brook that turns a mill
With many a fall, shall linger near.

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch,
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
Each fragrant flow'r that drinks the dew;
And Lucy at her wheel shall sing,
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church, among the trees
Where first our marriage vows were giv'n,
Where merry peals shall swell the breeze,
And point with taper spire to heav'n.

Rogers.

LAURA.

THINK not, while gayer swains invite
Thy feet, dear girl, to pleasure's bow'rs,
My faded form shall meet thy sight,
And cloud my Laura's smiling hours.

Thou art the world's delighted guest,
And all the young admire is thine;
Then I'll not wound thy gentle breast,
By numb'ring o'er the wounds of mine.

I will not say, how well, how long,
This faithful heart has sigh'd for thee,
But leave thee happier swains among,
Content, if thou contented be.

But, Laura, should misfortune's wand
Bid all thy youth's gay vision fly,
From thy soft cheek the rose command,
And force the lustre from thine eye;

Then, thoughtless of my own distress,
I'll haste thy comforter to prove:
And Laura shall my *friendship* bless,
Although, alas! she scorns my *love*.

Mrs. Opie.

ELEGY

IN IMITATION OF TIBULLUS.

WHERE now are all my flatt'ring dreams of joy?
Monimia, give my soul her wonted rest;
Since first thy beauty fix'd my roving eye,
Heart-knawing cares corrode my pensive breast.

Let happy lovers fly where pleasures call;
With festive souls beguile the fleeting hour,
Lead beauty thro' the mazes of the ball,
Or press her wanton in love's roseate bow'r.

For me, no more I'll range th' empurpled mead,
Where fancy paints the glimm'ring taper blue,
Where damps hang mould'ring on the ivy'd wall,
And sheeted ghosts drink up the midnight dew.

There, leagu'd with hopeless anguish and despair,
Awhile in silence o'er my fate repine:
Then, with a long farewell to love and care,
To kindred dust my weary limbs resign.

Wilt thou, Monimia, shed a gracious tear
On the cold grave where all my sorrows rest?
Strew vernal flow'rs, applaud my love sincere,
And bid the turf lie easy on my breast?

Smollet.

EPITAPH

ON A POOR, BUT HONEST MAN.

Stop, reader, here, and deign a look
At one without a name,
Ne'er enter'd in the ample book
Of fortune or of fame.

Studious of peace, he hated strife,
Meek virtues fill'd his breast;
His coat of arms, a spotless life,
An honest heart his crest.

Quarter'd therewith was innocence;
And thus his motto ran:
A conscience void of all offence,
Before both God and man.

In the great day of wrath, tho' pride
Now scorns his pedigree,
Thousands shall wish they'd been ally'd
To this great family.

Anonymous.

THE MODERN PATRIOT.

REBELLION is my theme all day;
I only wish 'twould come
(As who knows but perhaps it may?)
A little nearer home.

Yon roaring boys, who rave and fight
On t'other side th' Atlantic,
I always held them in the right,
But most so when most frantic.

When lawless mobs insult the court,
That man shall be my toast,
If breaking windows be the sport,
Who bravely breaks the most.

But oh! for him my fancy culls
The choicest flow'rs she bears,
Who, constitutionally, pulls
Your house about your ears.

Such civil broils are my delight;
Though some folks can't endure 'em,
Who say the mob are mad outright,
And that a rope must cure 'em.

A rope! I wish we patriots had
  Such strings for all who need 'em—
What! hang a man for going mad?
  Then farewell British freedom.

Cowper.

ODE TO WISDOM.

THE solitary bird of night
Thro' the pale shades now wings his flight,
  And quits the time-shook tow'r,
Where, shelter'd from the blaze of day,
In philosophic gloom he lay,
  Beneath his ivy bow'r.

With joy I hear the solemn sound,
Which midnight echoes waft around,
  And sighing gales repeat:
Fav'rite of Pallas! I attend,
And, faithful to thy summons, bend
  At Wisdom's awful seat.

She loves the cool, the silent eve,
Where no false shows of life deceive,
Beneath the lunar ray:
Here folly drops each vain disguise,
Nor sports her gaily colour'd dyes,
As in the glare of day.

O Pallas! queen of ev'ry art,
"That glads the sense, or mends the heart,"
Blest source of purer joys;
In ev'ry form of beauty bright,
That captivates the mental sight
With pleasure and surprise;

To thy unspotted shrine I bow,
Assist thy modest suppliant's vow,
That breathes no wild desires;
But, taught by thy unerring rules,
To shun the fruitless wish of fools,
To nobler views aspires.

Not fortune's gem, ambition's plume,
Nor Cytherea's fading bloom,
Be objects of my prayer:
Let av'rice, vanity, and pride,
Those glitt'ring envied toys divide,
The dull rewards of care.

To me thy better gifts impart,
Each moral beauty of the heart,
By studious thought refin'd;
For wealth, the smiles of glad content,
For pow'r, its amplest, best extent,
An empire o'er my mind.

When fortune drops her gay parade,
When pleasure's transient roses fade
And wither in the tomb;
Unchang'd is thy immortal prize,
Thy ever-verdant laurels rise
In undecaying bloom.

By thee protected, I defy
The coxcomb's sneer, the stupid lie
Of ignorance and spite;
Alike contemn the leaden fool,
And all the pointed ridicule
Of undiscerning wit.

From envy, hurry, noise, and strife,
The dull impertinence of life,
In thy retreat I rest;
Pursue thee to thy peaceful groves,
Where Plato's sacred spirit roves,
In all thy graces drest.

He bids Ilisus' tuneful stream
Convey the philosophic theme
Of perfect, fair, and good;
Attentive Athens caught the sound,
And all her list'ning sons around
In awful silence stood.

Reclaim'd, her wild licentious youth
Confest the potent voice of truth,
And felt its just control;
The passions ceas'd their loud alarms,
And virtue's soft persuasive charms
O'er all their senses stole.

Thy breath inspires the poet's song,
The patriot's free unbias'd tongue,
The hero's gen'rous strife;
Thine are retirement's silent joys,
And all the sweet endearing ties
Of still domestic life.

No more to fabled names confin'd,
To thee, supreme all-perfect mind,
My thoughts direct their flight:
Wisdom's thy gift, and all her force
From thee deriv'd, unchanging source
Of interlectual light.

O send her sure, her steady ray,
To regulate my doubtful way,
Through life's perplexing road;
The mists of error to control,
And through its gloom direct my soul
To happiness and good!

Beneath her clear discerning eye
The visionary shadows fly
Of folly's painted show;
She sees, thro' ev'ry fair disguise,
That all, but virtue's solid joys,
Are vanity and woe.

Miss Carter.

TRUE BENEVOLENCE.

The other day, says Ned to Joe,
(Ned Bedlam's confines groping)
"Whene'er I hear the cries of woe
My hand is always open."

"I own," says Joe, "that, to the poor
(You prove it ev'ry minute)
Your hand is open, to be sure;
But, then, there's nothing in it."

Anonymous.

ODE TO PEACE.

COME, peace of mind, delightful guest,
Return and make thy downy nest
Once more in this sad heart!
Nor riches I nor power pursue,
Nor hold forbidden joys in view;
We therefore need not part.

Where wilt thou dwell, if not with me,
From av'rice and ambition free,
And pleasure's fatal wiles?
For whom, alas! dost thou prepare
The sweets that I was wont to share,
The banquet of thy smiles?

The great, the gay, shall they partake
The heav'n that thou alone canst make?
And wilt thou quit the stream,
That murmurs through the dewy mead,
The grove, and the sequester'd shade,
To be a guest with them?

For thee I panted, thee I priz'd,
For thee I gladly sacrific'd
Whate'er I lov'd before;
And shall I see thee start away,
And, helpless, hopeless, hear thee say—
Farewell! we meet no more?

Cowper.

THE SHRUBBERY.

WRITTEN IN A TIME OF AFFLICTION.

Oh, happy shades, to me unblest!
Friendly to peace, but not to me!
How ill the scene that offers rest,
And heart that cannot rest, agree!

This glassy stream, that spreading pine,
Those alders, quiv'ring to the breeze,
Might sooth a soul less hurt than mine,
And please, if any thing could please.

But fix'd unalterable care
Foregoes not what she feels within,
Shows the same sadness ev'ry where,
And slights the season and the scene.

For all that pleas'd in wood or lawn,
While peace possess'd these silent bow'rs,
Her animating smile withdrawn,
Has lost its beauties and its pow'rs.

The saint, or moralist, should tread
This moss-grown alley, musing, slow;
They seek, like me, the secret shade,
But not, like me, to nourish woe!

Me, fruitful scenes, and prospects waste,
Alike admonish not to roam;
These, tell me of enjoyment past,
And those, of sorrows yet to come.

Cowper.

THE ROSE.

The rose had been wash'd, just wash'd in a show'r,
Which Mary to Anna convey'd,
The plentiful moisture incumber'd the flow'r,
And weigh'd down its beautiful head.

The cup was all fill'd, and the leaves were all wet,
And it seem'd, to a fanciful view,
To weep for the buds it had left with regret,
On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seiz'd it, unfit as it was,
For a nosegay, so dripping and drown'd,
And swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas!
I snapp'd it, it fell to the ground.

And such, I exclaim'd, is the pitiless part
Some act by the delicate mind,
Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart
Already to sorrow resign'd.

This elegant rose, had I shaken it less,
Might have bloom'd with its owner awhile,
And the tear that is wip'd, with a little address,
May be follow'd perhaps by a smile.

Ibid.

THE LOVE OF THE WORLD REPROVED;

OR, HYPOCRISY DETECTED.

THUS says the prophet of the Turk—
Good mussulman, abstain from pork;
There is a part in ev'ry swine
No friend or follower of mine
May taste, whate'er his inclination,
On pain of excommunication.
Such Mahomet's mysterious charge,
And thus he left the point at large.
Had he the sinful part express'd,
They might with safety eat the rest;
But, for one piece, they thought it hard
From the whole hog to be debarr'd,
And set their wit at work to find
What joint the prophet had in mind.

Much controversy straight arose—
These choose the back, the belly those;
By some 'tis confidently said
He meant not to forbid the head;
Whilst others at the doctrine rail,
And piously prefer the tail.
Thus conscience freed from ev'ry clog,
Mahometans eat up the hog.
You laugh—'tis well—The tale apply'd
Will make you laugh on t'other side.
Renounce the world—the preacher cries:
We do—a multitude replies.
While one as innocent regards
A snug and friendly game at cards;
And one, whatever you may say,
Can see no evil in a play;
Some love a concert or a race;
And others shooting and the chase.
Revil'd and lov'd, renounc'd and follow'd,
Thus, bit by bit, the world is swallow'd;
Each thinks his neighbour makes too free,
Yet likes a slice as well as he;
With sophistry the sauce they sweeten,
Till quite from tail to snout 'tis eaten.

Cowper.

ADDRESS OF THE AUTHOR TO HIS BED.

THOU Bed, in which I first began
To be that various creature, Man;
And when again the fates decree,
The place where I must cease to be:
When sickness comes, to whom I fly,
To sooth my pain and close my eye;
When cares surround me, where I weep,
Or lose them all in balmy sleep;
When sore with labour, whom I court,
And to thy downy breast resort;
Where too extatic joy I find,
When deigns my Delia to be kind,
And full of love, in all her charms,
Thou giv'st the fair-one to my arms:
The centre thou, where joy and pain,
Disease and rest, alternate reign!
Oh! if within thy little space
So many diff'rent scenes have place,
Lessons as useful shalt thou teach
As sages dictate, churchmen preach;
And man, convinc'd by thee alone,
This great important truth shall own,
That thin partitions do divide
The bounds where good and ill reside,
That nought is perfect here below,
But bliss still borders upon woe.

Saint James's Chronicle.

IMITATION FROM MARTIAL.

PLEASANTEST companion, This,
This in life is happiness;
Early an estate to gain,
Left, not purchas'd by your pain;
Grounds that pay the tiller's hire;
Hearths with ever-during fire;
Safe from law enjoy your own,
Seldom view the busy town;
Health, with mod'rate vigour join'd;
True well-grounded peace of mind;
Friends, your equals in degree,
Prudent, plain simplicity;
Easy converse mirth afford,
Artless plenty fill the board;
Temp'rate joy your ev'ning's bless,
Free from care as from excess;
Short the night by sleep be made;
Chaste, not cheerless, be the bed;
Chuse to be but what you are;
Dying, neither wish, nor fear.

Weekly Amusement.

ODE.

Ah fortune! wilt thou never smile?
And have I woo'd thee still in vain?
And is the meed of all my toil
But sharper woe, severer pain?

Ah Delia! fairest of the fair!
Say, must thy beauty only prove
My earliest wish, my latest care,
But still the foe of hapless love?

Ah love! on mountains wert thou bred,
Nurs'd in some monster's horrid cave?
Thy tyrant pow'r we view with dread,
Which wounds the youth, affrights the brave.

Hence ruthless passion, mock'ry hence,
Nor let me feel thy cruel sway;
Come hours of careless innocence,
Return and cheer life's ling'ring day.

Return with all thy smiling train,
The gay, quick thought, the fancy mild;
Each infant bliss return again,
And chase far hence these tumults wild.

Season of thoughtless joy! in vain
The muse thy fancied aid implores;
The smiling pleasures of thy train
Seek distant climes and happier shores.

Let me, while others idly gay,
'Mid proud ambition's trophies shine;
Unknown attune my artless lay,
Be careless ease and leisure mine.

And oh! may friendship bless the hour
With temper'd joys, with social glee;
May wit, may fancy grace my bow'r,
For these, my Damon, dwell with thee.

In vain shall beauty's artful smile
Again enslave my love-torn heart;
Friendship shall ward the pow'rful guile,
And all the milder bliss impart.

With thee, my Damon, may I rove
Where science points the arduous way;
And leave the idle toys of love
To breasts as idle and as gay.

Thus thro' the varying scenes of life
Shall friendship gild the fleeting hour,
Dispel each ruffling storm of grief,
And give to joy its noblest pow'r.

St. James's Chronicle.

ENQUIRY AFTER HAPPINESS.

THE midnight moon serenely smiles
O'er nature's soft repose;
No low'ring cloud obscures the sky,
No ruffling tempest blows.

Now ev'ry passion sinks to rest,
The throbbing heart lies still;
And varying schemes of life no more
Distract the lab'ring will.

In silence hush'd, to reason's voice
Attends each mental pow'r:
Come, dear Emilia, and enjoy
Reflection's fav'rite hour.

Come: while the peaceful scene invites,
Let's search this ample round,
Where shall the lovely fleeting form
Of happiness be found?

Does it amidst the frolic mirth
Of gay assemblies dwell?
Or hide beneath the solemn gloom
That shades the hermit's cell?

How oft the laughing brow of joy
A sick'ning heart conceals!
And thro' the cloister's deep recess
Invading sorrow steals.

In vain thro' beauty, fortune, wit,
The fugitive we trace:
It dwells not in the faithless smile
That brightens Chloe's face.

Perhaps the joy to these deny'd,
The heart in friendship finds:
Ah! dear delusion! gay conceit
Of visionary minds!

Howe'er our varying notions rove,
Yet all agree in one,
To place its Being in some state,
At distance from our own.

O blind to each indulgent aim,
Of pow'r supremely wise,
Who fancy happiness in ought
The hand of heav'n denies.

Vain is alike the joy we seek,
And vain what we possess,
Unless harmonious reason tunes
Our passions into peace.

To temper'd wishes, just desires,
Is happiness confin'd,
And, deaf to folly's call, attends
The music of the mind.

Miss Carter.

ON BEAUTY.

ENCHANTING nymph, of heavenly birth,
Celestial Beauty! sent on earth
To sooth our cares, our toils, our strife,
And gild the gloom that saddens life;
Thine empire countless millions own,
And every clime reveres thy throne.
Whate'er pursuits mankind engage,
From frolic youth to serious age,
To thy resistless pow'r they bow,
Whilst nature prompts the artless vow;
Lur'd by the hopes thy smile can give,
For thee the wretch endures to live;
To gain thy praise, his valour's meed,
For thee the hero dares to bleed;
Entic'd by thee to happier dreams,
Ambition drops his airy schemes;

To purchase thee, from caverns deep
The miser brings his treasur'd heap;
The sage, with reason's boasted arms
Awhile may combat beauty's charms,
But soon a bursting sigh will prove
That reason never conquers love.
Yet ere I bow before thy shrine,
And hail thy pow'r with rites divine,
O blest enchantress, deign to tell
In what consists thy magic spell!
Is it an eye whose sparkling rays
Eclipse the diamond's fainter blaze;
A cheek that shames the vernal rose;
A breast that vies with mountain snows;
A mouth that smiles with matchless grace,
Like pearls within a ruby case;
A shape like that which once was seen
On Ida, when the Cyprian queen
Disclos'd her charms to mortal eyes,
Contending for the golden prize?
These may our warmest passions fire,
And kindle every fierce desire;
But love upheld by these alone,
Must soon resign his tott'ring throne,
And hold a poor precarious sway,
The short-liv'd beauty of a day.
Or e'en to form a nymph complete,
If all the various charms could meet

Which each divided bosom warm,
And every throbbing pulse alarm;
When Johnson, Meynell, Pitt, advance,
And Wroughton joins the sprightly dance;
And lovely Spencer, mild and fair,
Comes blushing forth with Hebe's air:
Yet these were vain, unless to these
Were join'd the secret pow'r to please;
That nameless something undefin'd;
That soft effusion of the mind,
Which sweetly smiles in every face;
To ev'ry motion lends a grace;
And when their beauty points a dart,
Impels and guides it to the heart.
In vain the stealing hand of time
May pluck the blossoms of their prime.
Envy may talk of bloom decay'd,
How lilies droop, and roses fade:
But constancy's unalter'd truth,
Regardless of the vows of youth;
Affliction that recalls the past,
And bids the pleasing influence last,
Shall still preserve the lover's flame
In every scene of life the same;
And still with fond endearment blend
The wife, the mistress, and the friend.

St. James's Chronicle.

VERSES.

Her gentle aid let Consolation lend:
"All human evils hasten to their end."
The storm abates at every gust it blows:
Past ills enhance the comforts of repose.
He, who ne'er felt the pressure of distress,
Ne'er felt returning pleasure's keen excess.
Time, who affliction bore on rapid wing,
My panting heart to happiness may bring:
I, on my native hills, may yet inhale
The purer influence of the ambient gale.
Ah! scenes of early joy! ah! much-lov'd shades!
Soon may my footsteps tread your vernal glades.
Ah! should kind heav'n permit me to explore
Your seats of still tranquillity once more!
E'en now, to fancy's visionary eye,
Hope shows the flatt'ring hour of transport nigh.
Blue shines the ether, when the storm is past,
And calm repose succeeds to sorrow's blast.
Flourish ye scenes of ever new delight!
Wave wide your branches to my ravish'd sight.
While, ne'er to roam again, my wearied feet
Seek the kind refuge of your calm retreat.

Haller.

VERSES

ON A SHEET OF BLANK PAPER.

FAIR spotless leaf, (thou emblem pure
Of innocence) beware;
Nor think thy beauty lives secure:
'Tis dang'rous to be fair.

To wit obscene, and impious jest,
Thou liest too much expos'd:
Give truth possession of thy breast,
Or be for ever clos'd.

Some wanton pen may scrawl thee o'er
And blot thy virgin face:
And whiteness, deem'd thy praise before,
May turn to thy disgrace.

O give me then thy faultless page,
E'er yet foul stains be drank;
On virtue's side with me engage,
Nor leave for vice a blank.

By thee shall idle vacant hearts
This useful moral learn,
That, unemploy'd, the brightest parts
To vice and folly turn.

By thee shall innocence be taught
What dangers wait on youth,
Unless with early precepts fraught,
And prepossess'd with truth.

By thee shall beauty learn to yield
To real worth her charms;
For virtue (tho' an ample shield)
But incompletely arms.

Thicknesse.

EPIGRAM,

On seeing the Lady of Sir John Day, and Miss Orchard, her cousin, pass through Birmingham, in December, on their way to London.

WHILE nipping frosts, with deadly bite,
Our choicest fruits consume;
Behold, to feast, at least our sight,
An Orchard in full bloom!

And what is passing strange beside,
'Tis equal truth to say,
That, just preceding Christmas tide,
Pops on us Lady Day!

Anonymous.

ON WAR.

O, COULD some spirit from the fields of day,
To this fair planet wing his vent'rous way;
Inhale the freshness of the vernal breeze,
And mark the sun reflected in the seas!
View where, abundant, on a thousand shores
The waving harvests yield their golden stores,
Gay beauty smiling in the sweets of morn,
The op'ning violet, and the flow'ring thorn;
The expanding fields of ev'ry varied hue,
And the clear concave of unclouded blue!

Then let him stand, where hostile armies join,
By the red waters of the rushing Rhine;
Amid thick darkness hear the trumpets blow,
And the last shriek of nature quiver low;
Mark the full tide of desolation spread,
And count at eve the dying and the dead!

How would he pause, how seek, in vain, to find
Some trace in man, of an immortal mind!
Man who can glory in a scene like this,
Yet look to brighter worlds for endless bliss.

Miss Bannermann.

VERSES

SENT BY A POET TO A GREAT MAN.

GREAT Sir, as on each levee day
I still attend you—still you say
I'm busy now, to-morrow come;
To-morrow, Sir, you're not at home,
So says your porter, and dare I
Give such a man as him the lie?
In imitation, Sir, of you,
I keep a mighty levee too;
Where my attendants, to their sorrow,
Are bid to come again to-morrow.
To-morrow they return, no doubt,
And then like you, Sir, I'm gone out.
So says my maid;—but they, less civil,
Give maid and master to the devil;
And then with menaces depart,
Which could you hear would pierce your heart.
Good Sir, or make my levee fly me,
Or send your porter to deny me.

Weekly Amusement.

ON EARLY RISING.

How foolish they who lengthen night,
And slumber in the morning light!
How sweet at early morning's rise,
To view the glories of the skies,
And mark with curious eye the sun
Prepare his radiant course to run!
Its fairest form then nature wears,
And clad in brightest green appears.
The sprightly lark, with artless lay,
Proclaims the entrance of the day.
How sweet to breathe the gale's perfume,
And feast the eyes with nature's bloom!
Along the dewy lawn to rove,
And hear the music of the grove!
Nor you, ye delicate and fair,
Neglect to taste the morning air:
This will your nerves with vigour brace,
Improve and heighten ev'ry grace;
Add to your breath a rich perfume,
And to your cheeks a fairer bloom!
With lustre teach your eyes to glow,
And health and cheerfulness bestow.

Anonymous.

ON A WATCH.

LITTLE monitor, by thee
Let me learn what I should be.
Learn the round of life to fill,
Useful and progressive still;
Thou canst gentle hints impart
How to regulate the heart.
When I wind thee up at night,
Mark each fault and set thee right,
Let me search my bosom too,
And my daily thoughts review;
Mark the movements of my mind,
Nor be easy when I find
Latent errors rise to view,
Till all be regular and true.

END OF VOL. I.

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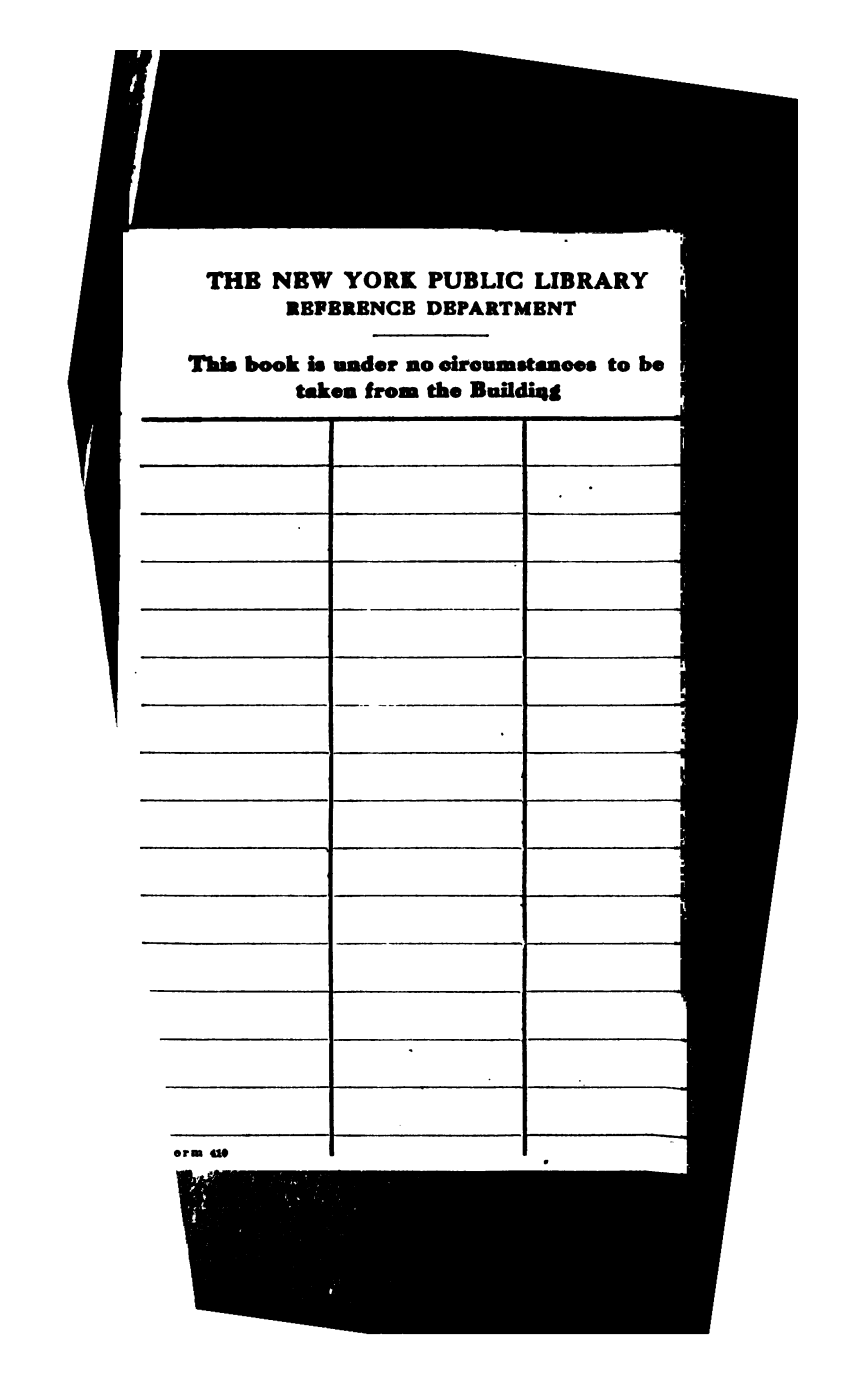
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